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THE
UNITED IRISHMEN
THEIR
LIVES AND TIMES

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March of the French Army Under General Humbert

*After a Drawing by T. Carey in the Possession of the Rev. W. S. Smith, of Belfast*

# THE UNITED IRISHMEN

## THEIR LIVES AND TIMES

BY

RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN

M.D., F.R.C.S., M.R.I.A.

NEWLY EDITED

WITH NOTES, BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INDEX

BY

VINCENT FLEMING O'REILLY

NEW YORK

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY

OF AMERICA

56719 10

THE SHAMROCK EDITION

*This edition is strictly limited to one thousand numbered sets, and is sold by subscription only.*

*Number* 303

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# CONTENTS

PAGE

The Patriot Mother . . . . . ix

HENRY and JOHN SHEARES

Chap. VII. Letters of John Sheares . . 3

Chap. VIII. Family of the Sheares . . 58

THE WEXFORD LEADERS

Chap. I. Introductory Notice . . . 151

Chap. II. The Rebellion in Wexford . 208

Chap. III. Bagenal Beauchamp Harvey . 267

# ILLUSTRATIONS

March of the French Army Under General Humbert . . . . . *Frontispiece*
After a Drawing by T. Carey in the Possession of the Rev. W. S. Smith, of Belfast.

PAGE

Henry Jackson . . . . . 36
A Leading Member of the Society of the United Irishmen. From an Engraving by T. W. Huffam after a Drawing by Herbert.

John Sheares . . . . . 100
From an Engraving by T. W. Huffam after the Original Miniature by Buck.

Henry Sheares . . . . . 148
From an Engraving by T. W. Huffam after the Original Miniature in the Possession of the Sheares Family.

# THE PATRIOT MOTHER

## A Ballad of '98

ANONYMOUS

The heroism displayed in the following lines was far from being an uncommon incident in the distressing times described in these volumes. Personal reminiscences of the tortures inflicted upon the Irish people of those days are replete with examples of old and young, youth and maiden enduring intense tortures rather than disclose any information they possessed of the actions of the United Irishmen or their followers. The author is unfortunately unknown. No doubt the disclosure of his or her identity at that time would have meant cruel imprisonment or death. This fact explains the anonymity of so many stirring ballads of the period.

"Come tell us the name of the rebelly crew
Who lifted the pike on the Curragh with you:
Come tell us their treason, and then you'll be free,
Or by heavens you shall swing from the high gallows
tree."

"Alanna! alanna! the shadow of shame
Has never yet fallen upon one of your name,
And, oh! may the food from my bosom you drew,
In your veins turn to poison, if *you* turn untrue.

"The foul words — oh! let them not blacken your tongue,
That would prove to your friends and your country a wrong
Or the curse of a mother, so bitter and dread,
With the wrath of the Lord — may they fall on your head!

"I have no one but you in the whole world wide,
Yet, false to your pledge, you'd ne'er stand at my side;
If a traitor you lived, you'd be farther away
From my heart than, if true, you were wrapp'd in the clay.

"Oh! deeper and darker the mourning would be
For your falsehood so base, than your death proud and free;
Dearer, far dearer than ever to me,
My darling you'd be on the brave gallows tree.

"'Tis holy, *agra!* with the bravest and best
Go! go! from my heart, and be joined with the rest;
*Alanna ma chree!* O, *Alanna ma chree!*
Sure a *stag* and a traitor you never will be."

There's no look of a traitor upon the young brow
That's raised to the tempters so haughtily now;
No traitor e'er held up the firm head so high —
No traitor e'er show'd such a proud flashing eye.

On the high gallows tree! on the brave gallows tree!
Where smiled leaves and blossoms, his sad doom met he;
But it never bore blossom so pure or so fair,
As the heart of the martyr that hangs from it there.

THE
UNITED IRISHMEN

# MEMOIR OF
# HENRY AND JOHN SHEARES

## CHAPTER VII

### LETTERS OF JOHN SHEARES

THE following affecting, most painfully affecting letters, were written by John Sheares, in the brief interval between the 10th and 14th of July. The former date, two days preceding his trial—the latter, the day of his execution.

The first letter is addressed to his beloved sister, Julia; and though previously to his trial, he was sufficiently acquainted with the ordinary result of a trial for treason at that period to be assured there was no hope for him; he knew too well the nature of the man whose enmity he had incurred to expect mercy; and in this respect he certainly was not mistaken. But greatly indeed was he mistaken in the certainty he felt and expressed in this letter of his brother's acquittal. He speaks of it as of a thing of which there could not be a doubt. And on what grounds could he possibly have formed this opinion except

on the knowledge of his brother's entire innocence with respect to that paper of which he was the author, and also of the most important communications into which he entered with Armstrong?

There are two subjects touched on in this letter which need explanation, and to which I would willingly avoid referring if I did not think that truth has its claims on biography as well as the memory of those whom it has to do with. I allude to his religious opinions, and the charge he commits to the affectionate care of his dear sister. A portion of this letter has found its way into other publications, with the omission of those parts of it to which I have alluded; and the extract that is given is generally looked upon as the entire letter written by John Sheares to his sister shortly before his death. I am far from attributing the slightest blame to those who thought it most serviceable to his memory to omit these matters. My own opinion with respect to the duties I have undertaken is, that I am bound to give every paper and record, every act well authenticated, of theirs, which throws any light on their characters, leaving to my readers the charity and the justice even of forming their judgment, as they would desire their own memories might be judged by others, in a considerate and a Christian spirit.

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TO JULIA SHEARES.

Kilmainham Prison, 10th July, '98.

The troublesome scene of life, my ever dear Julia, is nearly closed, and the hand that now traces these lines will, in a day or two, be no longer capable of communicating to a beloved and affectionate family the sentiments of his heart. A painful task yet awaits me —I do not allude to my trial, nor to my execution. These, were it not for the consciousness I feel of the misery you all will suffer on my account, would be trivial in comparison with the pain I endure at addressing you for the last time. You have been kind to me, Julia, beyond example. Your solicitude for my welfare has been unremitting; nor did it leave you a moment's happiness, as a wayward fate seems from the earliest moment of my life to have presided over my days. I will not now recapitulate the instances of a perverse destiny that seems to have marked me out as the instrument of destruction to all I loved.

Robert and Christopher—dear, valued brothers! if it be true that the human mind survives the body, I shall shortly join you, and learn for what wise purpose heaven thought fit to select me as your destroyer. My mother, too! O God! my tender, my revered mother! I see her torn locks—her broken heart—her corpse! Heavenly Author of the universe, what have I done to deserve this misery?

I must forbear these thoughts as much as possible, or I must forbear to write. My time comes on the day after to-morrow, and the event is unequivocal. You must summon up all the resolution of your soul, my

dear, dear Julia. If there be a chance of snatching my afflicted mother from the grave, that chance must arise from your exertions. My darling Sally, too, will aid you; she will for awhile suspend her joy at the restoration of her husband to her arms—for, of his escape I have no more doubt than I have of my own conviction and its consequences. All, all of you forget your individual griefs and joys, and unite to save that best of parents from the grave. Stand between her and despair. If she will speak of me, soothe her with every assurance calculated to carry consolation to her heart. Tell her that my death, though nominally ignominious, should not light up a blush in her face; that she knew me incapable of a dishonourable action or thought; that I died in full possession of the esteem of all those who knew me intimately; that justice will yet be done to my memory, and my fate be mentioned rather with pride than shame, by my friends and relations. Yes, my dear sister, if I did not expect the arrival of this justice to my memory, I should indeed be afflicted at the nominal ignominy of my death, lest it may injure your welfare and wound the feelings of my family. But, above all things, tell her that at my own request I was attended in my latest moments by that excellent and pious man, Dr. Dobbin, and that my last prayer was offered up for her. While I feared for Harry's life, hell itself could have no tortures for the guilty beyond what I endured.

I picture you all, a helpless, unprotected group of females, left to the miseries of your own feelings and to the insult of a callous, insensible world. Sally, too, stripped of a husband on whom she so tenderly doats,

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and his children of their father, and all by my cursed intervention, by my residence with them. Yet, heaven is my witness how assiduously I sought to keep aloof in any of my political concerns from him, and would have entirely succeeded in doing so if it had not been for the art of that villain Armstrong, and Harry's own incaution. My efforts, however, have kept him clear of any of those matters that have involved me in destruction. When Sally has got him back to her arms, and that I, who caused his danger and her unhappiness, shall be no more, she will cease to think of me with reproach. This I trust she will do; she ought —for she herself could never have done more for his salvation than I endeavoured to do. But the scene is changed—I am no longer that frantic thing I was while his danger appeared imminent. A calm sorrow for the sufferings that await you on my account, and a heartfelt regret at being obliged to quit your loved society for ever, has succeeded. Yet, all this will soon have an end; and with comfort I already anticipate the moment when your subsiding grief gives you back to the enjoyment of each other. Still, my dearest Julia, even when I shall be no more, your plagues on my account are not likely to cease. You remember—I am sure you do—your kind promise of protection to my poor, unfortunate little Louisa? I make no doubt but her mother will give her up to your care without reluctance; yet, how to impose this new anxiety on you I know not. But of this I will say nothing; I know your heart, and never could resist the goodness with which it insisted on easing mine by burdening itself. What to recommend relative to her I cannot resolve.

Harry did once desire me to take her into his house, but I had a thousand objections to that plan then, some of which still remain; one material one is, that she would soon learn from servants and others how different her situation there was from that of the other children, and her young mind would very early feel that chilling inferiority and degradation, that lead to a debasement of principle, and ultimately to mean and unworthy actions. No; a great many reasons concur to decide me against that measure. She should be put to some school where more care is taken of health than education, and where the only attention to morals consists in good, honest example. Apropos, she was at a Mrs. Duggan's, at Bray, to whom I yet owe ten guineas for her, and which I request of my dear mother to pay for me, when convenient; I do not owe any more on her account to any one whatever. I likewise owe a note of hand for about thirteen pounds or guineas to a man in Capel-street whom the Flemings know. I cannot mention the name of these friends, without emotions of gratitude and tenderness not to be expressed. Never cease to assure them that I preserve the recollection of their goodness, though the instances of it are so many, and I shall feel it to the last moment. This debt they will be obliged to pay, if not discharged by my mother, as they passed their word for it—you will therefore mention it to my poor, afflicted mother. Great God! how have I stripped her and you; but I have stripped you of happiness, and should not talk of money. I owe a few guineas to the worthy Charles Coughlan of Cork, and about two to Cole, the shoemaker, on Ormond-quay; to H. Fleming's tailor, also, for a suit of black clothes,

and I believe some small balance of an account to H. Fleming himself. This is all at present I recollect.

Good night, Julia; I am going to rest, with a heart, thank God, free from the consciousness of intentional offence, and from any wish tainted with personal resentment. I seek my bed with pleasure, because in it I often fancy myself in the full possession of that domestic happiness which I always regarded as the first of human enjoyments. Pray heaven, I dream of you all night.

Wednesday night, 11th July, 1798.

It is now eleven o'clock, and I have only time to address my beloved Julia in a short eternal farewell.

Thou sacred Power! whatever be thy name and nature, who hast created us the frail and imperfect beings we are, hear the ardent prayer of a creature about to enter on an awful unknown change. If thy divine Providence can be affected by mortal supplications, hear and grant, I beseech thee, the last wishes of a heart that has ever adored thy goodness. Let peace and happiness once more visit the bosoms of my beloved family. Let a mild grief succeed the miseries they have endured; and when this debt be paid to the dust of him who has caused it, let all their ensuing days glide on in union and domestic harmony. Enlighten my beloved brother; to him and his invaluable wife grant the undisturbed enjoyment of their mutual love, and, as they advance, let their means of providing for the sweet pledges of their attachment increase. Let my Julia, my feeling, too feeling Julia, feel the consolation she so often sought for others; let her soul repose at length; and in the consummation of all the wishes of

her excellent heart let her taste that happiness her virtues have so well merited. For my other sisters provide those comforts their situation requires. To my mother—O eternal Power! what gift shall I ask for my matchless parent?—restore her to that peace which I have torn from her. Let her forget me in the ceaseless affections of her remaining children, and in their growing prosperity let her taste that happiness which is best suited to her affectionate heart; and when at length she is called hence, let her find in everlasting bliss the due reward of a life of suffering virtue.

Adieu, Julia, my light is just out; the approach of darkness is like that of death, since both alike require I should say farewell for ever. Oh, my dear family, farewell for ever!

J. S.

The gentleman to whom the following letter was addressed by John Sheares, the morning on which he was tried, was Mr. Gilbert Henry Fleming, an attorney in Dublin, the second cousin and faithful friend of both brothers. Mr. Fleming's elder brother William was an officer in the Bengal artillery; at the period of the trial he was on leave in Ireland, and the exertions he made in assisting his brother to procure evidence drew down on him the suspicions of the ultra-loyal authorities; he was denounced to government, and his friend Lord Cornwallis, who had known him in foreign service, sent for him and apprised him of his danger. He recommended his immediately proceeding to India to join his regi-

ment. He did so, rose to distinction, then returned to Ireland, and died possessed of considerable wealth.

Newgate, July 12th.

My dear Harry—As I shall know to-day what will be my fate, I enclose you a letter for my dear sister Julia, which I request you will give to her as soon after my execution as you shall think prudent. To such dear friends as you and William I know it is unnecessary to recommend my afflicted family—and particularly my ever-revered mother. I will require the performance of Dr. Dobbin's kind promise as soon as I feel myself fit to receive him. I did intend giving into your hands a short defence of myself, relative to some points in which I know I shall be vilely calumniated; but I have not had time, as I prepared every syllable of our defence, and wrote letters, &c. One of you ought to be present at my execution: yet this is too much to ask. No: I must endure misrepresentation—the hearts of my friends will justify me. Farewell, my ever kind, ever valued friends! I am called to court—farewell for ever!

J. S.

The preceding letter was enclosed in one addressed to the Messrs. Fleming, in the following words:

Newgate, 13th July.

God bless you both, my excellent friends: give the enclosed to Julia, for my afflicted mother, when their griefs have sufficiently subsided. Farewell for ever!

J. S.

The following letter, the night before his execution, was written to his mother. That letter, short as it is, to "his dear, dear, his injured, his beloved mother," might have satisfied the vindictive feelings of his most obdurate enemy, had he known the mortal pangs, that must have exceeded all former agonies of mind of his unfortunate adversary, which that last farewell to a fond mother from a favourite child must have cost the writer. This letter bears the simple superscription—"My Mother":

My dear, injured, perhaps expiring mother, hear a son's—an unworthy son's last request. Grant to my beloved sister Sally that portion of your generosity bestowed on me, else she is penniless. But why urge this? You know her worth, and are generosity itself. Farewell, my dear, dear [mother], my injured, my adored mother. O Sally! I hear your curses; they are just! Julia, beloved Julia———farewell for ever!

JOHN SHEARES.

Send poor little Jane[1] to the Swetes, with her dying father's request that they will let her be partaker with her sister of their bounty, from which alone she can hope for support. If they should be —— enough to reject her, need I suggest to my adored mother the appropriation of whatever fragment, however small, may by chance be within her gift. But I know that my harpy talons have seized on all. Once more, and for ever, adieu! thou best and most beloved of parents.

[1] One of Henry's daughters by his first marriage.

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On the morning of his execution, at the instance of his brother, whose frame of mind was broken down with a calamity he was so little prepared to expect, John addressed the following letter to the father of Henry Sheares' first wife, Mr. Swete of Cork:

Newgate, 14th July, 1798.

Sir—The dying father bids me take the pen he cannot hold; he bids me commend with his expiring breath his little penniless Jane as a participator with her sister Alicia in your goodness and bounty, from which alone she can hope for support and provision. He sends his love and blessing to Alicia, and his sincerest wishes for yours and Mrs. Swete's happiness. To all these add the prayers of your departing and sincere friend,

JOHN SHEARES.

One of the most important of these letters to the character of John Sheares is the following one, addressed the night before his execution to Dr. Dobbin, a pious and enlightened minister of the Church of England, who attended him in his last moments. The subject of this letter is the paper—better known by the name of "The Sanguinary Proclamation"—written by John Sheares, and the suppression on the trial of a most important portion of that document, which would have placed the meaning of the whole paper in a very different light to that which the part of it produced by his prosecutors has thrown upon it:

Newgate, 12 o'clock at night, 13th July.

My dear Sir—As to-morrow is appointed for the execution of my brother and me, I shall trouble you with a few words on the subject of the writing produced on my trial, importing to be a proclamation. The first observation I have to make is, that a considerable part of that scrawled production was suppressed on my trial—from what motive, or whether by accident, I will not say. Certain it is that the part which has not appeared must have in a great measure shown what the true motives were that caused that writing, had it been produced. To avoid a posthumous calumny in addition to the many and gross misrepresentations of my principles, moral and political, I shall state, with the most strict regard to truth, what my chief objects were in writing, or rather in attempting to write it, for it is but a wretched, patched, and garbled attempt. It was contained in a sheet of paper, and in one or two pieces more, which are not forthcoming—the sheet alone is produced. It is written in very violent revolutionary language, because, as it in the outset imports, after a revolution had taken place could it alone be published, and the occasion of such an event I thought every day more probable. The first sentence that has produced much misrepresentation, is that which mentions that some of the most obnoxious members of government have already paid the forfeit of their lives—I cannot state the words exactly: from this it is concluded that I countenanced assassination. Gracious God! But I shall simply answer that this sentence was merely supposititious, and founded on that common remark, oftenest made by those

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who least wished it verified, that if the people had ever recourse to force, and succeeded, there were certain persons whom they would most probably destroy. The next most obnoxious sentence—more obnoxious to my feelings, because calculated to misrepresent the real sentiments of my soul—is that which recommends to give no quarter to those who fought against their native country [unless they should speedily join the standard of freedom]. With this latter part of the sentence I found two faults, and therefore drew my pen across it, as above. The first fault was, that the word "speedily" was too vague, and might encourage the sanguinary immediately to deny quarter, which was the very thing the whole sentence was intended to discountenance and prevent. The next fault was, that it required more than ever should be required of any human being—namely, to fight against his opinions from fear. The sentence was intended to prevent the horrid measure of refusing quarter from being adopted, or appearing to acquiesce in it at some future period, when the inhuman thirst for it should no longer exist. But as the sentence now stands in two parts of the sheet, it must appear as if I sought to enforce the measure I most abhor. To prevent it was, indeed, one of my leading motives for writing the address; but I had three others, that are expressed on the piece or pieces of paper which made part of the writing, but which, though laid all together in the same desk, have disappeared. The three objects alluded to are these —the protection of property, preventing the indulgence of revenge, and the strict forbiddal of injuring any person for religious differences. I know it is said that

I call on the people to take vengeance on their oppressors, and enumerate some of their oppressions; but this is the very thing that enables me to point out the difference between private revenge and public vengeance. The former has only a retrospective and malignant propensity; while the latter, though animated by the recollection of the past, has ever and only in view the removal of the evil, and the possibility of its recurrence. Thus the assassin revenges himself; but the patriot avenges his country of its enemies by overthrowing them, and depriving them of all power again to hurt it. In the struggle some of their lives may fall, but these were not the objects of his vengeance. In short, even the Deity himself is said, in this sense, to be an avenging Being: but who deems him *revengeful?* Adieu, my dear sir! Let me entreat you, whenever an opportunity shall occur, that you will justify my principles on these points.

Believe me your sincere friend,

JOHN SHEARES.[1]

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I now avail myself of the proper time and place for laying before my readers this paper, or rather this portion of the paper written by John Sheares and produced on the trial, and insert a copy of that document as it was produced in court by the crown prosecutor.

At the onset, I acknowledge that paper appears to me to be indefensible, considered as the deliberate act and emanation of a composed, un-

[1] The above letter was written twelve hours before his execution.

troubled mind. I further admit that the efforts of John Sheares to explain away its proscriptive character, on the ground of the difference between revenging a private wrong and avenging national ones, are not satisfactory; and that the line drawn between "private revenge and public vengeance," as to the difference between them, and the justifiable character of the latter in contradistinction to the criminal nature of the former, is one which cannot be sustained on moral grounds—though it may seem to derive a sanction from public opinion, in legal language, in reference to the vindication of the laws, or in the employment of force with regard to the chastisement of treacherous or rapacious enemies. Those who were the ministers of public vengeance in 1797 and 1798, on many occasions gratified the feelings of their private revenge under a colourable pretext of public necessity, by persecuting those who were opposed to their views or interests. What distinction can be drawn between these forms of private and of public vindictiveness?

Before the unpublished and unfinished scrawl which bears the name of "John Sheares' Sanguinary Proclamation" is referred to, it will be well to glance at a published and deliberately concocted proclamation, bearing the name of James Napper Tandy, and stated to have been distributed by him and others of his party, when

he made his well-known descent on the coast at Rutland, in the county Donegal. For violence of language and blood-breathing ferocity, I think it will be found to surpass any intemperance in the scrawled, unfinished document hastily written by John Sheares:

LIBERTY OR DEATH!

*Northern Army of Avengers.*

Head Quarters, First Year of Irish Liberty.

GENERAL JAMES NAPPER TANDY TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

What do I hear? The British government have dared to speak of concessions. Would you accept of them? Can you think of entering into a treaty with a British minister?—a minister, too, who has left you at the mercy of an English soldiery; who laid your cities waste, and massacred inhumanly your best citizens; a minister, the bane of society and the scourge of mankind? Behold, Irishmen, he holds in his hands the olive of peace! Beware! his other hand lies concealed, armed with a poignard.

No, Irishmen, no; you shall not be the dupes of his base intrigues. Unable to subdue your courage, he attempts to seduce you; let his efforts be in vain. Horrid crimes have been perpetrated on your country; your friends have fallen a sacrifice to their devotion to your cause—their shadows are around you, and call aloud for vengeance; it is your duty to avenge their death —it is your duty to strike, on their blood-cemented thrones, the murderers of your friends. Listen to no proposals, Irishmen! Wage a war of extermination

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against your oppressors—the war of liberty against tyranny—and liberty shall triumph.[1]

J. N. TANDY.

The following paper is the portion of the document, produced on the trial of the Sheares by the crown prosecutor, found in the house of Henry Sheares and written by his brother:

[The words in *italics* were interlined; those between crotchets were struck across with a pen.]

IRISHMEN,

[Your country is free; *all* those monsters who usurped the *its* government to oppress its people are in our hands, except such as have]

Your country is free, *& you are about to be avenged.* [*Already*] That vile government which has so long and so cruelly oppressed you is no more. Some of its most Atrocious Monsters have already paid the forfeit of their lives, & the rest are in our hands [waiting their fate]. The National Flag, *the sacred Green,* is at this moment flying over the ruins of Despotism, and that Capital, which a few hours past [was the scene] witnessed the debauchery the [machinations] *plots* & crimes of your Tyrants is now the citadel of triumphant patriotism & *virtue.* Arise then, United Sons of Ireland: Arise like a great & powerful people, determined [to be] *live* free or die. Arm yourselves by every means in your power, and rush like lions on your foes. Consider that [in disarming your enemy] *for every enemy you disarm,* you arm a friend, and thus

[1] Sir Richard Musgrave's History of the Rebellion, Appendix, p. 170.

become doubly powerful. In the cause of Liberty inaction is Cowardice, and the coward shall forfeit the property he has not the courage to protect: let his arms be seized and transferred to those gallant [patriots] *spirits* who want & will use them. Yes Irishmen, we swear by that eternal Justice, in whose cause you fight, that the brave patriot who survives the present glorious struggle and the family of him who *has fallen or* shall fall hereafter [fall] in it, shall receive from the hands of a grateful nation *an ample recompense* out of [those funds] *that property*, which the crimes of our enemies [shall] *have* forfeited into it's hands, & his name [too] shall be inscribed on the *great* national record of Irish revolution, as a glorious example to all posterity, *but we likewise swear to punish robbery with death & infamy.*

We also swear that we will never sheathe the sword until every [peasant] *being in the country* is restored to those equal rights, which the God of Nature has given to all men;—until an order of things shall be established, in which no superiority shall be acknowledged among the Citizens of Erin, but that [which] *of* virtue & talent [shall entitle to]. [As for those degenerate Wretches who turn their swords against their Native Country, the national vengeance awaits them. Let them find no quarter unless they shall prove their repentance by speedily [deserting] *exchanging* [from the standard of Slavery for that of Freedom, under which *their former errors may be buried &* they [shall] *may* share the glory and advantages [that await] *due to* the Patriot Bands of Ireland]. Rouse all the energies of your souls. Call forth all the merit *& abilities*

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which a vicious Government consigned to obscurity, and under the conduct of your chosen leaders, march with a steady step to victory. Heed not the glare of a [mercenary] *hired* Soldiery *or aristocratic yeomanry,* they cannot stand the vigorous shock of freemen. [Close with them, Man to Man, and let them feel what vigour the cause of Freedom can] Their trappings & their arms will soon be your's, and the detested Government of England, to which we vow eternal hatred, shall learn that the treasures [she] *it* exhausts on [their mercenary] *its accoutred* Slaves for the purpose of butchering Irishmen, shall but further enable us to turn their Swords on it's devoted head.

Attack them in every direction by day & by night. Avail yourselves of the natural advantages of your country, *which are innumerable &* with which you are better acquainted than they. Where you cannot oppose *them* in full force, constantly harass their rear & their flanks, cut off their provisions & magazines, and prevent them as much as possible from uniting their forces. *Let* whatever moments you cannot [pass in] *devote to* fighting for your country, be [devoted to] *passed* in learning how to fight for it, *or preparing the means of war:* for War, War alone must occupy every mind & every hand in Ireland: until it's long oppressed soil be purged of all it's enemies.

Vengeance, Irishmen, vengeance on your oppressors. Remember what thousands of your dearest friends have perished by their [murderous plots] *merciless* [*their cruel*] orders. Remember their burnings, their rackings, their torturings, their military massacres, and their legal murders. Remember Orr.

Many of the military feel the love of Liberty glow within their breasts, & [are] *have* already [to] joined the National Standard. Receive [those] with open arms *such as shall follow so glorious an example:* they can render signal service to the cause *of Freedom* & shall be rewarded according to their deserts. But for the Wretch who turns his sword against his native Country, let the national vengeance be visited on him; let him find no quarter. Two other crimes demand——

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This violent and infuriated production is the composition of a man frenzied by political excitement. Before we pronounce it to be the production, however, of a man of a mind naturally malevolent, sanguinary, and vindictive, we must take the frenzy of the time, and the savagery of the *regimé* of Orangeism, with governmental sanctions for all its atrocities, into account; and we should compare this document with many of the proclamations that preceded it on the other side, issued under circumstances which admitted of more leisure for calm consideration.

General Lake's proclamation may be too well known to need to be referred to. But those issued by persons of less notoriety, and whose threatened terrors were of a less extensive nature, it would be requisite to take under consideration. The following one, published in the Belfast newspapers on the 11th of July, 1798, is a specimen of the documents to which I allude:

TO THE INHABITANTS OF BELFAST.

This is to give notice, that if any person is taken up by the patrols after ten o'clock, he will be fined five shillings, for the benefit of the poor. If the delinquent is not able to pay five shillings, he will be brought to a drum-head court-martial, and will receive 100 lashes.

JAMES DERHAM,
Colonel Commandant.[1]

On the 2nd of July we find another notice, published by order of the same colonel commandant, calling on the inhabitants to deliver up or take steps for the discovery of a prisoner of the name of William Kean, who had escaped from the provost, in the following terms:

And shall it be found hereafter that said traitor has been concealed by any person or persons, or by the knowledge or connivance of any person or persons of this town and its neighbourhood, or that they, or any of them, have known of the place of his concealment, and shall not have given notice thereof to the commandant of this town, such person's house shall be burned, and the owner thereof hanged.

It was little imagined, if the man had been discovered who harboured Kean, and walked with him arm-in-arm to the quay, in the disguise of a sailor, when he was put on board a vessel for America, where he had the good fortune to arrive in safety, the colonel would have been under the

[1] "History of Belfast," p. 491.

painful necessity of burning the house of an Orangeman, and hanging a very worthy ultra-loyalist on this occasion, for such was the person who had the generosity to incur this risk for one of his political enemies.

If Mr. Grattan, in 1800, was justified in saying, "I think now as I thought then (1798), that the treason of the minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the minister," [1] we must conclude that there were acts committed which were calculated to make "men feel more than they can reason," and to goad men of greater moderation than John Sheares into madness.

What was the feeling that prompted Lord Clare to attempt to involve Grattan in the guilty knowledge of a treasonable conspiracy when he proposed to have his old political opponent brought before the council? Which of the forms of deadly hatred did this act come under? In Grattan's life by his son, it is distinctly stated such a proposition was made by the chancellor.

Was it the public good, or personal animosity, that caused him to interpose between Lord Cornwallis and his nephew when one of the individuals for whom supplication was made—the unfortunate Henry Sheares—was held responsible for a

[1] Debate on the Union, Feb. 14, 1800.

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paper of the existence of which he was ignorant previously to his arrest?

There is a distinction, indeed, between violence on paper and vindictiveness in action, and when the latter assumes the mask of public zeal, the power of doing mischief to its opponents gives it an accumulative criminality.

The culpability of the paper written by John Sheares cannot be denied, and it ought not to be defended. But it would be a suppression of truth, that the above admission does not warrant, to withhold the fact, that from every one of the surviving friends and acquaintances of John Sheares whom I have communicated with and sought information from respecting his character for humanity, the uniform reply to my inquiries was to this effect, that one of the most striking features in his character was the exhibition of a natural tenderness of disposition in all his private and social relations.

When the apprehension of the other leaders drew him into the vortex of revolution, and he became a member of the new directory in the month of March, the affairs of the United Irishmen were in a desperate state; and it seemed all but madness after Lord Edward Fitzgerald's arrest to proceed further in their plans. When they lost him, the right arm of their cause was gone. Nevertheless, those of their leaders who were at large were still sanguine of success, and

they prevailed on John Sheares to become the chief member of the directory. It was at this period that the free-quarters system was in full force—that the nation was declared out of the king's peace, and the whole military force of the country was let loose upon the people. During the short time the affairs of the Union were committed to the chief guidance of John Sheares, his exertions were incessant. In fact the labours he endured and the difficulties he encountered (in the words of Maria Steele) "overset his mind." From the month of March he was no longer the same man in his personal appearance, manners, or conversation. He was grave, thoughtful, and reserved, absent in discourse, and flurried in his demeanour.

In this perturbed state of mind he penned the scrawl which is called "his sanguinary Proclamation." It is impossible to say, in the many changes that composition had undergone, what definitive shape it would have assumed had it ever been completed for putting forth; but as it exists, it is to be remembered that it is a garbled document, and ought not to be considered separately from those parts of it which the dying man asserts were taken from it, and which were deemed by him essential to its true sense and meaning. In the few hours afforded him for reflection after his conviction, he seized the opportunity of disclaiming the sanguinary intentions ascribed to

him. If I believed he was capable of acting on the sentiments of that paper as they were interpreted by the attorney-general, no earthly motive would induce me to perform the task I have undertaken in putting together these memorials of him. On this subject I have only one further observation to make, with regard to the implication of Henry Sheares in the knowledge and possession of this paper.

I have already adverted to the evidence of John Sheares' old friend and associate, Mr. Casey: he speaks of him as one habitually earnest in truth. The love of truth was one of the prominent characteristics ascribed to him by Miss Steele.

On the application made for the postponement of the trial, an affidavit was sworn to by the crown solicitor, Mr. Kemmis, stating that he believed the application was made for the purpose of delay. With that earnestness which Mr. Casey ascribed to his veracity, he protested against the imputation. He said, "I am incapable of stating, even on my trial for my life, what I do not believe to be true."

John Sheares did state on his trial that the writing-box in which that paper was found was his. It might be imagined he incurred all the danger arising from this admission for the purpose of saving the life of a beloved brother. But is it likely, in his last moments, disclosing all the

secret feelings of his heart to his favourite sister, that he would deem it necessary to deceive her? "Heaven is my witness," he says, "how assiduously I sought to keep aloof, in any of my political concerns, from him."

The following account of a conversation, previously to the trial, with both brothers on the subject of this paper I received from the sister of Mr. Henry Fleming. Mr. Fleming was allowed to visit them at Kilmainham, and on one of those occasions Henry Sheares told him "that till the day of the arrest he knew nothing of the paper that was found in the desk. John informed Mr. Fleming it was written by him on several scraps of paper on the previous evening, after his brother and Mrs. Sheares had retired to rest; and he declared that several parts were not produced on the trial, which very much altered the sense of the document; and had it been produced in its integrity, it would have tended much to mitigate the violence of that part which was alone allowed to appear."

He likewise mentioned a circumstance to Mr. Fleming, which, though not connected with the subject of the paper, ought not to be omitted. He said:

About an hour after his imprisonment in the Castle guard-room, the day of his arrest, Captain John Warneford Armstrong paid him a visit, and expressed great concern at seeing him in confinement, and readiness to

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be of any use to him. He talked about his papers, and said if he would entrust him with his keys he would seek out any papers that might be of importance, and convey them to any of his friends he might wish them in the hands of immediately; or if he thought there might be any in his desk which might in any way criminate him, he would bring them away. For the first time, John Sheares said, the suspicion flashed across his mind that this man was not honest, and he declined to give his keys.

In the report of the secret committee of the Commons, presented by Lord Castlereagh, the preparation of which was committed to his lordship, this paper is inserted in the Appendix, and is headed thus: "The following paper, found by Alderman Alexander in a box in the possession of Mr. Sheares." The object of this attempt to involve Henry Sheares, the elder brother, in the guilt of this document is too wicked to be passed unnoticed.

The judge who summed up the evidence on the trial, in commenting on that part of it relating to this document, said "it did not appear whose property that writing-box was, or to which of the prisoners the house belonged." But with respect to Henry Sheares' knowledge of this paper, granting that he might have been cognizant of its existence, in the absence of all evidence of that fact, would an English jury in a case of treason have convicted, on the discovery of such

a document in the house of a prisoner, when that paper was proved to be in the handwriting of another living under the same roof? In an English court of justice would the judge have left the matter to their determination as one admitting of any doubt? would he not have told them it was no evidence against the prisoner? unless, indeed, the general charge of conspiracy could be so clearly brought home to both the parties, that the papers found on one were clearly corroborative of the fact of the knowledge of it on the part of both.

How extraordinary a difference in the administration, execution, and interpretation of the laws, in two countries supposed to enjoy the privileges of the same constitution!

The solemnity and decorum with which the trials for high treason were conducted in England in those times, compared with the summary course of judicial proceedings, and the indecent haste with which similar trials were hurried through in Ireland, form a striking contrast. The trial of John Horne Tooke, in 1794, lasted six days. The trial of Thomas Hardy lasted seven days. The trial of the Sheares commenced on the 12th of July, 1798, at ten o'clock, and it terminated at eight o'clock the following morning. The court then adjourned till three o'clock, when sentence was pronounced; and the next day, Saturday, the 14th of July, 1798, the pris-

oners were executed in front of the prison in Green-street.

These were, indeed, summary proceedings. At the trial, when the defence was gone into, the court, the jury, the council, and the prisoners were completely exhausted; a few hours for repose, or rather recollection, were prayed for by the prisoners' counsel, but the inexorable Toler would hear of no delay.

These things did not happen in the middle ages, nor in a Turkish province, but within the term of sixty-two years,[1] in the sister kingdom!

Previously to trial, the Sheares had been confined in Kilmainham gaol; on their conviction they were sent to Newgate. In the interval between their conviction and sentence being passed upon them, Mr. Curran was permitted to see them. The moment he entered their cell, John Sheares threw himself on his knees, caught hold of Mr. Curran's hand, and in the most earnest terms implored of him to endeavour to obtain a remission of his brother's sentence. He asked for no interference of his friends for himself—his only prayer was for the preservation of his brother's life. Curran described this interview as one of the most heartrending he had ever witnessed. Henry Sheares manifested on this occasion a state of mind which clearly showed how unex-

[1] 1860.

pected the event had been to him, and how unprepared he was to meet it.

It was customary at this period to report the words and actions of the unfortunate persons who were delivered up to justice, to suffer its extreme penalty, as it suited the views of the dominant faction, to promote their objects by throwing obloquy on their opponents. I speak not of the government, but of the faction which dominated in all its departments. The war which Orangeism waged was with truth as well as humanity. Some of the victims were made, in their last moments, to attribute their misfortunes to their creed; others, to implicate their clergy in their guilt. Colclough was made to repudiate the doctrine of his church, Clinch to have uttered among some unintelligible words the name of Harold, and this was a sufficient ground for suspecting a priest of that name, and realizing that suspicion so far as the transportation of that clergyman sufficed to effect that object. The Sheares were represented as cowards in their deaths, as well as traitors—as having offered to make disclosures, dishonourable even to traitors, to save their lives. Every lie that is likely to pass current with the public must have a certain alloy of truth to give the colour of what it simulates to its baseness.

With respect to John Sheares, the imputation is without the slightest foundation. In regard

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to the offer to make disclosures, which, it is insinuated, would compromise their associates, the superstructure falsehood is raised upon a speck of truth. An offer had been made by Henry (in his letter to Sir Jonah Barrington) "to lie under any terms," if the government would remit his sentence. All the other state prisoners who entered into a compact with government likewise agreed to make disclosures; they, too, lay "under terms" which procured their liberation; but they betrayed none of their associates. Neither did Henry Sheares propose to betray his; and as for his brother, he made no proposal at all. Henry Sheares indeed little expected the fate which awaited him; he had not the least idea there was anything in the evidence which could convict him. The verdict of guilty fell like a thunderbolt upon him. The thought of being torn from his dear wife and children—of leaving them fatherless, friendless, and penniless, overwhelmed his feelings. He was greatly moved at the moment of conviction, and at that of execution he was unmanned. In the opinion of Lord Clare he was "a coward." It was cowardice with that implacable person for the doomed man to shudder at the prospect of an ignominious end, and the consequences of an attainder—at leaving a beloved wife in penury, and six helpless children without bread. He was not indeed a man of his brother's frame of mind.

His proper sphere was the family circle, in which his chief delights were centred. His nature did not fit him for the strife of parties, to lead other men, "to ride upon the storm and direct the whirlwind" of revolution.

The bearing of John Sheares, from the time of his apprehension to the termination of his sufferings, was that of a man whose mind was made up to his fate, and prepared to meet it. There was no foolhardy bravado in his deportment—no unbecoming levity or obduracy of feeling manifested or affected by him. He spoke of his approaching fate to the officials of the prison with calmness and resignation; and that coolness of determination and firmness of purpose of which his features were indicative, were manifested in his conduct to the last and on the most terrible of all occasions.

If the reader ascribes this demeanour to a hardened disposition, he need only peruse his letters to his family, and contrast the fervid feelings of attachment to his "dear, dear mother"—to his "beloved Julia"—to his "darling Sally"—of anxiety about his "poor dear Harry"—of anguish of mind, bordering on distraction, when his hopes for that brother's safety are gone—with the calm and unshaken mien with which he met his fate. Those who were about him were no admirers of his political principles; but some of them, still surviving, admit that his bearing

was that of a man who seemed worthy of a better fate.

Mr. Buchanan, the British consul at New York, informed me that he was present at the trial and execution of the brothers. Mr. Buchanan belonged to the Dublin Loyal Cavalry Corps, and was then on duty in Green-street; and it is unnecessary to say the sympathies of the military gentlemen of that corps were not much on the side of the Sheares. But Buchanan was not insensible to the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, even while duty compelled him to assist, in his military capacity, at the frightful scenes which marked the course of judicial vengeance in those times. On one occasion Buchanan had the humanity to afford an asylum in his house to a man of the name of Dennison, who claimed his protection. The man's life was in jeopardy, and he was indebted to Buchanan for it. Toler became acquainted with the circumstance, and he pressed Buchanan to give him (Dennison) up to *justice.* But he refused to do so. To use the words of this worthy man to me in relating the circumstances, "I said 'I would keep him on the Arab principle;' and I did not break faith with the fellow. I had saved many before, and served others of them since." He had obtained leave for Sampson to visit Ireland; but it was given with some conditions which Sampson thought invidious, and he therefore did not

avail himself of it. A former application had been made for him and refused.

At the trial, when John Sheares addressed the court on behalf of his brother, Mr. Buchanan was present. "His voice," he says, "was firm; his words were pronounced with great clearness and distinctness; his language was eloquent and most pathetic." The impression it made on Mr. Buchanan's mind was conveyed to me in these terms, "As long as I live I never shall forget it!" He had been informed by Mr. T. Colley Grattan that the brothers had been to his father's house the preceding evening, and their motions previous to their apprehension must have been watched, for Mr. Grattan's house was searched by the military, as he supposed, in consequence of their visit to it.

I have already adverted to Lord Carleton, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who presided at the trial of the Sheares, being the townsman and one of the most intimate friends of their father. A very erroneous impression had gone abroad at the period of their trial—that his lordship had been left the guardian of his friend's children; and this belief prevails to the present day.[1]

[1] In the course of the many inquiries which it was necessary for me to make respecting the subjects of this memoir, I have been frequently perplexed and surprised at the many instances which came to my notice of persons confounding their impressions of circumstances from the relation of others, with their actual knowl-

Henry Jackson

*A Leading Member of the Society of the United Irishmen. From an Engraving by T. W. Huffam after a Drawing by Herbert*

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The error with regard to Lord Carleton, there is reason to believe, had much to do with the death of Lord Kilwarden in 1803. Some of the survivors of those who took a part in that conspiracy attribute the murderous attack, in the first instance, to the diabolical malice of a ruffian in the ranks of the insurgents, whose brother had been capitally convicted before Lord Kilwarden; but others attribute the murder to the circumstance of the latter being mistaken for the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Lord Carleton. When Lord Kilwarden's carriage was stopped in Thomas-street, on the fatal evening of the 23rd of July, 1803, on being surrounded by the insurgents, his lordship thought his name (and well might he have thought so) was one which the people had a right to respect, for he cried out to his assailants, "Kilwarden, the Chief Justice!" But the words "Chief Justice," it is said, were those only which were caught by the multitude, and they believed that the person who had fallen into their power was Lord Carleton, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. The latter was particularly obnoxious to the people on account of his supposed relation to the Sheares, and, not-

edge of facts, of which they were personally cognizant themselves. These statements indeed required very close and even laborious investigation. It was necessary to test them by every kind of documentary evidence that could be depended on, and was attainable. I can conscientiously state, I have spared no trouble to get information on these matters that could be relied on.

withstanding his obligations to their father, as the supposed guardian of his children, having presided at their trial. This was and still is the opinion of persons yet living, who witnessed Lord Kilwarden's death; and all the injuries he received subsequent to the first wound, inflicted by the person who had recognized him, they believed were occasioned by the erroneous impression which generally prevailed amongst those infuriated wretches as to the victim who had fallen into their hands. Equally erroneous was the opinion so widely diffused—that Lord Carleton was the guardian of Henry and John Sheares.

On examining the will of the father of Henry and John Sheares at the Prerogative Court, Dublin, I found no mention whatever made of Lord Carleton; the care of his children was committed to the kindness of "his dear friend, Richard, Earl of Shannon"—and the particular charge entrusted to him was, to see that unanimity and affection always prevailed amongst them.

But how could those even who were intimately acquainted with the sons of Henry Sheares confound Lord Carleton with the Earl of Shannon? "Richard Boyle, Earl of Shannon, was created Baron Carleton in England in 1786." There can be little doubt but that, in the strange confusion of names and titles which sometimes get jumbled together in Irish genealogies, the Irish

chief justice, Lord Carleton, was confounded with the Earl of Shannon, Baron Carleton of the English peerage.[1]

The account given by Sir Jonah Barrington of the efforts made by him with Lord Clare on behalf of Henry Sheares, and his views of the conduct of Lord Clare, and of the demeanour of the elder Sheares, with respect to the application to him, are deserving of attention. The motives of the place-hunting, intriguing Sir Jonah, at the period of his writing this account (the publication of which he delayed for so many years), in giving a false colouring to the conduct of Lord Clare, and seeking to depreciate the characters of persons so obnoxious to him, are too evident to be mistaken. He gives his lordship credit for proposing to stay the execution of Henry Sheares at the very time he well knew it was about to be carried into effect, and send-

[1] Hugh Viscount Carleton, son of Francis Carleton, Esq., of Cork, was born in 1739, called to the Irish bar in 1764, elected Recorder of Cork in 1767, appointed Solicitor-General in 1780, and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1787. He was created Baron Carleton in 1789, and Viscount Carleton in 1797. He married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Mercer, in 1766, and secondly, Mary, daughter of Bednego Mathew, Esq., in 1795, and had no issue by either marriage. Having done all the service that was in the power of a man of such poor talents and of an emasculated mind to render to the faction by which the Irish government was administered in 1798, and down to the accomplishment of the Union, to which his aid was lent, he took his departure from Ireland, and passed the remainder of his days in England, as much unloved, unhonoured, and unrespected as he had been in his own land.

ing him (Sir Jonah) to Newgate, to make inquiries of Henry Sheares about disclosures, instead of making him (Sir Jonah) the bearer of instructions to the sheriff to delay the execution pending these inquiries. He tells us Lord Clare desired him to return to him at the Castle; and when he does return his lordship had taken effectual measures to prevent the admission of Sir Jonah: "orders had been given that nobody should be admitted without a written permission." Mr. Under-Secretary Cooke likewise kept out of Sir Jonah's way. At length, when the time was past for preserving the life of the unfortunate man, the under-secretary brought out an order for a respite to Sir Jonah. It is not to be presumed that a moment would have been lost by Sir Jonah in hurrying to the gaol, to deliver such an order to the sheriffs—for as to his anxious desire to preserve the life of Henry Sheares there can be no doubt; and when he arrived the execution was over—the hangman was holding up the head of his unfortunate friend, Henry Sheares!

What an extraordinary proof Sir Jonah gives of Lord Clare's amiability, on the occasion of his showing to him the letter of Henry Sheares: "He never saw him so amiable before;" "he was moved;" "his heart yielded;" Sir Jonah "improved on the impression;" "He (Lord Clare) only said, 'What a coward he is!' "

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How does Sir Jonah's account of Lord Clare's presumed ignorance of the hour appointed for the execution tally with the statements given in a Cork paper—of the sheriffs arriving at Newgate at twelve o'clock; of the application of the prisoners for a respite, "for at least one of them;" of one of the sheriffs having the humanity to proceed to the Castle (where the council was then sitting) with the application; of its being refused; of a second delay being accorded by the sheriffs, to give time for another application to the government; and of the refusal of that one likewise?

But there are proofs of Lord Clare's direct interference to prevent the remission of the sentence on the part of Lord Cornwallis, which place the conduct of his lordship, in the part he acted with Barrington, in a very odious light. In the interval between the conviction and execution of the brothers many efforts were made by their friends, and seconded by the most powerful influence in various quarters, to obtain a remission of their sentence. The following particulars on the subject of these efforts were communicated to me in writing by Maria Steele. Previously to my referring to her account, it is necessary to allude to a circumstance, to show from what source the information of that amiable lady was obtained, which is herein given.

The nephew of Lord Cornwallis, Horatio

Cornwallis, a young gentleman of great promise, then serving with his regiment in Ireland, some time previously to this period, had met Miss Steele in society. The object of general admiration was soon one of more than ordinary interest to Horatio Cornwallis—in fact, he became strongly attached to her, and was looked upon as the rival of John Sheares. The strength of his attachment can best be appreciated by the influence which the subsequent impediments to the realization of his wishes had upon his health and spirits. It is not necessary for me to enter further on this subject than to say, that Horatio Cornwallis died in England about the year 1802 or 1803. Previously to the execution of the Sheares, at the urgent entreaty of Maria Steele, he interfered for them with his uncle, Lord Cornwallis. His efforts on behalf of one of the brothers, whom he knew to be the devoted admirer of the same object who had won his own affections, may well be styled generous; and with these few explanatory remarks, I give this statement in the words of Maria Steele:

Long before conviction Lord Cornwallis expressed a strong desire to save their lives; and said he did not like that his first act here should be a sanguinary one. After the conviction, when his nephew, Horatio Cornwallis (at the entreaty of a friend of John Sheares, who had also great influence over Horatio Cornwallis) knelt at his uncle's feet to implore his mercy, and was

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on the point of obtaining it—at that very moment Lord Clare, who was present, said that if he failed in making this example, loyal men, who awaited his decision as a test of what they were to expect from him, would withhold their confidence, &c. All he said I do not now remember, though it was faithfully repeated to me. Lord Cornwallis's wishes were to save their lives, and send them out of Ireland, as other men were to be thus disposed of. Great efforts were also made by his family. Mrs. Sheares (Henry's wife) sat in a sedan chair, almost the whole of the 13th July, at Lord Clare's hall-door; and at length saw him, and fell at his feet on the steps of his door, and clasped his knees—but she failed! ! ! Perhaps he could not have saved them at that time. Horatio Cornwallis endeavoured to obtain an interview with his uncle for Julia Sheares, but was prevented by Lord Clare's creatures, who at that time filled the court. A memorial was also delivered by Horatio to his uncle—but the same powerful influence defeated it. The only friend he saw after conviction, besides one of his counsel, was Dr. Dobbin, a clergyman of great worth, who had been his tutor at one time in college. He wrote three letters —to his mother, his sister, and one other person. He seemed indifferent to his own fate, but agonized at that of his brother. His speech in court, between conviction and sentence, expressed his real feelings. Lord Carleton, who was the judge on the trial, had been the particular friend of the father of the Sheares. Previous to passing sentence he made a pathetic address, in which he mentioned the regard and respect he had ever felt for both parents. His cousin, the late Oliver

Carleton, told me that on his return home, after having passed sentence, he wept, and was obliged to go to bed.

The sister of the Messrs. Fleming, the friends and relatives of the Sheares, to whom I have already referred as having given me many particulars respecting the brothers, has communicated the following circumstance of most mournful interest:

The Earl of Shannon was a relative and intimate friend of old Mrs. Sheares, and the day of her sons' execution, of which she was then ignorant, his lordship went to see her. A most melancholy scene, as may be supposed, occurred between them. She threw herself on her knees to implore his mediation for her younger son, at the time not knowing that her son Henry was implicated or had been imprisoned, having been told that he had been advised to keep out of the way for some time, and was actually expecting him home that evening. The earl left the house, not being able to tell her they had been both executed that morning.

Soon after Lord Shannon's departure, these dreadful tidings were gradually broken to her, first of the execution of John, and subsequently of the apprehension of her eldest son, and of his ultimate fate likewise. It was in the interval between the visit to her of Lord Shannon—when she was yet ignorant of the execution having taken place, and was even expecting Henry's momentary return, and the final communication

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to her of his death—that it was feared her anguish of mind would overpower her reason.

The following is the account of Sir Jonah Barrington referred to in the preceding pages:

It is only justice to Lord Clare to record an incident which proves that he was susceptible of humane feelings, and which often led me to believe that his nature might have been noble had not every compunctious visiting been absorbed by that ambition, the final disappointment of which at last caused his death.

By some unfortunate delay, a letter of Henry Sheares' was not delivered to me till eleven o'clock on the morning after the trial. I immediately waited on Lord Clare; he read it with great attention; I saw he was moved—his heart yielded. I improved on the impression; he only said, "What a coward he is! but what can we do?"—he paused—"John Sheares cannot be spared. Do you think Henry can say anything, or make any species of discovery which can authorise the lord lieutenant in making a distinction between them? —if so, Henry may be reprieved." He read the letter again, and was obviously affected. I had never seen him amiable before. "Go," said he, "to the prison, see Henry Sheares, ask him this question, and return to me at Cooke's office." I lost no time, but I found on my arrival that orders had been given that nobody should be admitted without a written permission. I returned to the Castle—they were all at council. Cooke was not at his office: I was delayed. At length the secretary returned, gave me the order. I hastened to Newgate, and arrived at the very moment the execu-

tioner was holding up the head of my friend, and saying "Here is the head of a traitor!"

Letter from Counsellor Henry Sheares to Sir Jonah Barrington, a few hours before his execution:[1]

My dearest Friend—The dreadful die is cast; fly, I beseech you, to the chancellor, and save a man whose fate will kill his family. Oh! my dearest friend, my whole dependence is on you. Tell the lord chancellor I will pray for him for ever, and that the government shall ever find me what they wish. Oh! my family, my wife, my children, my mother; go to them, let them throw themselves at the chancellor's and Lord Shannon's feet. Those papers which were found in my office have ruined me. You know, my dear friend, I had nothing to do with them; you know I never was an advocate for violence or blood. I have been duped, misled, deceived—but with all the wishes and intentions to do good. My principles were never for violence; my nature is soft to a fault; my whole happiness is centred in my beloved, my adored family; with them I will go to America, if the government will allow me, or I will stay here and be the most zealous friend they have. Tell the lord chancellor I depend upon the good-

[1] "There never was a more affecting picture of a feeble, agonised mind at the approach of a violent death than in the annexed facsimile. Had but three hours been granted for the unhappy culprit's preparation for his fate, he would have been respited. Lord Clare was disposed to act with great humanity towards this amiable but misguided man, having discovered that he was utterly ignorant of the sanguinary proclamation which was found in his secretaire—he had never seen it."—"Memoirs of the Irish Union," by Sir Jonah Barrington, vol. ii. p. 266.

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ness of his nature; that I will atone for what is past by a life regular, temperate, and domestic. Oh! speak to him of my poor wretched family, my distracted wife, and my helpless children; snatch them from the dreadful horrors which await them, and save the life of your truest friend. I will lie under any conditions the government may choose to impose on me, if they will but restore me to my family. Desire my mother to go to Lord Shannon immediately, and my wife to the lord chancellor. We are to receive sentence at three o'clock. Fly, I beseech you, and save a man who will never cease to pray for you—to serve you.

Let me hear from you, my dear fellow, as quick as possible.

God bless you.

Newgate, 8 o'clock.

Comments are needless on the preceding statement. The efforts of Sir Jonah Barrington to give a favourable impression of Lord Clare's conduct on this occasion are as unsuccessful as his own exertions proved in behalf of his unfortunate friend.

In "The New Cork Evening Post" (one of the ascendancy journals of that time) of 23rd July, 1798, the following account is given of the execution of the brothers. At twelve o'clock, the time appointed for the execution, "when the sheriffs arrived, the prisoners entreated them to be the bearers of a supplication to government for a short respite, in consideration of which they offered to make the most useful discoveries.

This message being carried to the Castle, government being already possessed of complete information of everything which the Sheares could discover, refused to grant the respite. Upon this refusal a new supplication was made, in the most abject terms, entreating a respite till Monday for at least one of them. Of this message the sheriffs were humane enough to be also the bearers, but returned with a second refusal. At this repeated disappointment the prisoners were most dreadfully shaken, but, upon being directed to prepare for death, made a sudden and short effort by mutual encouragement to rouse themselves. In the interval between the reply to their last message and the execution, the clerical gentleman who attended continued to exhort them to full repentance and disclosure of their crimes. Henry declared that his object was reform, and that he never had intended to excite indiscriminate massacre. John made the same declaration, and said, 'I hope this example will have the effect it is intended to have. I fear it will not. Government little know whom they ought to execute.' The Rev. Mr. Gamble, alarmed at the uncharitable tendency of these words, asked if they died in charity with all men? They replied that they did. While the executioner was fitting the rope, he, by some awkwardness, pressed the neck of Henry Sheares,

who, with a degree of asperity and violence ill-suited to his situation, cried out, 'D—n you, you scoundrel, do you mean to strangle me before my time?' They requested that they might not continue long exposed to the gaze of the multitude; and having each a halter fixed round his neck and a cap drawn over his face, holding by each other's hand, they tottered out upon the platform in front of the prison. In making the rope fast within, John Sheares was hauled up to the block of the tackle, and continued nearly a minute suspended alone before the platform fell. It did fall, and instantly both were suspended. After hanging about twenty minutes, they were, at a quarter after three o'clock, let down into the street, when the hangman separated their heads from their bodies, and taking the heads [1] severally up, proclaimed, 'Behold the head of a traitor!' In the evening, the trunks and heads were taken away in two shells, provided by a respectable gentleman, unhappily connected with one of the brothers." [2]

In the brief interval between conviction and execution, the Rev. Dr. Dobbin had been unremitting in his attention to the prisoners. Both of them had availed themselves of his pious services,

[1] This part of the statement is incorrect.

[2] The person alluded to was Mr. Brent Neville, by whom their remains were interred.—R. R. M.

and that good man invariably spoke of their demeanour as being such as befitted their awful situation.

I have been informed by the sister of Maria Steele, who was more intimately acquainted with Henry Sheares than with his brother, that in all her intercourse with him "she never heard an observation from his lips of an irreligious tendency." She believed him to be "a moral man, and in his family relations irreproachable as a husband and father."

It was the cruel custom of those times to make the extreme rigour of the law as terrible as possible to its victims. Their friends were seldom permitted to see them. Whoever has perused the life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald will have noticed the obstacles thrown in the way of the immediate members of his lordship's family to obtain a private interview with the dying man, and the rigour of that regulation being only relaxed by the exertions in their behalf of the most powerful influence, when that noble being was in the agony of death.

In the case of the Sheares, no member of their family was allowed to see them.

On Saturday at mid-day, they were conducted from their cells to the room adjoining the place of execution. There, as they had done in the dock when their doom was sealed, they clasped each other in their arms, and for some minutes

the unfortunate Henry seemed utterly stupefied and appalled at the frightful spectacle before him. He rallied sufficiently to disclaim the sanguinary intentions imputed to him, as John had done; and while still clinging to the latter, he was pushed out on the platform hand-in-hand with his brother. No violence was requisite to bring the other victim to the scaffold; his only fears were for that dear brother whose death he reproached himself with being the cause of. The last words of John Sheares were—"I forgive the world as I expect to be forgiven." [1] The brothers died as they had lived, "hand-in-hand." In life and death they were indeed united brothers.

After the mutilation of their bodies (that remnant of the judicial barbarism of former times) had afforded the requisite satisfaction to offended justice, their remains were borne to the same place of burial, and deposited in one of the vaults of St. Michan's Church.

A small party of the Dublin Loyal Cavalry attended as a guard at the execution. The number of spectators was incalculable.

The unnecessary cruelties inflicted by the executioner on both brothers, previously to their being launched into eternity—but especially the barbarity practised on the younger, as detailed in the preceding account, which is given by those

[1] "History of the Rebellion," by Charles Jackson, p. 68.

most hostile to them—there is too much reason to believe, were not to be ascribed to the "awkwardness" which is assigned as a reason for part of the unnecessary violence practised on the elder brother. The amount of violence done to the younger, forty-four years after the event, remained still visible on the face and head of John Sheares.

In the churchyard of St. Michan's the remains of some of their former friends and associates are interred—those of Bond, and of Dr. William Jackson, whose funeral the Sheares had attended in 1795, and who, for so doing, had incurred the displeasure of Lord Fitzgibbon.[1]

There is some peculiarity in the soil of this place of burial, as well as in the atmosphere of the vaults beneath the church of St. Michan, the tendency of which is to resist decomposition, and to keep the dead bodies, especially those deposited in the vaults, in a state of preservation the

[1] The tombstone over the grave of Jackson bears the following inscription:

"Underneath this Slab are interred the Remains
of the Rev. William Jackson,
Who died the 30th of April, 1795."

The inscription on the stone over Bond's grave is in the following terms:

"Sacred to the Memory of
Oliver Bond, who died the 6th December, 1798,
In the 37th Year of his Age.
The noblest work of God's an Honest Man."

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most extraordinary that has come to my knowledge in any country, with the exception of a cemetery in the Island of Sicily, where the same process of embalming, naturally effected, has gone on for centuries.

Bodies which have been interred for upwards of a century in St. Michan's are to be still seen in the vaults in a state of preservation, as perfect as that of the exsiccated mummies of the humbler classes of the Egyptians, which were preserved by a less expensive process of embalming than that used for persons of distinction.

In this dry and shrivelled state the integuments remain perfect, the features preserve their character, the hair undergoes no alteration, and the limbs even, in some degree, retain their shape. One of these bodies, "whose antiquity is of an ancient date," for the tenants of European sepulchres, is still existing in the same vault in which the Sheares' remains are interred: the remains are those of a person in former time renowned for her piety—a member of a religious community—of the name of Crookshank. Some sixty or seventy years ago, the wonder-working effects produced by this good lady's remains used to bring vast numbers of visitants to her tomb, till the occurrence of some disorders caused the intervention of the authorities. Poor Miss Crookshank's relics, from that period till about the

year 1816, when I first saw them, were visited only by curious boys and scientific gentlemen. In the month of January, 1842, after a lapse of twenty-six years, I found the remains of the nun removed from the place where they were originally deposited, as likewise those of John and Henry Sheares, and deposited in what is called the parish vault. Up to the time of the removal, which took place about 1832, the remains continued, I was informed, in the same perfect state in which they have been long known to exist. But the exposure to the air, consequent to the removal of her remains, and those of the Sheares on the same occasion, had proved injurious to them, and to the latter especially.

When I first saw the remains of the Sheares, I was accompanied to St. Michan's by a schoolfellow of the name of Blake. When I visited the place in the month of January, 1842, the same companion was with me likewise. On that occasion, I found the remains of the Sheares were not in the same preservation as when I had first seen them. The coffins had mouldered away, after the exposure to the external air, on their removal from an adjoining vault. On examining the head of the body described as that of John Sheares, I was surprised to find the head was that of a person extremely aged, the sutures entirely obliterated, and the alveolar processes quite worn down. I said to the sexton, "This is not

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the head of John Sheares;" he replied that it "could be no other's." [1]

For some days subsequently to this visit to the place of interment of the Sheares, the circumstances connected with it were uppermost in my mind, and were spoken of to several persons. At length I received a communication from a gentleman of the Society of Friends, well known in the city of Dublin, Mr. R. W., which removed all doubt as to the correctness of the opinion I had expressed with respect to the head shown with the remains of John Sheares.

This gentleman informed me that, when a mere boy, about twenty years previously, he went with some other lads of his own age to see the remains of the Sheares. The idea had come into his mind to take away the head of John Sheares, whom he had often heard spoken of with enthusiasm by one of his companions. He took a boy with him into the vault whom he had seen in the churchyard, and promised to reward him if he carried away the head unperceived.

The head was attached to the body by a strip of the integuments of the back part of the neck. The boy was supplied with a penknife, and the head was removed and carried home to the per-

[1] John Sheares, according to Mrs. Smith's account, was thirty years of age in 1798, and according to Mrs. Moreton's account, only twenty-nine. Henry, in the same year, Mrs. Smith says, was thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age; Mrs. Moreton says thirty-eight or thirty-nine years of age.

son's house, where it had remained for the past twenty years. This gentleman told me he had often regretted taking it; and as he knew that I was interested in matters appertaining to the Sheares, I might have it. I willingly accepted the offer, on condition of doing with it what might seem best to me, and it was sent to me the day following. It was in the state precisely in which I had seen it twenty-six years previously. The head was finely formed, but the expression of the face—that of the most frightful agony. The mark of very violent injuries, done during life to the right eye, nose, and mouth, were particularly apparent; the very indentation round the neck, from the pressure of the rope, was visible; and there was no injury to the cervical vertebræ occasioned by any instrument—in fact, the head had not been entirely separated from the body at the time of execution.

The marks of violence on the face, there can be little doubt, were occasioned by the barbarous act committed by the executioner before he was launched into eternity, as described in the Cork paper. The circumstance of the head having been found attached to the body at the time of its removal is connected with a matter somewhat singular. I may observe, that the head, thus slightly attached to the trunk, was seen by Mr. William H. Curran about thirty-six years ago. John Sheares, after sentence was pronounced on

him, in order to prevent or put some difficulty in the way of the executioner holding up his head, pursuant to the sentence, after execution, had his hair cut close, and the act had the effect he intended; for though the barbarous ceremony of cutting through the neck was performed, the head was not separated from the body. Barrington saw the executioner holding up the head of his friend (Henry) on his arrival, but he makes no mention of the same being done with John's.

The hair on the head, as it was when sent to me, was of a light brown colour, and was cut, or rather clipped, extremely short.

In the latter end of January, 1842, having obtained the necessary permission from the clergyman of St. Michan's Church, I had the remains of the Sheares placed in coffins of lead and Irish oak, in the presence of one who had been, in his young days, a member of the same society to which they belonged, and of two other individuals.

The head of which I have spoken was placed with the remains of John Sheares, a plaster cast of it having been previously taken.

The coffins of the two brothers were laid side by side, and so far, I trust, the possibility is prevented of their remains being disturbed in future.

# CHAPTER VIII

## FAMILY OF THE SHEARES

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IN the letter of John Sheares to his sister Julia, two days previously to his execution, two subjects are touched upon, of a nature which it is not the least unpleasant part of the task I have undertaken to notice. In the prayer he offers up for that "dear mother" he speaks of with so much filial tenderness, it is painful to find expressions which can leave no doubt of the uncertainty of his mind and unfixedness of his opinions on religious subjects. The baneful influence of French philosophy had been fatal to his belief in revelation. The crimes which were committed in his times in the name of religion as well as of liberty, he, like too many of his associates, who, hurried away by their feelings, or dazzled by the meteor lights of a specious philosophy, in the turmoil of passing events or of busy pursuits, jumped at conclusions on matters newly considered and perhaps hitherto too foreign to their habits, or the worldly claims on their attention to reflect on. The truths of religion became involved in their minds in the abuses com-

mitted in its name. The first war-cry of republicanism in France was "the crimes of the clergy." The ears of this ill-fated young man had been familiarized to the outcry of that time; and those who think they are promoting the cause of true religion, by familiarizing the public ear with denunciations against the ministers of a Christian creed of any denomination, would do well to consider the never-failing tendency of such a course to damage religion itself, while they imagine they are only bringing the ministers of that one denomination into disrepute.

In all matters of opinion and maintenance of opinion, there is no maxim more true than that "violence begets violence;" its reaction is not only injurious to its employer but to the cause which is intended, or more frequently pretended, to be promoted by it. In dealing with error, the weapons of its votaries or victims are the worst that can be employed: falsehood has need of violence, but truth has not. Invective brings no conviction home to misguided or mistaken men; and it behoves us to bear in mind the fate of Tertullian, when in reproving error we mingle with our zeal, in defence of truth, the bitterness of an ascetic spirit.

In speaking of those that have fallen into error, and have been called before that tribunal which is all-competent to pronounce upon it, we may lament its blindness but we must remember there

is but one "Searcher of hearts," and to him alone man is accountable for his belief.

So long as his conduct in relation to society is uninfluenced by the error of his religious opinions; so long as he seeks not to propagate those opinions to the public scandal, or the prejudice of the weak, the ignorant, or inexperienced, he is no more accountable to man for the form of his creed than he is for the colour of his face.

I trust I may be pardoned for making these observations, however commonplace they may seem; and if I have explained my sentiments, the religious opinions of John Sheares can derive no support or encouragement from my admission of their having been unfortunately strongly entertained by him.

That they were sincerely entertained, I have no doubt; that solemn appeal to the Supreme Being for his wretched mother, in the last moments of his life, cannot be mistaken for the affectation of aught he did not feel. There is no mockery with God, and he knew he was then about to appear before his throne.

If the errors of his opinions were grievous, most grievously did he suffer for them, even in this world.

In the early part of the year 1798, his long and ardent attachment to Maria Steele was formally made known by him to the mother of that young lady. His intention, if his proposal

was accepted, was to go to America, and follow his profession there. The mother of Miss Steele was partial to him and fond of his society.[1] In fact she treated him as a son, and frequently used a mother's privilege in her admonitions on the subject of his religious sentiments. The importance she attached to this subject, and her opinion of its influence in relation to her daughter's happiness, induced her to refuse her consent to the marriage, and no efforts on his part could change her resolution. One letter indeed of John Sheares would have justified the opinion she had formed of the religious sentiments of the writer of it.

The disappointment of his hopes was severely felt by him, and there can be little doubt it had a fatal influence on his future conduct. The excitement of political pursuits from that time seemed to have been had recourse to as if to give a new turn to his thoughts, and unfortunately they became concentrated on these subjects.[2]

[1] The following little anecdote, related to me by Miss Steele, will show the kind of terms John Sheares was on with her mother. He called one morning and found Lady Steele examining a new bonnet. She was not pleased with the fashion of it, and said it was a "nonsensical shape—there was no sense in it." John Sheares differed with her in opinion about it; he placed it on her daughter's head, and said, "Now I hope there is some sense in it."

[2] John Sheares evinced powers of perception of female excellence of no common kind, judgment capable of appreciating qualities in woman, of head and heart of the highest order, when he fixed his affections on and aspired to the hand of Maria Steele. Now that she is gone and many years have passed away since

The other part of his letter to his sister which I have to notice with reluctance, is that wherein he commits the child he calls "his little Louisa" to the charge of his kind sister. The station in society of the mother of this child was above that of the lower orders; she was a person of some education, and had been respectably brought up. John Sheares became connected with her about 1791; she went by the name of Mrs. White. The child Louisa was seven or eight years of age at the time of her father's death. John states in

her death, it may be permitted to me to express an opinion of that lady, that in more restricted terms on my first acquaintance with her upwards of twenty years ago I ventured to give utterance to. A person so estimable, so right-minded, of intellectual tastes, so well cultured, such refined yet genial feelings and generous sentiments, so truly lady-like, yet so single-hearted, as the woman who engaged the affections of John Sheares, is rarely to be heard of, and still more rarely to be met with, in any country or in any circle. Maria Steele, the daughter of Sir R. Parker Steele, was born at Portobello, Dublin, in 1779. In 1798 (in her twenty-second year), her father being then dead, she resided with her mother, Lady Steele, at their house No. 11, Merrion-square, South. She married, in 1802, Joshua Smith, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of No. 13, North Great George's-street, called to the Irish bar in 1798. Mrs. Smith died in her 63rd year, in September, 1841, at her house No. 31, Upper Fitzwilliam-street, leaving one son, her only surviving child, Robert Bramston Smith, Esq., an eminent barrister, an amiable and highly intellectual man, well capable of appreciating his mother's fine qualities, and of duly honouring her memory. She had two other children whom she survived—one of them an eminent physician attached to the English embassy in Paris, Sir Francis Smith, a young man of great promise, who died very shortly before her. An elder sister of Mrs. Smith, Miss Eliza Steele, who resided in Baggot-street, died in 1845. The remains of Mrs. Smith were interred in the family vault of Sir R. Parker Steele, in St. George's Church, Dublin.

his letter that his brother wished him to have the child in his house, and for the very proper reasons assigned therein that proposal was declined. She had been placed under the care of a lady who kept a school at Bray, and at her father's death his wishes with respect to her had been fulfilled to the letter by his most amiable and affectionate sister—one of the most generous, kind-hearted, and gentle of human beings. She devoted her scanty means to the education of this child, and at a proper age placed her in a *magazin de modes* at Bath, to acquire a knowledge of that business. Subsequently, she was sent to a similar establishment in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, and after remaining there for some time, at the death of old Mrs. Sheares she accompanied her aunt to Cork, where she was again placed in the line of business to which she was brought up.

The old and faithful friend of the Sheares, "the worthy Charles Coughlan," was then residing in Cork. He had two children, a son and a daughter—the latter married to a Mr. Boden. The intimacy between his family and the surviving relations of his former friends led to the union of his son with the daughter of John Sheares. This marriage proved an unhappy one for her. The short and sad account of it is best given in the words of the late Thomas Lyons, a gentleman intimately acquainted with the family

of the husband, and a few years ago one of the most distinguished citizens of Cork:

Louisa Sheares was handsome, indeed beautiful, and well-educated. The man she married was in no respect like his worthy father. He was dissipated, and addicted to low and vicious habits, and therefore the marriage proved unfortunate. After two years they separated. They had had one child, a daughter; and on Mrs. Coughlan's leaving Ireland the child was taken charge of by her husband's father. The husband, following up his dissipated courses, terminated in a short time his unfortunate career.

The daughter, who was left in the charge of the paternal grandfather (old Charles Coughlan), grew to womanhood—the perfection, certainly, of feminine beauty. She is now the wife of a clergyman of the Established Church, a treasure to her husband, and an object of esteem and respect to all who know her.

Mr. Robert Milliken informs me he remembers very well the illegitimate daughter of John Sheares. "She married Robert Coughlan, a son of Charles Coughlan, a very intimate and confidential friend of John Sheares and his brother Henry, who followed the business of a perfumer and hairdresser, at No. 38, on the Grand Parade, Cork. Robert Coughlan turned out very badly. He became a drunkard and went to ruin. His wife had to leave him. Their only child, a girl, was placed in charge of Milliken's sister, who kept a school for young ladies of much celebrity

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in his day. The little girl of the Coughlans was a favourite pupil of Miss Milliken."

Mrs. Coughlan went on the stage in England, first I believe in Liverpool, under the name of Whyte, and subsequently was engaged in one of the minor theatres in London. Her career was not fortunate. She returned to Ireland about the year 1828, after an absence of six or seven years, and died in Dublin shortly after her return; she was visited in her last illness by Mrs. Henry Sheares.

Henry Sheares left six children—four by his first wife—Henry, Richard Benjamin, Alicia, and Jane; two by his second wife, Garrett and Mary. His eldest son was sent to India at the age of fourteen, obtained a commission in the Company's service, and distinguished himself in action on several occasions; he rose to the rank of captain when he was only eighteen years of age. His relative, Mrs. Moreton, the sister of the Messrs. Fleming, speaks of him as a fine young man of great promise. He died in India of fever before he had attained his nineteenth year, "highly esteemed by all who knew him." Richard Benjamin, the second son, was brought up by his grandfather, Mr. Swete of Cork. In 1835, he was on the point of marriage, when he was suddenly seized with illness, and died at the house of the father of the lady he was engaged to, at Mr. Dunscombe's of that county.

By his will he bequeathed all his property (said to be about £600 per annum) to the second daughter of his sister Alicia, who had married Alderman Perry of Cork, on condition that, at her marriage, her husband should assume the name of Sheares. Richard Benjamin was not allowed to take his father's name during the life of his grandfather Swete, but assumed it at his death. This young man was so far imbued with the political sentiments of those he was brought up by as to forget what was due to his father's memory, and to give utterance to language, in speaking of that father, which no conviction of his errors could call for or excuse. Nevertheless, from the time he was capable of choosing his associates, he had none amongst the violent of that party whose political opinions he had been thus early imbued with; and this circumstance, in connection with the condition on which he left his fortune, and the fact of his resuming the name of Sheares at the death of his grandfather, are indicative of feelings which the influence of political rancour was not able to pervert. Henry Sheares' eldest daughter, Alicia, who was married to Alderman Perry, is still living in Cork.[1] I regret to have to say, to the few descendants of Henry Sheares who survive I have applied in vain for information respecting the early history of the Sheares family; and sorry I am to have to

[1] 1860.

observe, that I have found one exception to the rule which I have had so often to refer to in this work, that I was indebted in many instances to the sisters and daughters and grand-daughters of the men of 1798, for the only means afforded me of doing justice to their memories.[1] Jane, one of the children by the first marriage living at her father's at the time of his unfortunate end, died about the age of fourteen.

The two children by his second wife are both dead. Garrett died in England, about the age of sixteen. Mary married a clergyman of the Established Church, the Rev. Pierce E. Butler, during the years 1828, 1829, and 1830 one of the officiating curates of the Molyneux Asylum Chapel in Dublin. This lady died in England.

In 1836 the Rev. Mr. Butler was residing at Ipswich, in England—his wife then deceased. Her mother, Mrs. Sarah Sheares, the widow of Henry, was living with her son-in-law and grand-children. The Rev. Mr. Butler and his family returned to Ireland, obtained a benefice, and resided for some years at Burn Church glebe, near Maiden Hall, Bennet's Bridge, county Kil-

[1] Mrs. Perry, the daughter of Henry Sheares, was living in September, 1858, as was also the second daughter of that lady, who inherited the fortune of her uncle, Richard Benjamin Sheares, and had taken the name of Sheares. A son of Mrs. Perry, Mr. Richard J. Perry, resides at Rock-lodge, Monkstown, near Cork: another son, the Rev. A. Bettesworth Perry, is now Rector of Castle Ellis, Co. Wexford.

kenny, the seat of his brother, John Butler, Esq., who is still living there. He was living during the tithe agitation, and prosecuted some parties for conspiracy to intimidate him into a renunciation of his tithes. He took no part in politics, and was not unpopular in his locality. He has been dead upwards of twenty years.

Mrs. Butler left four children—two sons, Pierse and Garret, and two daughters, Theodosia and one whose name I have not ascertained.

Pierse followed a seafaring life for some time; abandoned it and entered the Church. He took orders in England, and married there a niece of Mr. Lever of literary celebrity. Yachting pursuits have engaged his attention, I have been informed, more than ecclesiastical concerns. His brother Garret was recently sojourning in Kilkenny, but follows no profession or business.

At the time of the death of the Sheares, and some time previous to it, of the six children of Henry Sheares—four by the first marriage and two by the second—I am informed by Mrs. Moreton, three by the first marriage were then living with their grandfather and grandmother, the Swetes of Cork. Jane, the fourth child by this marriage, was living in Baggot-street with her father; two children by the second marriage, Garret and Mary, were also living there with their parents. So that of the children of Henry Sheares one survives, Mrs. Perry of Cork, and

by both marriages seven of his grandchildren are living.

Maria Steele, in one of her letters to me, says of Mrs. Sheares: "She was a Miss Neville of Kilkenny, a beautiful and accomplished woman. I remember her well. She resided for some time in England, afterwards in the county Kilkenny. She occasionally used to come up to Dublin to attend religious meetings.

"Since writing the above memoranda I heard that Mrs. Sheares was in Dublin, on some law business that was carrying on in her behalf in the Four Courts."

The widow of Henry Sheares resided in England with her daughter up to the time of her decease. She then returned to Ireland. She lived for nearly two years in the house of Mr. Patrick Ryan, grocer, of the High-street, Kilkenny, from May, 1842, to the latter part of 1843. After leaving Mr. Ryan's house she went to reside for some time with her nearest living relatives, the Nevilles of Urlingford, County Kilkenny, fourteen miles from Kilkenny.

In 1850, Mrs. Sheares was residing in Kingstown, at No. 42 or 43, Northumberland-avenue, and died in Dublin a little later. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan, in whose house Mrs. Sheares lodged in Kilkenny, spoke of her to me, as indeed all persons who were acquainted with her have spoken, in terms of the highest respect for her virtues, of

regard and esteem. Her sincere, unaffected piety, her simplicity of character, the study of her life, wherever she was, to seek seclusion and privacy, and the unfailing fidelity of her devotion to the memory of her beloved husband, gained for her the love and sympathy of all who had communication and acquaintance with her. On the anniversary of the execution of her husband and his brother, I am informed by Mrs. Ryan, it was a mournful custom of hers to seclude herself in her own apartment, to keep the shutters of the window partly closed, and to surround herself with memorials of the dead, with the portraits of her husband and his brother, with lockets containing their hair, with their letters and some little trinkets of theirs, which remained in her possession. On those days she fasted, and prayed, and lived as it were in communion with those whose ideal presence she had called into existence. And for some days subsequently to this most melancholy anniversary, she never stirred from her apartments. At the expiration of this mournful solemnity, the precious relics she had brought forth for its celebration were carefully packed up and replaced in her trunks. On one occasion she was so ill at the eve of the anniversary that she was unable to rise to take the precious objects above referred to from the places where they were deposited. She sent for Mrs. Ryan, and begged her to execute that office for

her. They were brought to her, unpacked by her directions, and placed on the table, so as to be visible to her from her bed of sickness and of sorrow. That was the forty-fourth anniversary of that mournful kind the poor, desolate widow of Henry Sheares had solemnized.

This amiable lady sought in religion those consolations which her afflicted spirit so greatly needed—consolations which no human comfort could give to calamities such as hers, and no chance or change in this world could take from her.

Letter of Mrs. Sarah Sheares, the widow of Henry Sheares, to R. R. M.:

Kilkenny, 21st September, 1843.

Sir—I feel conscious of having too long delayed returning you my heartfelt thanks for the two volumes which you so kindly ordered to be sent me.

I cannot, nor need not, express to you what painful feelings the perusal of the second volume cost me. The faithful character you have drawn of my two beloved ones counteracted, in some degree, the agony I experienced in having those (to me) heartrending scenes brought so vividly before me.

You did justice to them, and no more; less than you stated of their worth could not have been the truth. The world was not worthy of them; but I humbly trust they are now in the presence of that Almighty Being who alone knows and searches the heart of man.

Your statements were all so correct, that I had little to communicate except a number of letters, written by

my adored Henry while in Kilmainham, and which could meet no eye but mine.

With feelings of respect and gratitude, believe me to remain your truly obliged

(Signed) SARAH SHEARES.

To R. R. Madden, Esq., 48, Sloane's-square, Chelsea, London.

The death of the only surviving child of Mrs. Sheares, Mrs. Butler, and of her son-in-law, had left her almost friendless. She was strongly attached to Mr. Butler, and the relationship of the latter with the earliest and most intimate friend of John Sheares—his first political associate, and in all emergencies his trusty and confidential adviser—the Hon. Simon Butler, served to endear him the more to her.

The Hon. Simon Butler (third son of Edmund, tenth Viscount Mountgarret), born in 1749, died at his lodgings in Brompton-row, London, in his 48th year, 18th May, 1797. In 1795, he married Eliza, daughter of Edward Lynch, Esq., of Hampstead, near Dublin, by whom he left an only child, Edward Lynch Butler, born in 1796. The remains of the Hon. Simon Butler were deposited in one of the vaults belonging to St. James' Church.

The widow of the Hon. Simon Butler died in Gardiner's-place, Dublin, in April, 1800. Mr. Butler stood in the same relation to the Dublin Society of United Irishmen that Tone did to the

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Belfast one. He was the founder of that society. He was the chairman of the first meeting of the Dublin Society of United Irishmen, held at the Eagle Tavern, the 9th November, 1791.

When he and Bond were committed to Newgate, in 1793, for a violation of the privileges of the House of Lords, at a meeting of the Dublin Society of United Irishmen, of which John Sheares was chairman, 16th August, 1793, an address of sympathy with "the victims of arbitrary power" was moved and adopted.

The aged mother of Henry and John Sheares, after the execution of her sons, went to England, and passed the remainder of her wretched days at Clifton, where she died in 1803. The fate of her unfortunate sons was ever present to her mind, and its remembrance "brought her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Her daughter Julia and the widow of her son resided with her till her death, and that event broke up the home of the friendless and forlorn creatures who survived her.

In 1858, I found living, in an almshouse adjoining the church of St. Nicholas in Cork, a poor lady in her seventieth year, the natural daughter of Henry Sheares.

A gentleman of the name of Fleming was the only friend of the Sheares, besides their counsel, allowed to visit them during their confinement.

One of the last letters of John Sheares was written to a brother of his after the trial and conviction.

The two Mr. Flemings were second cousins of Henry and John Sheares. William Fleming, the eldest, was an officer in the Bengal artillery corps. The other, Gilbert Henry Fleming, was an attorney. In 1836, both of them were dead.

The house of Henry Sheares in which the brothers resided in Baggot-street was No. 128, then, but not now, the corner house leading to Pembroke-street. These words are soon written, and soon read—and yet it cost a vast deal of trouble to be enabled to say so much with certainty: it occupied many hours of many days to make the searches necessary to establish this simple fact. It was necessary to have the services of an intelligent and painstaking attorney to make these searches and inquiries in various quarters; it was necessary to trace out the surviving representative of the original proprietor of the house from whom it was taken on lease by Henry Sheares; it was necessary to examine the leases of that house No. 128, and three others adjoining it, and again to compare these leases with the terms of a deed, existing in the Register of Deeds' Office, of conveyance, in 1796, of that house of Henry Sheares to a Mr. John Dwyer of Baggot-street, when the former raised money on his interest in the lease; and lastly, it was necessary to consult

the map of the head landlord of this portion of the Fitzwilliam estate on which the site of the house in question is indicated.

It was erroneously stated in a former edition of this work that the house of the Sheares was in Baggot-street, on the right hand side, and at the corner of Pembroke-street nearest the canal, proceeding from Stephen's-green. None of the directories give the number of the house in question, and, strange to say, none of the existing letters of the Sheares mention it. I was led into the error of supposing it must have been in Baggot-street, at the corner of Pembroke-street, from the fact stated to me by Mrs. Smith (Maria Steele) that from a back window in her father's house on the south side of Stephen's-green, on the morning of the arrests, she had seen the soldiers stationed at the hall-door of the Sheares' house (there being then no houses on the other side of Baggot-street facing the house of the Sheares), and, moreover, that she had seen some of the soldiers going round by the side of the house, and enter the premises by a side entrance. The house then, it was clear, must have been a corner one, and as there was a certainty that the other corner house on the same side nearest Stephen's-green had never been inhabited by the Sheares, I was led into error in fixing on the corner house nearest the canal as the house of the Sheares. Having reason to doubt the conclusion

I had come to, but no clue whatever to one more certain, I instituted those inquiries I have referred to, and ascertained that in 1798 the house that was then the corner one, and is now numbered 128, was the one that belonged to Henry Sheares. But since 1798 three houses have been built between No. 128 and the corner of Pembroke-street.

### NOTICE OF CAPTAIN JOHN WARNEFORD ARMSTRONG

From the time of Tacitus to the days of the annalists of modern civil wars, we have had an abundant supply of graphic historical portraitures, and terribly truthful word-paintings of betrayers, spies, informers, mercenary traitors, blood-money dealers, traffickers in broken vows and oaths, dabblers in sedition for the sake of lucre; sly, stealthy, insidious plotters and contrivers of fatal mischief to friends; treacherous, artful speculators on the credulity of confiding associates. But where shall we find a description of a miscreant of this class that may realize the hideous reality of the traits of baseness that belonged to the character of Captain John Warneford Armstrong!

If all the traits of depravity peculiarly characterized by a propensity to deceive and betray—by a passion for perfidy, either for its own sake or on account of the lucre derived from the be-

trayal of friends and the sacrifice of their lives, that we find separately depicted in the several representations above referred to, were collected together and carefully scrutinized, it might be possible, by the selection of many and the rejection of some of the vile features of the originals, to build up a likeness that might pass for the picture of Captain John Warneford Armstrong. But not one of these portraitures, singly, would serve to convey an adequate idea of the perversity of mind, the obtuseness of feeling, the utter impenetrability to any appeals of misfortune, complete insensibility to all dictates of honour and conscience, to the stings of remorse for signal violations of sacred duties and obligations, which characterized Captain John Warneford Armstrong.

This man was not in circumstances that peculiarly exposed him to great trials and temptations. He was not born or bred in crime or poverty, or sunk in profligacy, or steeped in brutal ignorance or sensuality. He was not in pecuniary embarrassments, in indigence, in dishonour, or disrepute—a bankrupt in fame or fortune—like the miscreant Reynolds. Armstrong was a gentleman by birth, fortune, education, and profession. He was a man of good family, an officer, one of the landed gentry of Ireland, whose fame finds a niche in the temple erected to the honour of illustrious landed commoners.

In his preface to the new edition of "The Landed Gentry," Sir Bernard Burke, in reference to his work, speaks of it as "A more comprehensive and worthy record than can be obtained from any other source, of that class of gentlemen, who, though undistinguished by hereditary titles, possess an undeniable right, from antiquity of race, extent of property, and brilliancy of achievement, to take foremost rank among the lesser nobility of Europe."

Captain John Warneford Armstrong had duties and obligations to fulfil to society, to his family, to his profession, which a gentleman was expected to discharge. He violated them all; and the baseness of his perfidious conduct in relation to the Sheares has attached an amount of obloquy to his name and memory that never can be diminished or removed.

With these observations, I proceed to lay before my readers the whole of the evidence of Captain John Warneford Armstrong on the trial of the Sheares, as it is reported in Ridgeway's authorized report of the trial; and I give it thus *in extenso,* not only because it is desirable to know this man from his own account of his acts, but to know the state of society and the state of government which existed at that period in Ireland, from the lips of one of the most villainous of the actors in this reign of terror and of iniquity.

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EXAMINATION AND CROSS-EXAMINATION OF JOHN WARNEFORD ARMSTRONG, ESQ., ON THE TRIAL OF HENRY AND JOHN SHEARES, ON THE 12TH OF JULY, 1798, BEFORE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE CARLETON, MR. JUSTICE CROOKSHANK, AND MR. BARON SMITH, IN EXTENSO FROM RIDGEWAY'S REPORT:

John Warneford Armstrong produced.

*Mr. Curran.*—My lord, before this gentleman is sworn, I will take the liberty, under the protection of your lordship, to ask a question, which at first sight may seem a sort of professional shift to disturb the witness. I protest I do not make it with that view. The propriety of it will appear hereafter. Under the sanction of the court I beg to ask, or that any other person directed by the court may ask, whether this gentleman does believe in a God?

*Lord Carleton.*—Do you desire him to be sworn upon the *Voire Dire?*

*Mr. Curran.*—I do not apprehend that to be necessary, because putting an oath to a witness admits, in some degree, that he acknowledges the moral obligations of an oath.

*Lord Carleton.*—Ask him now.

*Mr. Curran.*—In the presence of this awful court, I ask you to declare whether you believe in God, and in a future state of rewards and punishments?

*Witness.*—I do.

*Lord Carleton.*—Swear the gentleman.

*Mr. Curran.*—Have you always believed so?

[This question was objected to, as being proper only upon a cross-examination to affect his credit.]

The witness sworn and examined.

Q.—Pray, sir, in what profession are you?

A.—I am captain in the King's County militia.

Q.—Are you acquainted with Mr. Henry or Mr. John Sheares?

A.—I am, with both of them.

Q.—Do you see these gentlemen in court?

A.—I do.

Q.—Point them out?

A.—That is Mr. Henry Sheares, and that is John Sheares, I believe.

Q.—You know these two persons?

A.—I do.

Q—Can you tell when you first became acquainted with either of them?

A.—The first time was Thursday, the 10th of May last.

[Here witness produced some papers.]

Q.—What papers are these?

A.—Some notes I took of the business as it happened.

Q.—In your own hand-writing?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Then you have a right to look at them. Can you recollect how you happened to become acquainted with them?

A.—I came to town from the camp about business, and went into Mr. Byrne's shop—after some conversation he asked me did I know Mr. Sheares. I asked him was it Sheares the lawyer?

Q.—What camp did you speak of?

A.—The camp at Lehaunstown.

Q.—Was your regiment quartered there?

A.—My company was quartered there.

Q.—Where was Byrne's shop?

A.—In Grafton-street; I do not know the number.

Q.—What did Byrne propose?

A.—He asked me, "Had I any objection to meet Mr. Sheares?" I said I had not.

Q—How long had you been acquainted with Mr. Byrne the bookseller?

A.—I believe I have known him about two years.

Q.—What was the nature of that acquaintance you had with Mr. Byrne—was it familiar or otherwise?

A.—I knew him as my bookseller, whose shop I much frequented. I was there almost every day.

Q.—Do you recollect any particular description of book which you were in the habit of purchasing from him?

A.—I used to purchase every political pamphlet as it came out, and other books I fancied.

Q.—Do you recollect what was the particular occasion of his asking to introduce you to Mr. Sheares?

A.—I did not know his purpose.

Q.—But you were speaking about something?

A.—I was not speaking at the time; he followed me out.

Q.—You had been speaking?

A.—I had, but do not recollect.

Q.—There were other people there?

A.—There were.

Q.—He followed you out when he made that proposal?

A.—He did.

Q.—Did you take any particular measure in consequence of that proposal?

A.—I did. I went to look for Captain Clibborn, a man upon whom I had dependence, and who I knew was in town. He was my particular friend.

Q.—Was that before you met either of the Mr. Sheares?

A.—It was.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) Was that immediately after you left Byrne's?

A.—It was, my lord.

Q.—Did you see Mr. Clibborn, whom you went in quest of?

A.—I did.

Q.—What did you do?

A.—I told him what had happened, and asked him for his advice.

Q.—I presume you mean what had happened between you and Byrne?

A.—I do, sir.

Q.—Can you recollect what advice he gave you, or what you determined to do?

[The counsel for the prisoners objected to this question.]

Q.—Did you come to any determination?

A.—Captain Clibborn advised me to give them a meeting.

Q.—The result of your conversation was to give Mr. Sheares a meeting?

A.—It was.

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Q.—Mention whether you were ever introduced to the Mr. Sheares, or either of them, in consequence of this proposal or not?

A.—Upon my return to Mr. Byrne's late, I waited until the elder Sheares arrived.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) That is Henry?

A.—I believe so, my lord.

Q.—What passed upon the arrival of Mr. Henry Sheares?

A.—Mr. Byrne introduced me to him in the inner shop.

Q.—Do you recollect in what manner or form he introduced you?

A.—He only mentioned my name, but said that if we had a mind to chat, we might go into the room inside the inner shop.

Q.—Recollect whether anything else was said by Byrne in the presence of Mr. Henry Sheares?

A.—He opened the door, showed me in, and said, "All I can say to you, Mr. Sheares, is, that Captain Armstrong is a *true brother*, and you may depend upon him."

Q.—Be so good as to call to your recollection anything that may have passed upon that interview between you and Mr. Henry Sheares; you have a right to refresh your memory by your notes. At what time did you take them?

A.—I took a sheet after every interview I had with the gentlemen.

Q.—Mention the import and substance of what passed.

A.—Henry Sheares told me that what he wanted to say to me he wished to say in the presence of his brother.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) Did he say this in the presence of Byrne?

A.—No, my lord, in the private room, when we were alone.

Q.—Do you recollect anything worthy observing to have passed that day?

A.—I told him I had no objection to wait till the brother came.

Q.—When did you again hold conversation with him?

A.—In a very short time after the other Mr. Sheares came to the shop.

Q.—After he came, where were you?

A.—We were introduced pretty much in the same manner as before.

Q.—Do you mean by Byrne?

A.—Yes.

Q.—He introduced you to John also? Mention, then, what passed.

A.—He told me he knew my principles very well.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) Who told you that?

A.—Mr. John Sheares.

Q.—Were you at this time in the inner room again?

A.—Yes.

Q.—And the door shut?

A.—I believe so.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) Did the brother Henry go in?

A.—No, my lord, I had separate interviews with them.

Q.—Did Mr. Henry Sheares go away?

A.—He did, before John came, and did not return

that day. John said he knew my principles very well—that he was emboldened by that knowledge, and the pressure of events induced him, for the good of the cause, to make himself known to me, and to show me how the cause could be benefited by my joining the cause in action, as he knew I had by inclination. I told him I was ready to do everything in my power for it.

Q.—Meaning the cause?

A.—Yes; and that if he would show me how I could do anything, I would serve him to the utmost of my power.

Q.—Did he state to you in what manner you could serve this cause to which he thus alluded?

A.—He said that as I was willing to serve it, he would tell me at once what I could do. He told me that the rising was very near—that they could not wait for the French, but had determined upon a home exertion; and that the principal manner in which I could assist them was by seducing the soldiers, and bringing about the King's County militia, and consulting with him about taking the camp.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) What camp?

A.—The camp at Lehaunstown, I understood, where I was quartered. And that for the purpose of bringing about the soldiers, he would recommend me to endeavour to practise upon the non-commissioned officers and privates who were of the Roman Catholic religion, as they were most likely to think themselves aggrieved. I do not recollect anything more of the conversation that day, except our appointment to meet the Sunday following.

Q.—Did he mention an appointment for that day?

A.—He did.

Q.—Where?

A.—At his house.

Q.—Where was that?

A.—In Baggot-street.

Q.—Did he tell you?

A.—Yes; for I did not know it till then. On the Sunday following I went to his house, and the elder only was at home.

Q.—That was Henry?

A.—I believe so; I only knew them at that time by the distinction of elder and younger.

Q.—Do you recollect the number of the house?

A.—I do not.

Q.—Upon which side of the way is it?

A.—On the right hand going out of town; his name was upon the door.

Q.—What passed?

A.—I had a repetition of a good part of the conversation with Henry that I had had upon the former day with John.

Q.—Mention what you particularly recollect.

A.—He told me that he understood his brother and I had conversed together; he apologised to me for not returning to me to Byrne's, for that there was a committee sitting that day, which it was necessary that one of them should attend.

Q.—Did he mention what that committee was about?

A.—He did not. He asked me as to the state of the regiment and the situation of the camp—where it was most vulnerable, and the number of troops stationed there. He questioned me as to the possibility of taking

it by storm, or by treachery, or by using the countersign, or something of that kind. I do not recollect anything further till the other prisoner came in.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) This conversation was before John came in?

A.—It was.

Q.—Do you mean to say you do not recollect anything more said by Henry?

A.—Except a repetition of what John had said. John asked me whether I knew any of the *United* men in the regiment. I said not.

Q.—Was that in the presence of Henry?

A.—It was. He said he thought I could make good men of the soldiers.

Q.—Which of them said that?

A.—John. I said that I should be afraid to commit myself with any of them; but if I knew them, I should then do what I could in concert with them. He said he believed he could inform me of some I might depend upon. He told me it was their intention to seize the camp, the artillery at Chapelizod, and the city of Dublin in one night.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) Whose intention?

A.—*Ours* was his expression: I understood the United Irishmen. He said there was to be one hour and a-half between the seizing of the camp and Dublin, and an hour between seizing Dublin and Chapelizod, so that the news of both might arrive at the same time. He told me if I would call at eleven that night he would give me the names of some men in the regiment.

Q.—What regiment?

A.—My own regiment.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) That meeting was in the morning?

A.—In the morning, before dinner. At that meeting in the evening, he told me he had not been able to obtain the names for me, but that a man would call upon me in the camp, to whom I was to give a pass, and that I might converse with him upon his return without reserve.

Q.—Recollect, if you can, whether anything more particular passed about the cause in hand.

A.—I do not recollect any on that day.

Q.—Who had the command of your regiment?

A.—Colonel L'Estrange.

Q.—Did you ever communicate to any person what passed at these interviews?

A.—I returned to the camp immediately after each interview, and communicated the business that passed to Colonel L'Estrange and Captain Clibborn. Sometimes I communicated it to Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Cooke. On Wednesday, the 16th, the colonel was surprised that no man had called upon me: he requested I would go to town and find out the reason. I came to town, and as neither of the Mr. Sheares was at home, I left word that I would call between five and six o'clock. I called between five and six, and was shown into the library at Mr. Sheares' house.

Q.—At the same house?

A.—Yes. The younger Sheares came in, told me he wished to introduce me to a gentleman with whom I might consult and advise in his absence, as he must go down and organize Cork. He said he had not been able to find out the names I wanted in the regiment. He

said the rising in Cork was to be in such a manner that the news might reach Dublin at the same time with the news of rising in other places, and that he was only waiting for the executive to fix the day.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) Was the news of the rising in Cork to reach Dublin at the time of the rising there?

A.—Yes.

Q.—(*By the Jury.*) Where was the executive? —who were they?

A.—I do not know; he did not explain, and I asked him no question.

Q.—What did you understand?

A.—The executive directory, who were sitting in Dublin in the same manner as other committees were sitting. Mr. John Sheares appointed me to meet him the next day, and that he would introduce me to that gentleman.

Q.—Had you seen Henry at that meeting at all upon the 16th?

A.—Not at that time; I went there next day, Thursday, 17th, and met both the brothers.

Q.—At the same house?

A.—Yes, the same house. I do not recollect any conversation of moment until the gentleman came. I was introduced to him as to a Mr. Lawless, a relation of Lord Cloncurry; that was the name he was introduced by.

Q.—Was there any other present?

A.—None but the two brothers.

Q.—He was introduced as the person Mr. John Sheares had been speaking of the day before?

A.—I understood so. Mr. Lawless told me he had

been present some time before at a meeting of deputies from all, or composed of almost all the militia regiments in Ireland, at which meeting he said there were two of our men. He did not know their names, but that if I would call between five and six upon Mr. Sheares, he would leave their names with him for me.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) Were the Mr. Sheares present at this conversation?

A.—They were both present, my lord. He said he would obtain the names from a man who had been very active in making United Irishmen, and who had been very active in making some in every regiment that had been in Dublin for two years past.

Q.—The two prisoners were present at that meeting?

A.—Both were present on that day. The elder Sheares told me that the corps throughout Ireland were completely organized, and had all their captains and adjutants appointed. I called that evening to get the names which Mr. Lawless was to leave for me. I was shown into the library, where Mr. John Sheares was in conversation with a man. Upon the man's going away, Mr. John Sheares gave me this note, which was to be a note of introduction to a sergeant in our regiment, intimating to him that I might be depended upon, and said he got it from the man he had been speaking to.

Q.—(*By the Jury.*) Is it in Mr. Sheares' handwriting?

A.—I do not know.

Q.—Is it directed?

A.—It is directed to Sergeant Connors.

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Q.—Is there any other sergeant of that name in your regiment?

A.—I believe not.

Q.—Before you quit Mr. Lawless, do you recollect any expression relating to the camp, or the neighbourhood of it?

A.—I do; he remarked that the trees to the right of the camp would be very convenient for hanging people.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) Was that in the presence of Mr. Sheares?

A.—It was, my lord.

Q.—Have you in your recollection any direction given by Mr. Lawless or the Mr. Sheares as to what should be done at the time of the attack, or the line of conduct to be pursued?

A.—Yes, my conduct was to be this: I was to erect a standard upon the night to be fixed upon for the attack upon the camp, which was to be joined by all whom I had previously known to be United Irishmen; that no other person was to be spared, and they were not to be given the option of joining at the time of the attack. He gave me the name of a private, Pat Fennan, at the time he gave me the note, and appointed me to meet him the Sunday following, when he would introduce me to more friends of the cause.

Q.—Did he say anything respecting Fennan?

A.—I understood that Fennan and Connors were the two deputies whom Lawless mentioned.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) From whom did you understand that?

A.—Lawless had mentioned that he would leave their

names with Mr. John Sheares, and those were the names which Mr. John Sheares gave to me. On Friday I could not find Connors; but on Saturday I gave him the note, and asked him did he know the man named in the note—Arthur Hill. He told me he did.

Q.—What is become of Connors?

A.—He is in confinement, I believe, in the Castle guard-room.

Q.—He has been made a prisoner?

A.—He was, about the 20th of May. He said he would call upon me for a pass.

Q.—Did you call upon Mr. Sheares again?

A.—I did, upon Sunday the 20th of May. I found the elder Sheares at home. I told him what had passed between Connors and me, and that he would not know me.

Q.—That is, would not open himself to you?

A.—Yes. He said he was much surprised at that, but attributed it to his caution; and he recommended caution to me, for that he and his brother escaped by their caution, for government then thought them inactive. He said there was a man at that time with Connors at Lehaunstown, and that I should find no difficulty in conversing with him upon my return to the camp. The younger Sheares produced a paper, upon which appeared to be written names, by way of memorandum; among them were three more names of our regiment.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) Did John come in?

A.—He did. I do not recollect any conversation more of moment with Henry. John came in and Henry went out; then John produced the paper. He mentioned the names as if reading them from the paper, and

three of them corresponded with three sergeants in our regiment.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) What did he say of them?

A.—He told me they were men I might depend upon as United Irishmen, and he mentioned their names to me as such.

Q.—Is there anything else in your recollection?

A.—He told me he had that day called at Lawless's, and that he believed he had absconded, for he was denied to him. He said that a man had been out at the camp on Saturday looking for me, to give me a letter, but could not find me. I asked him the contents; he said it was no matter—as I was then there I would hear of it. He said the executive directory had directed him to tell me they had come to a resolution to appoint me to the command of the King's County regiment. He said I might promise to every man in the regiment that would join me a portion of land in the King's County. He told me that on the night of the rising in Dublin the lord lieutenant was to be seized, and all the privy council, separately in their own houses. This conversation was in the presence of the elder.

Q.—(*By the Court.*) What part of the conversation?

A.—All subsequent to his saying that Lawless had secreted himself. He said that when the privy council were all seized, there was no place to issue orders from, so as to counteract the rising; and that in case of a failure of the attack upon the camp, on the march of the soldiery into town through Baggot-street, they had a sufficient number of houses in Baggot-street in their

interest to shoot them from, so as to render them useless; and that he expected throughout Ireland that the militia regiments would join, from the accounts they had received of them. That several men of the different regiments had promised different numbers, some ten men, some twenty, some thirty, and some one hundred, provided they had sufficient notice; but that if they were called out with their officers nothing could be done, as the other regiments would be too strong for them.

Q.—This was mentioned by John Sheares in the presence of Henry?

A.—Yes.

Q.—He told you that the rising was to take place soon?

A.—He did.

Q.—Did he mention any reason?

A.—He said the country was tired with the prosecutions, and that the people threatened, if the rising did not immediately take place, they would take the oath of allegiance and give up their arms. The elder Sheares told me that he had a servant who was the greatest coward he ever saw, but that he had been particularly active in making United Irishmen, particularly soldiers—but had quitted him through fear and gone to Cork. I do not recollect anything further.

Q.—Did you communicate the last conversation to any one?

A.—Continually—every one. I never had an interview with the Mr. Sheares that I had not one with Colonel L'Estrange and Captain Clibborn and my Lord Castlereagh.

Q.—Where have you been since that time?

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A.—I have only been in Wicklow, and Wexford, and the county of Kildare.

Q.—Did anything happen to you?

A.—I was wounded in my foot at Slievebuy mountain, where I was with Colonel Walpole. I could not go to my regiment, being ordered by Lord Castlereagh not to leave town. I volunteered, and had the command of the grenadier company in the Londonderry militia, where they behaved in a most exemplary manner.

Q.—Did you see either of the prisoners after they were arrested?

A.—I saw the younger.

Q.—Where?

A.—In the officers' guard-room at the Castle.

Q.—Do you recollect upon what day he was made a prisoner?

A.—The morning after the last conversation.

Q.—Did anything pass between you?

A.—He asked me if his brother was taken. I said I did not know. He asked me if his papers were seized. I said I did not know. He said he hoped not, for there was one among them that would commit him.

CROSS-EXAMINED BY MR. CURRAN.

Q.—What countryman are you?

A.—An Irishman.

Q.—What part?

A.—The King's county.

Q.—How old are you?

A.—I believe between 27 and 28.

Q.—Have you any hereditary fortune?

A.—Everything I have is hereditary.

Q.—Then you have hereditary fortune?

A.—I have hereditary fortune which qualifies me to be a captain in the King's County militia; otherwise I would not be one.

Q.—Do you mean to say that your estate is not diminished or wasted?

A.—Since I came of age, do you mean?

Q.—Yes, sir?

A.—Certainly not.

Q.—Had you ever been in any military situation before you were in the King's County militia?

A.—I had.

Q.—Where?

A.—In several places.

Q.—Mention as many as you recollect.

A.—I have been quartered—

Q.—You mistake me, sir; I mean had you been in the army?

A.—I was in the English militia.

Q.—In what regiment?

A.—In two; the Somerset and the South Middlesex Supplementary.

Q.—Do you recollect how you came to quit the Somerset?

A.—I do—having business in Ireland, and not being able to obtain leave of absence.

Q.—Have you always, when you talked of the subject, mentioned that as your reason for leaving the Somerset militia?

A.—I do not recollect having given any reason.

Q.—Then you do not say you did not?

A.—I do not believe I ever did.

Q.—Do you swear positively?

A.—I cannot say; but I believe I did not; and that was the reason.

Q.—I ask you will you venture to swear positively that you never did give any other reason for your leaving the Somerset?

A.—I cannot swear positively to what I may have said in jesting. It is not impossible; but I believe I did not; and that was the reason.

Q.—I beg you to recollect. Did you, in jest or otherwise, give any other account of your leaving the regiment?

A.—I cannot swear positively; but I do not believe I ever did. It is so very trifling a thing; I might have said I did not like quarters, or some such thing.

Q.—How long after did you go into the South Middlesex?

A.—About a year, I believe. I do not exactly recollect the time the Supplementary were called out. I had a friend in London who put down my name, knowing I was unemployed, and would like it.

Q.—I asked you, sir, and you said you did believe in the existence of a future state of rewards and punishments. I ask you now upon the oath you have taken, have you always professed this belief?

A.—Always.

Q.—I wish to have your answer correct and precise—do you say you always professed it?

A.—I do and did.

Q.—From your education you ought very well to understand the moral obligation of an oath. I presume you have often reflected upon it?

A.—I have thought of it—I hope with great respect.

Q.—By virtue of your oath have you ever expressed any other sentiment than respect of the obligation of an oath?

A.—Never to my knowledge.

Q.—Will you say upon your oath that you never did upon any occasion deliberately say that an oath ought to be binding so far, and no longer than it was convenient?

A.—Never.

Q.—Did you in any manner deride the moral obligation of an oath?

A.—I believe not.

Q.—Do you know a gentleman of the name of Bride?

A.—I do.

Q.—Have you been in company with him?

A.—Very often.

Q.—Did you in his company deride the moral obligation of an oath?

A.—I do not recollect.

Q.—Were you in his company within the last six months?

A.—I was.

Q.—Were you in the College with him?

A.—I was.

Q.—In whose chamber?

A.—I do not believe I was in any chamber with him these six months.

Q.—Were you any time before that?

A.—I have been in chambers with him.

Q.—In whose chamber?

A.—Mr. Browne's.

Q.—Do you speak positively?

A.—I do.

Q.—Within how many months?

A.—Within a year.

Q.—Was Mr. Bride there?

A.—I could not be in company with him if he were not there.

Q.—Oh, I forgot; I believe my question was as to your being in company with him. Do you recollect any conversation in that company touching the subject of an oath?

A.—I do not.

Q.—You will be the best judge yourself whether you can undertake to give a positive answer to any question. Will you upon your oath say that you did not, in that company, express any contempt or derision for an oath?

A.—I am confident I never did.

Q.—How long were you in the South Middlesex?

A.—I do not know exactly, for I never saw my commission.

Q.—You mentioned that you had been much in the habit of buying political pamphlets from Mr. Byrne?

A.—I said so.

Q.—Had you been much in the habit of talking upon such subjects?

A.—Of politics, do you mean? Yes, I was.

Q.—Had you been much in the habit of expressing your own political sentiments touching the state and affairs of your country?

A.—I generally used to chat there when buying a book; I had some conversation about it.

Q.—I do not mean to confine you to the time of buying a book, but generally?

A.—Very often. When in company I used to speak upon that as upon other subjects.

Q.—I should be glad to ask, if you can recollect whether the general style of your observations was in favour of the conduct of government or the contrary?

A.—The contrary.

Q.—That was the general and pretty uniform line of conduct in company?

A.—Generally so.

Q.—Was it pretty strongly the contrary or not?

A.—I do not know that it was very strong—it had that tendency.

Q.—Keeping at a due distance from——

A.—I hope so, sir.

Q.—From what, sir?

A.—Anything wrong, or injurious to myself.

Q.—Do you recollect—— People sometimes make up their sentiments to toasts, and hand them about in that shape. Did you ever give Republicanism?

A.—I do not recollect it. If that was the round I gave it.

Q.—If that was the round?

A.—Toasts are generally given in rounds, sometimes hunting, sometimes of other kinds. If that was the round I gave it as well as I could.

Q.—Do you recollect the Kings of Europe as to good or bad health?

A.—Not the Kings of Europe.

Q.—Some of them?

A.—Yes, I have drank them.

John Sheares

*From an Engraving by T. W. Huffam after the Original Miniature by Buck*

10

Q.—With great affection?

A.—I cannot say with great affection; I have drank my own king with regard.

Q.—Have you had much political conversation with Mr. Byrne—I suppose not?

A.—Never, but when I was buying a book in his shop.

Q.—That, it seems, goes further than the title page with a bookseller. Did you make any particular professions to him—I suppose not?

A.—I do not recollect till after the introduction to the Mr. Sheares.

Q.—Never before—about your principles?

A.—Never about my principles.

Q.—The proposal to become acquainted with them was merely a wish of Mr. Byrne?

A.—I do not know with whom the wish originated.

Q.—He proposed it, you said?

A.—I did say he proposed it.

Q.—You said you had no idea of what the subject was, or whether any subject was talked of between you and Mr. Sheares?

A.—No, sir; I said the contrary.

Q.—When Byrne proposed it you said you had no objection?

A.—I did.

Q.—Pray, sir, do you know a gentleman of the name of Drought?

A.—I do—a great many.

Q.—Do you know the Drought I mean?

A.—I do not.

Q.—Have you no conjecture of the Drought I mean?

A.—I have.

Q.—What Drought is it I mean?

A.—I do not know whom you mean.

Q.—What Drought did you guess at?

A.—You would not take my guessing.

Q.—I will. What Drought do you suppose I asked you about? Do you recollect having called any Mr. Drought to your window?

A.—I do; that gentleman is my first cousin.

Q.—Then you know your cousin Drought. Had you any conversation with him when you called him up?

A.—I had a good deal.

Q.—For what time?

A.—Very near an hour.

Q.—Do you recollect what the conversation was about?

A.—Upon my word I do not. It was common-place —the common news of the day. A good deal of it was professions of joy at having seen each other, for we had not seen each other for some time.

Q.—Was this before or after you met with the wound?

A.—It was after.

Q.—Do you remember to have told him anything that happened to you?

A.—I suppose I told him all that happened to me.

Q.—Did you tell him anything that happened about two countrymen?

A.—No, but about three.

Q.—Did you tell him that you had hanged any of them?

A.—No, for that would not have been the fact.

Q.—Did you tell him that you had *tied* them up?

A.—No.

Q.—Or that you *ordered* them to be tied up?

A.—I did. I told him that one was tied up.

Q.—For what purpose?

A.—One was to be hanged; the other was to be flogged. We were going up Blackmore Hill under Sir James Duff; there was a party of rebels there. We met three men with green cockades; one we shot, another we hanged, and the third we flogged and made a guide of.

Q.—Which did you make the guide of?

A.—The one that was neither shot nor hanged.

Q.—Did Mr. Drought say anything to you as to the cruelty of the transaction?

A.—No; he might have said something of the distressed situation of the country.

Q.—Did he say anything as to what you could expect hereafter?

A.—I do not recollect that he did.

Q.—Did you say to him, "I thought you knew my sentiments too well long since upon the subject of futurity?"

A.—I do not recollect ever to have broached the subject of futurity to him. I always knew Mr. Drought's opinion of futurity.

Q.—You never conversed with him upon the subject of a future existence?

A.—Never; I do not recollect it.

Q.—How long is it since the conversation you mentioned?

A,—I do not recollect the day; it was since the 5th of June. Colonel Walpole's death was upon the 4th;

but I should think it was a fortnight after that, because I was not able to go to the window for a fortnight.

Q.—Then it was within a month. Can you undertake to say that you did not say to him, "You know my sentiments upon futurity?"

A.—I said no such thing.

Q.—Will you give me leave to ask you had you ever been in any other military situation— a *civico*-military situation?

A.—No.

Q.—Did you know Archibald Hamilton Rowan?

A.—I have seen him, but never knew him to speak to him.

Q.—Were you in his corps?

A.—Never.

Q.—Do you recollect the National Guards, in 1792?

A.—I do not recollect anything of it. I have heard of Hamilton Rowan: I was only just of age at that time.

Q.—Were you in that corps?

A.—Never.

Q.—Did you make up the uniform?

A.—Never; I do not know the uniform. I might have had a coat answering the uniform, but I never made it up for the corps, nor did I ever see it.

Q.—Did you wear, in the year 1792, any dress like a uniform, with green trousers, buttons having a harp impressed without a crown, and green cockades?

A.—Never; I had no green coat nor buttons of that kind. I might have worn green when a boy.

CROSS-EXAMINED BY MR. PONSONBY.

Q.—How long have you been in the King's County militia?

A.—Since the 19th of January last.

Q.—Have you declared it was in your power to bring over the King's County militia if there was a rising?

A.—Never to any person but the Sheares, and to Byrne, after my introduction to them.

Q.—Do you recollect not having spoken favourably of the King of England. Did you ever say "that if no other person could be found to cut off the head of the King of England you would do it yourself?"

A.—Never.

Q.—Are you positive you never did?

A.—Never.

Q.—As you have been fond of buying new pamphlets as they came out, do you recollect to have bought the pamphlets of Paine?

A.—I have.

Q.—Have you read them?

A.—I have read all that I got. I have not got them all.

Q.—You have read the "Rights of Man" and the "Age of Reason"?

A.—I have.

Q.—Do you recollect having told any one that they contained your creed?

A.—No; I do not recollect that I did.

Q.—Are you sure you did not say it?

A.—I did not say it, because I never thought it.[1]

So much for the examination and evidence of Captain J. W. Armstrong.

Mr. Ponsonby, counsel for one of the prison-

[1] Ridgeway's Report of the Trial of the Sheares. Dub. 1798.

ers, in reference to the character and conduct of Armstrong, said:

I know not how you will be inclined to appreciate the conduct of a man who gets into the confidence of another for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of matters he could not otherwise obtain, and makes use of that knowledge against the life of the person from whom he obtained it!—and yet, if we believe him, he did this. I pass no opinion on such conduct—I leave that for you to do; but this I will say, that if I were a juryman I would not be quick to convict upon the evidence of a man who acknowledged that he became the friend of another, for the purpose of betraying the friendship and taking away the life of that friend.

Mr. Curran, in alluding to Armstrong's testimony, said:

The verdict is to be founded on sworn testimony—on the oath of a witness, founded upon this ground and this alone, that he does believe there is an eternal God—an intelligent, supreme, and self-existent Being, capable of inflicting eternal punishment for offences, or conferring eternal compensation upon man after he has passed the boundary of the grave. But where the witness believes he is possessed of a perishing soul, and there is nothing upon which punishment or reward can be exerted, he proceeds, regardless of the number of his offences, and undisturbed by the terrors of remorse, which might save a jury from the fear that their verdict might be founded upon perjury.

Let us bear in mind that the rising of the United Irishmen had been fixed for the 23rd of

May by the new directory, of which John Sheares was a member; that in all probability the fact was known to the government; that the Sheares were watched and set, and that Captain Armstrong had undertaken the business of the discovery of their secrets and of their betrayal, prior to the 10th of May, 1798.

On the above-mentioned day Captain Armstrong commenced business in the line of an informer, and his first essay was on the lives of Henry and John Sheares. He dogged them from their booksellers to their own house. He stole into their confidence; stealthily and insidiously he gained access to their homes and their families. He violated the laws of hospitality and the obligations of a gentleman to the interests of honour, humanity, and justice. He betrayed these two unfortunate gentlemen. He gained a pension of £500 a-year, and he died in the receipt of the blood-money he obtained for the services he had rendered to the Irish government, and the ruin he brought on two gentlemen who were obnoxious to it.

Captain Armstrong, in his evidence on the trial of the Sheares, did not think it necessary to state that at his Sunday's interview (20th May, 1798) he shared the hospitality of his victims; that he dined with them, sat in the company of their aged mother and affectionate sister, enjoyed the society of the accomplished wife of one of them,

caressed his infant children, and on another occasion, referred to by Miss Steele, was entertained with music—the wife of the unfortunate man, whose children he was to leave in a few days fatherless, playing on the harp for his entertainment! These things are almost too horrible to think on.

Armstrong, after dining with his victims on Sunday, returned to their house no more. This was the last time the cloven foot of treachery passed the threshold of the Sheares: on the following morning they were arrested, and committed to Kilmainham gaol. The terrible iniquity of Armstrong's conduct on that Sunday—when he dined with his victims—sat in social intercourse with their families a few hours only before he was aware his treachery would have brought ruin on that household—is unparalleled.

The evidence of Armstrong was thus commented on by Curran on the trial of the Sheares:

> I am led to believe, shocking as it is to do so, that this witness had the heart, when he was surrounded by the little progeny of my client—when he was sitting in the mansion in which he was hospitably entertained—when he saw the old mother, supported by the piety of her son, and the children basking in the parental fondness of the father, to smile upon this scene, contemplating the havoc he was about to make, the chil-

dren he was about to consign to the storms of a miserable world, without having an anchorage left them in the kindness of a father! Can such things be, and not awaken the vengeance of an eternal God? But, forsooth, it cannot reach this man beyond the grave. Therefore I uphold him here. I can imagine, gentlemen, such a belief; because, when the mind becomes destitute of principles of morality and religion, all within the miserable being is left a dark and dreary void, never cheered by the rays of tenderness and humanity. When the belief of eternal justice is gone from the soul of a man, horrors of every kind may set up their abode there.[1]

On the 21st of May, 1798, both the Sheares having been arrested on Captain Armstrong's evidence, John Sheares was taken to the Castle, visited in the guard-room by the informer Armstrong, who seemed reluctant to the last to relinquish the mask of friendship. The visit of the arch-traitor was productive, however, of no evidence but that which showed the prisoner's only anxiety to be for the fate of a beloved brother. In a few hours John Sheares was lodged in the same gaol with that brother.

The extraordinary openness of perfidy, and even wantonness of treachery, which marked the proceedings in Ireland of this infamous agency of informers, has perhaps been equalled in many

[1] Ridgeway's Report of the Trial of the Sheares, p. 154.

instances in other countries in the frenzy of civil strife, but in one instance it certainly never was surpassed. The signal insidiousness and obdurate, unrelenting villainy of Captain John Warneford Armstrong are vividly present to my mind when I make this observation.

Other informers, however, when they have once wormed themselves into the confidence of their victims, and have possessed themselves sufficiently of their secrets to bring them to the scaffold, rest from their labours, and spare themselves the unnecessary annoyance—perhaps a feeling of remorse—at beholding the unfortunate wretches they had deceived, when they were fairly in their toils and delivered over to the proper authorities. In the breast of Armstrong no such feeling of squeamishness found a lodgment—no spark of sensibility was left there, to be struck out by any collision with calamity.

The importance of the preceding authentic report of the evidence, *in extenso,* of Captain J. W. Armstrong will be found equalled, in some matters exceeded, by that of the following accurate statement of my own personal communication with the man on the subject of my references to his betrayal of the Sheares, in the first series of this work, published in 1843:

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CORRESPONDENCE AND DETAILS OF PERSONAL COMMUNICATION BETWEEN CAPTAIN JOHN WARNEFORD ARMSTRONG AND DR. MADDEN, RESPECTING SOME PASSAGES IN THE WORK OF THE LATTER, IN REFERENCE TO THE EVIDENCE GIVEN ON THE TRIAL OF HENRY AND JOHN SHEARES.

I.

Ballycumber, Clara, Ireland, 15th August, 1843.

SIR—I have lately read your well-written, entertaining, and interesting "History of the United Irishmen." You have made some mistakes, which, if I had an opportunity of seeing you, I could point out. If you ever come to Ireland, and will let me know, I will go to Dublin for the purpose.

Your most obedient servant,

(Signed) J. W. ARMSTRONG.

To R. R. Madden, Esq., M.D.

II.

6, Salisbury-street, Strand, London, September, 1843.

SIR—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your note, dated 15th August, and to inform you that it only reached me on Saturday last, on my arrival in this city from the Continent.

My absence from London was the cause of its remaining so long unanswered.

I conclude I am addressing the Captain J. Warneford Armstrong whose name is connected with the history of some of those ill-fated gentlemen whose lives I have attempted to illustrate. In the performance of my task it is probable I have fallen into some mistakes;

nay, it would have been impossible to have totally avoided error in the treatment of a subject which makes it necessary to recur to records, too frequently found not so much of facts as of the conflicting impressions of them, and to the reminiscences of men whose faculties have to be carried back to events which happened five-and-forty years ago.

You are pleased to say, if I ever come to Ireland you will come up to Dublin for the purpose of pointing out those errors to me. The freedom with which I have treated of those matters in which your name has been mixed up, makes it imperative on me to accept the proffered information, in order that if I have, in any degree, done injustice to you, I may to the fullest extent, and by the first opportunity afforded me, make reparation for it. But permit me at the same time to say, that with the information I am at present in possession of, and with the feelings I now entertain on those points to which I have referred in connection with your name, I have nothing to unsay or wish unsaid, except in one passage respecting a Captain Armstrong who visited Lady Louisa Connolly shortly after the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; there is an ambiguity in that passage which it was my intention to clear up in a second edition of my work.

I had no idea of going to Ireland just now, but I think it is a duty I owe to truth to avail myself of any information which may enable me to do justice, not only to the dead, but to the living also, in whatever relation the latter may stand to the memory of the former. I will, God willing, be in Dublin on Wednesday or Thurs-

day next, and on my arrival will inform you of my address there.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed) R. R. MADDEN.

To Captain J. W. Armstrong, Ballycumber, Clara, Ireland.

III.

15, Rathmines, Dublin, 28th September, 1843.

SIR—I beg leave to apprize you of my arrival in Dublin. Should it suit your convenience to meet me on Monday next, the 2nd of October, at No. 15, Rathmines, between the hours of one and two in the afternoon, I shall be in readiness to communicate with you respecting those errors in my recent work, which you inform me I have fallen into.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

R. R. MADDEN.

To Capt. J. W. Armstrong, &c. &c.

IV.

Ballycumber, Clara, 2nd October, 1843.

SIR—I have received both your letters; the first arrived here when I was in Dublin; the second came also while I was absent attending the show of an agricultural society, and I did not return until it was too late to write.

I am obliged to be in Dublin on the 24th instant, and if you stay so long in Dublin I will call upon you on the 25th. However, if it should not be convenient for you to do so, I will go up on the receipt of your letter.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed) J. W. ARMSTRONG.

To R. R. Madden, Esq., M.D., 15, Rathmines, Dublin.

V.

Ballycumber, Clara, 4th October, 1843.

SIR—I have this moment received your letter, and shall go to Dublin to-morrow morning, and shall call upon you on Friday. You must perceive that it is impossible to be there sooner.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed) J. W. ARMSTRONG.

To R. R. Madden, Esq., M.D., 15, Rathmines, Dublin.

MINUTES OF AN INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN J. W. ARMSTRONG, THE 6TH OCTOBER, 1843, AT NO. 15, RATHMINES, DUBLIN.

6th October, 1843.

Captain John Warneford Armstrong having applied to me, by letter, for an interview with reference to some alleged errors in the first series of my work, "The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen," I met him by appointment at No. 15, Rathmines, Dublin, Counsellor O'H——, at my request, being present.

The following notes of the leading topics of Captain Armstrong's communication were taken by me on the spot during the conversation in question.

At page 65, vol. ii., Captain Armstrong referred to a citation in my work, from Mr. Moore's "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," respecting the visit of a Captain Armstrong to Lady Sarah Napier after the arrests at

Bond's, and also to an observation of mine in regard to this visit. Captain Armstrong states that "he never visited Lady Sarah Napier at any period, and that he was not acquainted even with her name." I replied to Captain Armstrong that, subsequently to the publication of the first series of my work, I had received a communication from a relative of Lady Sarah Napier (Major-General William Napier), which left no doubt on my mind that the Captain Armstrong referred to on that occasion was a gentleman somewhat acquainted with the Leinster family, whose intentions could not be called in question, and that he, Captain John Warneford Armstrong, was not the person referred to in the above-mentioned passage; and that, as I had informed him in my reply to his first communication, it was my intention to give the information I had received on this point in the second edition of my work.

At page 88, vol. ii., first series, Captain Armstrong says, in reference to his first interview with the Sheares, that "it was not sought by him, it was not sought by the government—it was in fact unknown to them—nor was it sought by the Sheares. It was sought by Byrne, the bookseller, whose shop he frequented. Byrne believed his sentiments to be similar to his own. He said one day to some person in the shop, pointing to the green which he, Captain Armstrong, wore, 'This man wears a green, and he is a croppy for all that.' Captain Armstrong believes the wish for the introduction to the Sheares originated with Byrne. Captain Armstrong states that the assertion in Mr. Curran's work, and repeated in mine, that on the occasion of his dining with the Sheares he had fondled or caressed the children of Henry Sheares

was utterly unfounded; he had never done so—nor had Mrs. Sheares played on the harp for him. He never recollected having seen the children at all; but there was a young lady of about fifteen there whom he met at dinner. The day he dined there (and he dined there only once), he was urged by Lord Castlereagh to do so—it was wrong to do so—and he, Captain Armstrong, was sorry for it; but he was persuaded by Lord Castlereagh to go there to dine, for the purpose of getting further information."

In reference to an observation of mine on his anxiety to join his regiment after having given information about the Sheares, Captain Armstrong said, " when he acquainted Lord Castlereagh with his desire to join his regiment, which had just gone into the county Kildare against the rebels, Lord Castlereagh endeavoured to dissuade him—not perhaps from any anxiety for his personal safety on his account, but on account of the necessity for his appearance at the approaching trial of the Sheares. His, Captain Armstrong's reason for wishing to join his regiment was, to prevent giving people a pretext for imputing his absence at such a period to cowardice."

At page 175, vol. ii., first series, in reference to the evidence of Mr. Drought, respecting Captain Armstrong's account of the circumstances which took place at Blackmore Hill, with respect to certain country people met with pikes and green cockades, of whom one was hanged, another was shot, and the third was flogged, Captain Armstrong stated, "Drought's evidence was false; it is true on that occasion one man was shot, one man was hanged, and the other was whipped; but this

was not done by his orders; it was done by the orders of some other person. The commanding officer was Sir James Duff; but he does not say it was done by his orders." [1] I asked was there a court-martial held on the occasion. Captain Armstrong replied there was no court-martial. It was quite sufficient that they were found with pikes and green cockades. I asked was he, Captain Armstrong, quite certain that all the men had pikes and green cockades. He replied that he did not know for a certainty, but believes, and is pretty sure, they all had. There was an engagement the same day, after this event, on Blackmore Hill with the rebels.

At page 177, vol. ii., first series, in reference to the evidence of Mr. Robert Bride on the trial of the Sheares, respecting some expressions of his as to oaths being words, and words being as wind, or some such terms—which, having been used about that time in a pamphlet by ———, he, Captain Armstrong, might have repeated —he, Captain Armstrong, protested that the inference drawn by Mr. Bride from these careless words about the obligation of an oath was erroneous, and that he never doubted the solemn obligation of an oath.

At page 179, vol. ii., first series, in reference to a statement in my work respecting the name of Clibborn in the secret service money list, being supposed by me to have been the Captain Clibborn by whose advice he had given the interview to the Sheares, Captain Armstrong stated that this sum of money was given to Mr. George Clibborn, a very active magistrate in the county of

[1] The Sir James Duff whose name is coupled with the military massacre of the surrendered, unarmed prisoners at the Gibbet Rath of Kildare.

Westmeath, the father of his friend, Captain John Clibborn, and not, as I had supposed, to the latter, and to the magistrate for expenses, &c. He supposed that the money was not given as a reward to him, but to meet expenses incurred in paying for such services as magistrates are in the habit of receiving.

Captain Armstrong likewise thinks that I was in error in supposing the report of the secret committee of the House of Commons, respecting the conspiracy of the United Irishmen, was drawn up by Lord Castlereagh. It was drawn up by a gentleman in the service of Lord Castlereagh of the name of Knox, commonly called "Spectacle Knox." He was not the brother of Lord Northland; he acted as a kind of private secretary to Lord Castlereagh; he was an able, clever man.

In two or three places in the second volume, first series, Captain Armstrong refers to an error in the spelling of his name, the letter *e* being omitted in the name Warneford. He also corrects the error of calling him in some places Lieutenant Armstrong instead of Captain. In conclusion, Captain Armstrong states that he never was a United Irishman; that he never was an Orangeman; that the original interview he had referred to with Lord Castlereagh (which was his first acquaintance with him) was subsequent to his, Captain Armstrong's, introduction to the Sheares; that when Byrne proposed the interview to him—having followed him out to the door, and said to him in the street, "Would you have any objection to meet the Sheares?" —it instantly flashed across his mind for what object the interview was sought; that he consented to it, and immediately went to his friend Captain Clibborn, and

was advised by him to meet the Sheares; that after his interview with them he was introduced by Colonel L'Estrange to Lord Castlereagh; he had no previous acquaintance with his lordship.

The above notes were read over to Captain Armstrong by me in the presence of Counsellor O'H——, and the correctness of them was assented to by him.

(Signed) { R. R. MADDEN.
THOMAS O'H——.

On the 7th of October, 1843, the following memorandum, in relation to the interview with Armstrong, was written by me:

The preceding minutes of my communication with Captain Armstrong were necessarily confined to the leading topics which were the subject of that communication.

I now proceed to give a memorandum of the conversation, the details of which are connected with the preceding notes, and which it was impossible to take down on the spot and during the conversation.

I stated to Captain Armstrong that it was unnecessary for me to offer him any apology for anything I had written on the subject which our interview had reference to; our views respecting it were altogether different. My only object in communicating with him was to get any statement of facts which he might offer, and to give publicity to it, with the view of promoting the interests of truth and justice.

Captain Armstrong said his principal object was to enable me to correct some errors into which I had fallen. He was in the habit of reading a great deal, and his dis-

position led him to notice errors wherever he detected them, and even to take the trouble of pointing them out to the authors of the works in question, though he had been wholly unacquainted with them. He spent a great deal of time in reading, and expended on books, in fact, more money than he could afford; and he repeated it was a custom of his to notice errors and inaccuracies in books, and to point them out where they could be corrected. With respect to my work, he said: "It is evident you are a partizan, and therefore your proceedings are of a partial kind, and tinctured with prejudice; but I have carefully read your work (the first series), and I must say the account of the events of the times you treat of is given with extraordinary correctness; it is a most valuable work, and perhaps no one but a partizan would have bestowed the same labour on it.

"My conduct, you, and all those who think as you do, speak of in terms of the utmost severity. I do not complain of your doing so—my only desire is to set you right as to facts; but others do not feel as you do with respect to these proceedings—they approve of them, they appreciate my motives, they know the necessity there was for them, and the fortunate results of which they were productive to the country. Their good opinion is sufficient for me. I speak to you with the utmost frankness on this subject. I am ready to answer any question you choose to ask me; you do not know me, and may imagine I would conceal or distort facts. I am a plain, straight-forward man, and the people in my neighbourhood know me perfectly well, and would trust me with anything, and confide in any statement."

I asked Captain Armstrong if he did not state, in his reply to the approbationary address of the officers of his regiment, in respect to his proceedings in the case of the Sheares, that he had not acted in this business from any interested motives, and had not thus acted for any reward. Captain Armstrong replied that he never said he had received no reward; what he said was, that it was not with the expectation of getting a reward that he had thus acted. I observed that his name was not in the list of those who had been receivers of the secret service money. Captain Armstrong said his name could not be found in any such list, for the reward he received was a pension, conferred on him by act of parliament, and if it had not thus been conferred on him by act of parliament, the late government would have taken it from him, which he (Captain Armstrong) thought they would not have been justified in doing.

I asked Captain Armstrong if, during the period of his interviews with the Sheares, he had any communication with the Lord Chancellor Clare in regard to them; he replied that he had not. I asked if Lord Castlereagh appeared to attach any peculiar importance to the apprehension of the Sheares, or seemed more desirous that they should be laid hold of than any other of the known or suspected leaders who were then at large. Captain Armstrong replied that he was not aware of such being the case; he only knew that Lord Castlereagh thought their detection of great importance, and had persuaded him to go to the house; that he would not have gone there if he had not been urged thus to do so. It was wrong, he believed—indeed he felt it was wrong, to have gone there and to have dined

with them. It was only that part of the business he had any reason to regret.

I asked who was present on that occasion: Captain Armstrong replied there were three ladies present, a slip of a girl about fifteen, and the two men. The ladies were, the old lady (the mother), the wife of Henry, and the sister of the brothers. The young girl he did not know who she was; she might be the daughter of Henry—he did not know that she was—in fact he never remembered having seen any of his children. I asked some questions respecting their position at table: Captain Armstrong said, "The dinner table was a large one, much longer than this [pointing to the one before him]. The old lady sat at one side, the wife of Henry sat next her, the sister and the young girl at the other side; Henry sat at one end, and John at the other; I sat next John."

In relation to my account of this interview, Captain Armstrong's chief anxiety seemed to be to remove the impression, which he declared to be erroneous, that he had fondled or caressed the children of Henry Sheares; he said, "Indeed I never was fond of children; it was not a custom of mine; I was not in the habit of taking notice of children."

Captain Armstrong stated that when he went down to Kildare to join his regiment, he was escorted down by four hundred men, for his protection, and two field pieces. On his arrival at Kilcullen there was no tidings there of his regiment, so he joined another regiment, then on active duty in that neighbourhood.

With respect to Byrne, Mr. Armstrong states he was quite sure that Byrne was true to his party, and believed

him (Captain Armstrong) to be favourable to its views. He (Byrne) formed this opinion from his conversation, he supposed, in regard to some measures of the government which he disapproved of, especially to the enforcement of claims for certain taxes the year after the objects taxed had been given up by the parties; and also for assessed taxes, three years of which were required to be paid within one year, and nine years within three years. In reply to a question of Mr. O'H——, Captain Armstrong said Byrne was not prosecuted, he was permitted to go to America. Captain Armstrong stated, in speaking of military executions, that in those times the orders for them were not always given by officers in command—from whom they should emanate; but the subordinates took upon themselves often to act on such occasions.

He requested me to read an address, presented to him by the colonel and other officers of his regiment, in 1798, in approbation of his conduct in the case of the Sheares, and his reply to it. Having read aloud these documents, published in "The Dublin Journal," I asked Captain Armstrong if he wished to have them inserted with the statement, in a new edition of my work? He replied that he had no anxiety for their publication; it was not necessary for him or his justification. His friends, who knew his conduct, the motives of it, and its results, required no further justification of it from him.

Counsellor O'H—— said he considered these documents historically important, and they ought to be published in justice to Captain Armstrong, as well as for enabling persons to comprehend the state of public feeling at that time. Captain Armstrong assented to

this view, and communicated the published copies of these documents to me, which are appended to this statement.

(Signed) R. R. MADDEN.

TO CAPTAIN JOHN W. ARMSTRONG, KING'S COUNTY REGIMENT OF MILITIA.

Dublin, 23rd December, 1798.

SIR—I am directed by the officers of the King's County regiment to convey to you the enclosed, which, be assured, gives me much satisfaction.

Believe me, with much regard, yours,

WM. W. WESTENRA,

Lieut.-Col. King's County Regiment.

Malahide, 21st December, 1798.

The officers of the King's County regiment, assembled at Malahide, came to a resolution to convey to Captain John Warneford Armstrong, of the aforesaid regiment, the following, engraved on a medal:

"SIR—Having heard of late that your conduct respecting Messrs. Sheares has been in some instances thoughtlessly as injuriously reflected upon, we think we are bound, in justice to you, to the community, and to ourselves as a body, to convey to you, sir, our sentiments on that occasion, and to assure you of our general and most decided approbation. Had we imagined that so false a construction could have been put upon the motives that influenced your conduct, we should ere now (though separated as our regiment has been during the late rebellion) have declared the sense we entertained of the important service you have rendered your country. Great, indeed, was the value of your information; and

we who are acquainted with all the circumstances know that your conduct was disinterested—that you came forward without the expectation of reward—and, highly sensible of the danger you would incur, you despised it for the public good. We cannot conclude without observing that you acted with the private approbation of your friends in the regiment; that it was not a business of your own seeking—it was forced upon you by the infatuated men, whose conduct Providence seemed to direct, in making an attack upon you so insulting to your feelings as an officer and as a man.

"THE OFFICERS OF THE KING'S COUNTY REGIMENT."

TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WESTENRA, KING'S COUNTY REGIMENT.

Malahide, 24th December, 1798.

SIR—I have just received the address of the King's County regiment, declaring their approbation of my conduct; and if anything could increase the pleasure I felt, it would be the having appointed you, sir, to deliver it to me—a person for whom I entertain so high a respect, and of such general estimation in the regiment. I beg you will convey to them my answer, which I enclose.

I have the honour to be, Sir, with great truth and respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

JOHN W. ARMSTRONG,

Captain King's County Regiment.

TO THE OFFICERS OF THE KING'S COUNTY REGIMENT.

Malahide, 24th December, 1798.

GENTLEMEN—So flattering and honourable a testimony of your approbation of my conduct as you have been pleased to express, and the very handsome manner in which you have had it conveyed to me, calls forth the gratitude and thanks of my heart. To preserve your good opinion shall be my unalterable and uniform endeavour; and to persevere in such conduct is the best return I can make. Dull indeed must have been my feelings, if your bright and distinguished example of affectionate loyalty to our beloved sovereign had not called forth every particle of vigour which I possessed. It is indisputably true that I was not actuated by any hope of reward, nor by the fear of punishment (in my conduct with regard to those unfortunate men whom I was obliged to prosecute). I acted from a purely disinterested principle, to serve my country; and I feel perfectly satisfied in the consciousness of having done so. Some people are of opinion that they were acquaintances of mine—the fact was otherwise.

I never uttered a single syllable to either of them, until I was introduced to them on Thursday the 10th of May, and they were taken up on the 21st. Others say, and indeed it is the only thing like argument offered on the occasion by those who have endeavoured to calumniate me, that it was improbable that they should put their lives into the hands of a stranger. To this point the answer is obvious: the insurrection was on the eve of breaking out—the time was

pressing—they thought I might have been of critical service to them—it was worth running some risk for; and surely in the course of their proceedings they must have frequently put themselves in the power of as great strangers—the evidence of Kearney shows this pretty clearly.

The only question that can admit of any doubt is, whether under the circumstances it was becoming a man of honour to act as I have done? I must observe that I put myself under the direction of my colonel and my friend; I acted by their advice, and if I have done anything wrong they are more culpable than I. But when I consider the dreadful conspiracy which had so long existed in the kingdom, whose malignant and desperate purpose had for many years been at work—the savage barbarity which had marked its progress, and had at length burst forth with all the horrors of rebellious outrage, to overthrow the government and to subvert the monarchy—how many lives might probably be saved by a timely discovery of the principal and deep concern which these men were supposed to have in the business; when I consider all these points, and many more which occur to me, I have great doubt whether a man of strict honour would not be justifiable in seeking the confidence of these men for the purpose of detection. But mine is a much clearer case. These men made a most hostile attack upon me; as an officer they offered me the highest insult, and as an Irish subject they sought (in order to forward their own views) to involve me in a transaction which would probably have led to infamy and ruin.

I am confident that many people have endeavoured,

by indirect means, to depreciate me in the general esteem. Some have succeeded; but I was well aware that such would be the endeavour of the disaffected. So certain was I of it, that nothing but the zeal I was actuated by for my country's welfare could have tempted me to expose myself to the public view, and to have rendered myself so very unpopular as I have done by thus discharging my duty—a duty more imperious from the impossibility of any other person being able to frustrate their plans of treason.

I believe I have been much traduced, but it matters to me little what the disaffected, the disloyal, or those ignorant of the circumstances under which I acted, may think of my conduct. It was not to gain their good wishes that I risked my person and my reputation; I am rewarded when approved of by men possessing so much honour, principle, and spirit as any I am acquainted with. I shall always consider as the most fortunate event in my life that one which has enabled me to save from massacre a multitude of my fellow-subjects, and probably all my brother officers.

I remain, with every sentiment of gratitude and regard, gentlemen, most sincerely yours,

(Signed) JOHN WARNEFORD ARMSTRONG,
Captain King's County Regiment.

When we read the letter of Armstrong to the colonel and officers of the King's County militia, wherein he vainly endeavours to give the foul traits of his infamous treachery an aspect of loyalty, courage, patriotism, self-sacrificing devotion to his country and his king, we are too

10

much astounded at the villain's audacity to comprehend all the falsities of the pretences to virtuous motives—the vile sophistry and flimsy arguments he has recourse to.

I have had experience of this kind of feeling of incompetency to realize, at the time, all the fraud and falsehood of such pretences, when I have sat *tête-à-tête* at the same table, not eating or drinking, but communing with Captain John Warneford Armstrong, during two mortal hours, on the subject of his betrayal of the Sheares.

Calmly, coolly, and collectedly recalling every act in that fearful drama, detailing every interview with his victims, everything that passed at their table when he sat in convivial intercourse with the wife and children of one of the brothers, with the mother and sister of both of them—I have heard this man, in plausible language, vindicate his conduct, and even glory in it. I have heard commendation of the work in which I reprobated that conduct from his lips. I have seen him smile, too, without any apparent bitterness, when, at his departure, he put forth his hand to shake mine, and I begged of him to excuse me; even then I had occasion to mark the power of falsehood in his face, in his voice, in his bland demeanour. But it was only when I reflected on his vindication, and had seen the dissection of similar pretences to his at the hands of that old

anatomist of perverted natures, Montaigne, that the character of this man appeared to me in all its real deformity, and the futility was wholly apparent of all attempts to disguise it.

When Captain Armstrong, in 1843, commenced his epistolary communications and personal interview with me in terms of fulsome commendation of my labours and my talents, I felt as I have done in the presence of a hyena, not yelping at me, or howling at some distance in the jungle; but insidiously approaching, showing his eye-teeth, and exposing his white tusks with a horrid expression of grinning on the muzzle—prowling near my tent, and stealing on it so stealthily as to be within a few paces of me before it was discovered. I remembered an Arab proverb suggestive of the wisdom of looking out for danger, for deadly hate, or mischief of some kind or other, when men who are of the nature of certain ferocious animals smile on you. I recalled the prudent counsel given in the play of "Richard III." act i. scene 1:

> "Beware of yonder dog; look, when he fawns he bites;
> And when he bites his venom tooth will rankle to the death."

I took care, when Captain Armstrong honoured me with an interview, to have a legal gentleman of eminence in his profession present on that occasion, and to assure Captain Armstrong of the advantages of an arrangement which were by no means obvious to him. But

the gallant captain was a bland old man, excessively courteous, complacent, and accommodating. He was all benignity and civility.

I have a few observations to make with respect to Captain John Warneford Armstrong's denial to me that he had fondled the children of one of his victims, and had the mother of the children playing on the harp for him on the last visit of his to the house of Henry Sheares, the evening preceding the day when the arrests of both brothers took place, on his (Captain J. W. Armstrong's) information.

The denial was to the following effect: The assertion in Mr. Curran's book, and repeated in mine ("The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen"), that on the occasion of dining with the Sheares he had fondled or caressed the children of Henry Sheares, was utterly unfounded. He had never done so, nor had Mrs. Sheares played on the harp for him. He never recollected having seen the children at all; but there was a young lady of about fifteen there, whom he met at dinner. The day he dined there (and he dined there only once) he was urged by Lord Castlereagh to do so; it was wrong to do so—but he was persuaded by Lord Castlereagh to go there to dine, for the purpose of getting further information. These are the words of Captain J. W. Armstrong, spoken to me in the presence of an eminent barrister, now holding a high legal

office under the crown, and the accuracy of the report of them has been certified by him. But I have not stated all that Captain Armstrong said to me on that subject, on the occasion referred to. The words of Captain Armstrong just cited are taken from my notes of the interview, written down in the presence of Captain Armstrong during our communication. The day following that interview I made a memorandum of many questions and answers which were not noted down at that interview. Among these I must call attention to the following: Lord Castlereagh thought their (Henry and John Sheares') detection of great importance, and had persuaded him to go to their house; and he would not have gone there if he had not been thus urged to do so. It was wrong, he believed—indeed, he felt it was wrong to have gone there and to have dined with them. It was the only part of the business he had any reason to regret.

I asked Captain Armstrong who was present on that occasion. Captain Armstrong replied, "There were three ladies present, and a slip of a girl about fifteen, and the two men. The ladies were, the old lady (the mother), the wife of Henry, and the sister of the brothers. The young girl he did not know who she was; she might be the daughter of Henry; he did not know that she was—in fact, he never remembered seeing any of his children." I asked some ques-

tions respecting their position at table. Captain Armstrong said: "The dinner table was a large one—much longer than this [pointing to the table before him]. The old lady sat at one side; the wife of Henry sat next her; the sister (of the brothers) and the young girl at the other side. Henry sat at one end, and John at the other end. I sat next John."

In reference to my account of this scene (in the first edition of this work), Captain Armstrong's chief anxiety seemed to be, to remove the impression, which he declared to be erroneous, that he had fondled or caressed the children of Henry Sheares. On this subject he said, "Indeed I was never fond of children. It was not a custom of mine. I was never in the habit of taking notice of them."

I must observe I have noticed only, in the preceding memoranda, the salient points and remarkable expressions of Captain Armstrong's replies to queries on those subjects, which I took the liberty to question him on over and over again in a variety of forms when I found he was particularly anxious to avoid details in his answers to my inquiries, and to deal with them in a jaunty, flippant manner, evidently desirous to change the topic, or artfully endeavouring to shift the conversation.

It was with great difficulty I could get him at all to admit that he had partaken of the hospital-

ity of the Sheares, that he had dined there on the day before the arrests, that he had been in the company of any of the children or any child of Henry Sheares. And yet nothing could be more plausible all the time than the manner of this bland, imperturbable, perfidious man, or more outwardly earnest than his desire to afford me all the information he could give me. The "slip of a girl of about fifteen," one of the children of Henry Sheares, at first had passed altogether out of his memory; it was only when I pressed him hard on the subject of some of the younger children of Henry Sheares being present on that last occasion of his visit to the house of the latter, that he acknowledged the presence of one of them; but he stated what was false about the age of the child—he added several years to it—he spoke of her as "a slip of a girl of about fifteen," in order to show that a girl of that age was not likely to be fondled or caressed by a mere acquaintance of her father.

Captain Armstrong, in one of his replies to a question of mine about being entertained with music by one of the ladies of the family, at one of his visits to the house of the Sheares, lays particular stress on the words of his denial, which go to this extent, that on the occasion of his dining with the Sheares, Mrs. Sheares had not played on the harp for him. But he paid visits to the house of the Sheares at other times, when he may not

have dined there, and music have been played for him, and whether it was played by Mrs. Sheares, or Julia Sheares, or "the slip of a girl of about fifteen" it matters very little.

In a letter now before me, written in May, 1836, by the bosom friend of John Sheares, the late Mrs. Smith, a lady on whose accuracy and truthfulness the fullest reliance can be placed, the following passage occurs: "Armstrong was not very often at their house. Once a friend of mine saw Mrs. Sheares play the harp for him while he caressed one of the younger children. I believe it was the only evening he passed there."

In September, 1843, I received a letter from Mrs. Sheares, in reference to the memoir of her beloved husband and his brother, which I had published in 1842, in the first edition of this work, and had presented to her. She says in that letter that she perused the memoir with what painful feelings she need not describe; and these words follow: "Your statements were all so correct that I had little to communicate, except a number of letters," &c.

It is not to be supposed that a lady of the character of Mrs. Sheares, of the strictest religious principles, highly intelligent, precise and exact in her ideas and her words, would have expressed herself as she did with respect to all the statements made in that memoir, had I been in error in the account I gave in that memoir, of Captain

Armstrong on one occasion having been entertained with music played by her on the harp, and of his having fondled and caressed the children on the same occasion.

Unfortunately for me, fortunately perhaps for Captain Armstrong, before his denial of the fact stated by me was made, the amiable lady on whose authority that statement was made was no longer living; otherwise in all probability the corroboration of it would not have been wanting.

The whole gist of the answers I received to the many questions I put to Captain Armstrong, on the subject of the fondling and caressing of a child or some children of Henry Sheares, amounted to this—that he had an antipathy to children, that it was natural to him to hate to have children about him, that it was repugnant to his tastes and disposition to notice or caress them, and therefore it was not to be supposed he could have done violence to his feelings and fixed habits on the occasion referred to, by noticing or caressing a child of a man he was about to bring to the gallows.

To this I answer, a man who could violate the laws of God, the principles of honour, the rights of hospitality, could very easily do violence to his *natural* feelings of antipathy to children (for that which was perverted seemed to him to be natural) for the purpose of deceiving more thoroughly his unfortunate, unsuspecting vic-

tims, and making a favourable impression on those women of their domestic circle, under whose watchful eyes the villain, who was then planning the ruin and desolation of that household, must have quailed.

I attach no value to his denial, for I place no trust or confidence in his intentions to be truthful, on any subject in relation to which he found his infamy was not to be vindicated by that "sovereign remedy" for all the inward bruises of his lacerated character, loyalty—the old plea and pretext for all the perfidies of all the mercenary traitors, betrayers, and informers of those terrible times.

With respect to the infamy of the private gentleman and scheming militia Captain Armstrong, dogging his victims to their own hearths, partaking of their hospitality, associating with their families, eating and drinking at their table, sitting with them under their own roof, planning their destruction yet smiling in their faces, there can be but one opinion, except in the minds of men constituted like the poor wretches of the King's County militia, who degraded their profession by addressing the basest of all human beings in language of revolting eulogy, and rewarding his villainy by a valuable testimonial in honour of treachery.

But what are we to think of the noble lord by whose special advice and express instructions this

revolting treachery and violation of all principles of honour, of the laws of hospitality, of the usages of society, was executed? What opinion are we to form of the exalted state scoundrel, Viscount Castlereagh, who advised and directed this most iniquitous, vile, and disgusting proceeding? What will the Tory applauders and defenders, and the moderate Whig impartial and philosophical reviewers of English statesmen say to this new load of obloquy that has been flung on the grave of this minister—this last addition to the weight of dirt and degradation that even Armstrong found too much for his character, and sought to relieve his oppressed conscience of the weight, by casting the turpitude of the original design of treachery, perfidy, and violation of all obligations to truth, to society, and hospitality, on the memory of that lord already too heavily charged with the guilt of blood, insensibility to human sufferings, and heedlessness of the wrongs of the country that had the calamity to give him birth.

Could Nemesis devise any penalty for crime worse than the calamity of having its iniquity deemed too great to be borne by such a man as Captain John Warneford Armstrong, and too congenial to the character and consonant with the antecedents of such a man as Lord Castlereagh to be laid to his charge without any great fear of its being wondered at that he was so

accused, or that—notwithstanding the long impunity which his crimes experienced, and the veil which his amenity of manners, his courtier-like appearance, the blandness of his address, cast over the vices of his public career, of prostituted talents and principles—he was overtaken at last by justice, and that he anticipated its vengeance.

It was a singular thing to observe with what complacency Armstrong shifted the burden of his great crime from his own shoulders, and transferred it to those of his employer and accomplice, Lord Castlereagh.

O noble Viscount Castlereagh!

> "You have done well,
> That men should lay their murders on your neck!"

While you were yet in life this man, in his evidence on the trial of the Sheares, charged you with a guilty knowledge of all his villainies in the house and home of Henry and John Sheares! When questioned about his visits to the house of the Sheares he said: "I returned to the camp immediately after each interview, and communicated the business to Colonel L'Estrange and Captain Clibborn. Sometimes I communicated it to Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Cooke."

Again, Captain Armstrong was asked if he had communicated a certain conversation with Henry Sheares at his house to any person. Captain Armstrong said: "I never had an interview with the Mr. Sheares that I had not one with

Colonel L'Estrange and Captain Clibborn and my Lord Castlereagh."

Lord Castlereagh, arise, and stand before the tribunal of public opinion, at which you are arraigned—

"Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man!"

The reader of a philosophical mind who dispassionately peruses these volumes—throwing aside as of small account the opinions, prejudices, or prepossessions of the author, sifting his statements carefully and critically, and judging of the facts elaborated from them fairly and candidly—in all probability will come to the conclusion that there were higher intellectual powers and better qualities in the composition of the character and temperament of Lord Clare than in those of Lord Castlereagh. I make this observation, with a full conviction on my mind that the execution of the Sheares was mainly owing to the conduct of Lord Clare, in his official capacity, and that his private feelings influenced his public conduct on that occasion. He was a vindictive, passionate, unprincipled politician, but there were elements of goodness and generosity in his nature. His natural disposition did not incline him to evil, or tend to steel his heart against human sufferings, and to deaden all sympathies with the unfortunate or the oppressed. He hated his country, its religion, and its people,

with a fierce spirit of hostility; but he was incapable of baseness in its manifestation, except when his pride was hurt, his power assailed, his private feelings offended or exasperated by opposition to his views or acts. He was terribly vindictive. Vindictiveness was the ruling passion of his life. It was strong even in death, and of headlong fury and impetuosity in the torrent of his implacable rage and resentments; but where personal and private injuries and insults were not in question, he was capable of generous and noble actions.

Lord Castlereagh had no passion but ambition. He had no fierce hatreds, no ardent love of vengeance, no implacable resentments. He had no heart. He was a cold-blooded political animal, not prompted to crime against humanity by any ferocious instincts, but utterly insensible to any amount of human sufferings, by the infliction of which his position as a minister or agent of one in power could be advanced or maintained.

The valuable gold medal testimonial presented in 1798 to the infamous, mercenary informer, John Warneford Armstrong, by the officers of the King's County militia, by persons presumed to be gentlemen, being members of an honourable profession, but most unmindful, as they proved themselves on that occasion, of its character and their own, in March, 1843, fell into the hands of

ordinary vallains, housebreakers, who plundered the dwelling of the man who had stolen into the house of the Sheares, rifled their breasts of their secrets, and robbed them of their lives.

In "The Nation" newspaper of 23rd September, 1843, we read the following article, headed

SHEARES ARMSTRONG.

Head Police Office.—Considerable interest was created in the Head Office this day, by the appearance of the once celebrated John Warneford Armstrong, who attended to prosecute a man named Egan, for robbery of several articles of bijouterie and wearing apparel; and also Anthony Willis of Lower Ormond-quay, for purchasing some of the property, knowing it to be stolen.

It appeared by the evidence of Mr. Armstrong, that on the night of the 20th of March, Ballycumber House, his residence in King's County, was broken open, and property to a considerable amount, consisting of watches, rings, a gold medal (the testimonial presented to him by the officers of the King's County militia, for his services to the state in the betrayal and prosecution to conviction of the Sheares) were stolen therefrom. This venerable magistrate (for such he is) identified several articles, among which was the red case which formerly contained that precious testimonial relic, the valuable certificate of the fidelity of his friendship, and the sincerity of his loyalty to his king, or devotion to the interests connected with the repletion of his breeches pockets. Barnes, of the detective police, proved the discovery of the watches and rings at several pawn-

brokers where they had been pledged by Anthony Willis, and also the seizure of several articles of wearing apparel, &c., on Egan. The latter, it appears, had been a servant to Mr. Armstrong. After a long examination, Sir Christopher Fitzsimon agreed to take bail, two sureties in £25 each, for the appearance of Willis at the next commission, and sent Egan for trial at the next King's County assizes.

The readers of the unfortunate events of 1798 may wish to know how looks and feels one of the most remarkable actors in the tragic portion of the scenes then represented.

He is now in his 74th year, and appears to be a hale, strong old man. He has a mark on the right side of his face, which extends from the forehead to the side of the mouth. That mark, he says, was caused by a blow from a dirk which he received from the hand of a rebel as he was about to proceed to Jersey to join his regiment.

He appears to be in great trouble about the lost medal, which, no doubt, he intended as an heirloom, to pass from sire to son as an honourable proof of the fidelity and loyalty of the house of Ballycumber.

An old gentleman who had known the Sheares almost from their boyhood, Mr. Robert Milliken, has furnished me with a memorandum made by him upwards of fifty years ago, respecting a meeting with "the celebrated Captain Armstrong," as illustration of the feelings of persons who were supporters of the government. For, I may observe, my informant was and is, I be-

lieve, a Tory of the old Irish school, and of the ascendancy one.

Sometime in about 1806, I, then living and in business in Fermoy, was called on one morning by a strange officer whom I had never seen before, but whose figure and countenance I shall never forget—they occupied more of my attention than did the business he came on; he belonged to a militia regiment then quartered in Mallow, and was in Fermoy on a district court-martial, as a member. He was about five feet eight in height, and seemed to have been of a fuller figure, but had dwindled away. It would be difficult to mistake him. Although in the garb of a gentleman, he had not the air of one. The expression of his countenance was of a mixed kind; there was something horribly repulsive in it, with a large proportion of baseness in its indications that inspired the beholder with feelings of profound contempt. On his leaving my house, several officers belonging to Fermoy garrison ran in and asked me was I an acquaintance of the stranger who had just gone out. I said I was not, nor did I know his name; which answer seemed to be satisfactory. One of them then said, "That man is Armstrong, the betrayer and prosecutor of the Sheares." It certainly appeared strange and unaccountable to me how such men as the Sheares, educated, clever, shrewd men of the world, could have been made the dupes and victims of such a man as Armstrong? During the continuance of the court-martial, which occupied several days, the usual hospitalities shown to officers so engaged in such cases were not extended to Captain Armstrong, although the other officers who were strangers in Fer-

moy dined at the messes of the three regiments which were then in garrison in Fermoy.

Mr. Milliken has communicated to me also a newspaper paragraph, which has reference to a second testimonial presented to Captain J. W. Armstrong, or which possibly may be a new version of the medal testimonial account:

In the winter of 1798, the King's County militia were quartered in Youghal, and commanded by Colonel L'Estrange. Mr. Armstrong held a lieutenant's commission in the above regiment. The colonel and officers got up a subscription, to which every man in the regiment had to subscribe, in order to present a gold cup to Armstrong! The following was the inscription:

"To John Warneford Armstrong, Esq., lieutenant in the King's County militia, as a testimonial of our esteem for him as a high-minded and honourable gentleman, but more especially for the disinterested services which he has recently rendered to the crown.

On behalf of the regiment,

"ANTHONY L'ESTRANGE, Colonel.
"P. ARMSTRONG, Adjutant.
"—— WILKINSON, Surgeon."

I marvel less at the declaration of esteem for the high-minded and disinterested gentleman, Captain John Warneford Armstrong, on the part of a number of Orangemen of King's County yeomanry, than at the terms of intimacy that subsisted between this detestable man and gentlemen of high standing of his county.

I have seen Captain John Warneford Armstrong in the grand jury box of the court-house in Tullamore—for he was not only a justice of the peace but a grand juryman of the King's County—hail-fellow-and-well-met among some of his brethren of the grand jury. I have seen *his* hand shaken by a few of them when he entered the grand jury box. I have seen smiling faces of theirs when he whispered in their ears, and appeared to be diverting and jocular when so whispering, and his mirthfulness and their smiles at it, to me were equally sickening to observe.

The obituary of traitors is not calculated to afford much encouragement to villains who are ready and willing to tread in their footsteps, if the occasion served for making a marketable commodity of their base services. In "The Freeman's Journal" of 1st May, 1858, we read the following notice of the death of an execrated man:

> April 20, at Ballycumber, King's County, John Warrenford [should be Warneford] Armstrong, the infamous betrayer of the gallant patriot brothers John and Henry Sheares.

Captain John Warneford Armstrong, at the good old age of eighty-seven years, died callously serene, philosophically stoic and imperturbed; coolly, comfortably, and jauntily sliding into eternity with all the *sang froid* and levity of a

Frenchman of the old *regimé* of freethinking, of a veteran Voltarian who had studied in the school at Ferney, and learned at once to contemn superstition and humanity; calmly indifferent as to the approach of death; in easy circumstances, with an easy conscience and an easy mind, undisturbed by any alarms or cares that he set the value of a fig upon with respect to futurity or fame!

This kind of death is not often witnessed, nor is the terrible punishment of it often visited on men except for crimes terrible to humanity, and revolting to it. Captain John Warneford Armstrong died in good circumstances, in the receipt of a pension of £500 a-year, with an income from land of about £200 a-year.

His remains lie buried in Liss Church, Ballycumber, near Clara, in the King's County. All his chattel property, and a life use of his landed property, was left to his wife. As a landlord, the people under him had no reason to complain of harshness at his hands. He was indulgent to his tenantry; his life was in many of the leases made to them—he was a prudent man—the longer he lived the better he made it for them. With his neighbours, with two or three exceptions, he stood well. His antecedents seemed forgotten or matters of no importance. With his Roman Catholic neighbours his position was unfixed; with some he stood well, with others

badly. In his private intercourse with them, in general, he was bland and more than civil—kindly disposed; but in his magisterial character the true colours of his character came out, and they showed it in such a light that it was rendered impossible for him to conciliate opinion of any worth, to win the esteem or gain the affection of any human being who was not of his own household. He was a severe, cold-blooded, hard-hearted, callous, wily, formal, small-minded man on the bench and in the grand jury box.

The peasantry—with those instincts which seem to belong more to the hard-working, humble, uneducated, and it may be added, undebauched class of the community, than to the middle and the upper orders—seemed to fear his presence and to feel uneasy in it. They shunned him, as in the middle ages people were wont to shun those who were supposed to be possessed. He had made himself obnoxious to them by his harshness and rigour as a magistrate, and he knew that he was so; but he never slighted them or gave personal offence to them. He did not abuse them, or revile their religion, for he knew the Irish character too well to do that. Had he roused their passions by any personal slight or insult of this kind, the smouldering ashes of the ancient hatred of his name and character would have been rekindled. I think I have good data

Henry Sheares

*From an Engraving by T. W. Huffam after the Original Miniature in the Possession of the Sheares Family*

for the preceding estimate of Mr. Armstrong's character.

With respect to the reward of Captain John Warneford Armstrong's state services, I have to observe, there is no trace of them in the original secret service documents which have fallen into my hands. Indeed Captain Armstrong acknowledged to me himself they were secured to him by act of parliament.

I have carefully searched the reports of expenditure and income for many years subsequent to 1798, and I cannot find any entry of a pension to J. W. Armstrong in the public financial accounts. It is more than probable, however, that he was paid under a clause in the 39th George III., cap. 65, by which a sum of £2,910 was allocated to "the under-secretary in the civil department [Dublin Castle] for the time being, in trust for payment of secret annuities."

On authority which I place every reliance on, I have stated that the amount of Armstrong's pension was £500 a-year. That pension ceased only at his death. That pension, earned in 1798, I suppose, like many others conferred for the same kind of services, was settled on him in 1800. He would then have been in the enjoyment of it for fifty-eight years. The gross amount of the blood-money of this man was then £29,464. The sum was great, enormously great, to pay for the services of one man, and for one act only of his;

but the perfidy of that one act was great—enormously great. And what man, who coolly calculated the results of his villainy, would not insist on having the rewards of it apportioned in a ratio equivalent to those results?

Captain John Warneford Armstrong could not afford to steal into the bosom of an unwary family, to ensnare two of its members, to sell his friends, and his honour, and his fame, and his peace, for less than he received for them. Who would grudge the unfortunate wretch the pounds, shillings, and pence for which he bartered those inestimable jewels of his soul? Why should we expect him to resign that pension—to fling down at the feet of the unworthy minister Castlereagh, who instigated him to commit the signal perfidy of stealing into the private house and family of the Sheares, the price of blood—as Judas threw down the thirty pieces of silver in the temple? The reason is obvious why we should expect no such result in this case. Judas repented of his crime—John Warneford Armstrong never did.

# MEMOIRS OF THE WEXFORD LEADERS

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

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IT does not enter into the design of this work to supply historical relations of the various rencontres, between the military and the rebels, which took place between the breaking out of the rebellion on the 23rd of May, 1798, and the defeat of the last attempt of the people in revolt to make a stand against the king's troops, the 23rd of September of the same year. For detailed accounts of the several skirmishes, onslaughts, and massacres, which are dignified by the name of "battles," and enumerated fifty in six months, the reader is referred to the works of historians of the time:

| Battles. | County. | Date. |
|---|---|---|
| Baltinglass | Wicklow, | 24th May, 1798. |
| Ballymore Eustace | Wicklow, | 24th May, " |
| Prosperous | Kildare, | 24th May, " |
| Clane | Kildare, | 24th May, " |
| Kilcullen (Old) | Kildare, | 24th May, " |
| Naas | Kildare, | 24th May, " |
| Monasterevan | Kildare, | 24th May, " |
| Carlow | Carlow, | 24th May, " |

| Battles. | County. | Date. |
|---|---|---|
| Dunboyne | Meath, | 24th May, 1798. |
| Narraghmore and Red Gap Hill | Kildare, | 25th May, " |
| Dunlavin | Kildare, | 25th May, " |
| Tara | Kildare, | 26th May, " |
| Killthomas | Mayo, | 27th May, " |
| Oulart | Wexford, | 27th May, " |
| Enniscorthy | Wexford, | 28th May, " |
| Rathangan | Kildare, | 29th May, " |
| The Three Rock Mountain | Wexford, | 29th May, " |
| Curragh of Kildare (Gibbet Rath) | Kildare, | 31st May, " |
| Newtownmountkennedy | Wicklow, | 31st May, " |
| Newtownbarry | Wexford, | 1st June, " |
| Timahoe | Kildare, | 3rd June, " |
| Tubberneering, near Gorey | Wexford, | 4th June, " |
| New Ross | Wexford, | 5th June, " |
| Antrim | Antrim, | 7th June, " |
| Saintfield | Down, | 9th June, " |
| Arklow | Wicklow, | 9th June, " |
| Portaferry | Down, | 11th June, " |
| Ballinahinch | Down, | 12th June, " |
| Kilbeggan | Westmeath, | 18th June, " |
| Kilcavan | Wexford, | 18th June, " |
| Ballynascarty | Cork, | 19th June, " |
| Ovitstown | Kildare, | 19th June, " |
| Goff's Bridge | Wexford, | 20th June, " |
| Vinegar Hill | Wexford, | 21st June, " |
| Newbridge | Kildare, | 23rd June, " |
| Coolbawn, near Castlecomer | Kilkenny, | 24th June, " |
| Hacketstown | Carlow, | 25th June, " |
| Kilcomny Hill | Carlow, | 26th June, " |
| Fox's Hill | Meath, | 29th June, " |
| Carnew | Wic. & Wex. | 1st July, " |
| Ballyrahine Hill | Wexford, | 2nd July, " |
| Clonard | Meath, | 11th July, " |
| Killala (capture—1st) | Mayo, | 22nd Aug., " |
| Castlebar (1st) | Mayo, | 27th Aug., " |
| Coloony | Sligo, | 5th Sept., " |
| Granard | Longford, | 5th Sept., " |

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| Battles. | County. | Date. |
|---|---|---|
| Wilson's Hospital ..... | Westmeath, | 6th Sept., 1798. |
| Ballinamuck ..... | Longford, | 8th Sept., " |
| Castlebar (2nd) ..... | Mayo, | 12th Sept., " |
| Killala (2nd engagement, re-taken) ..... | Mayo, | 23rd Sept., " |

Of the preceding fifty "battles"—of which, with few exceptions, such as the engagements at Vinegar Hill, New Ross, Enniscorthy, Arklow, Antrim, Tara, Castlebar, and Ballinamuck, all were unequal, accidental, unpreconcerted melées, slaughters in pursuit and massacres after defeat —it would be in vain to seek for reliable accounts in the pages even of historians who are deemed impartial, such as the Protestant clergyman the Rev. Mr. Gordon. The narratives of men who were actors in the struggle, like Cloney, Teeling, and Kelly, would be objected to by those whose sympathies were altogether on the side of the government. The relations, on the other hand, of such writers as Musgrave and Maxwell would be of little value in the estimation of readers who believed the rebellion had been provoked by government, or might have been prevented, had just, wise, and humane measures been previously adopted by it.

There is one description of evidence which answers the purpose I have in view, of connecting slightly the biographies of the leaders of the United Irishmen with the various struggles above referred to—namely, that of the official

accounts of them given by the general officers and others in authority under them to the lord lieutenant, and by that high functionary, to the secretary of state for the home department.

From their communications the following brief extracts are given, with a full knowledge of the aims and objects of the writers to vindicate sanguinary measures, and a full conviction of the failure of those efforts that is patent on the face of them.

The chief value of these documents consists in the manifest suppression of all truth that might throw even a gleam of light on the horrible barbarities committed on the people; not on the rebels merely, but on the people, by the military —by Lord Camden's organized Orangeism—his supplementary yeomanry.

We need not expect to find here any details of the several massacres committed on unresisting, defenceless people, such as those which took place at Carlow, at the Gibbet Rath of Kildare, at Kilcomny, at Dunlaven, at Ballinamuck after the battle and the surrender of the invading army. Ample accounts of most of these have been given in the first series of this work.

Camden's communications to the Duke of Portland plainly show how little importance he attached to massacres committed on the people, whether the amount was 100 in one place, 200 in another, or 350 or 400 in another instance of

the exercise of that vigour of the armed Orangemen of Ireland which was beyond the law.

The *suppressia veri* in those official documents show very plainly that truth was so suppressed with the consent and connivance of Lord Camden. Weak-minded men, of bad principles, so constituted as to be unable to withstand evil influences, are truly most dangerous persons to be promoted to high places. Camden was a mischievous, pernicious imbecile of this class. Infinitely better had it been for Ireland if a downright wicked man of high intellectual power had filled the viceregal office from 1795 to 1798 inclusive, rather than his lordship. Men of the stamp of Camden are a great curse when they are entrusted with power in a country that is oppressed.

Lord Camden was not only weak, but he was capable of having his mind reconciled to any species of wickedness that was made to appear to him advantageous to the interests of Orangeism, which he conceived identical with imperial British interests, or that seemed to him injurious to the faction in alliance with his administration.

He was a narrow-minded man, of blunted, obtuse feelings, and of a very limited range of perception of what is true or right, or straightforward and just in any state question brought under his notice. He had been early initiated into the mysteries of his father's profession, and

though he had abandoned that pursuit, and evidently was incapable of mastering the great principles of law, he never was able to shake off the desk-and-office airs and quibbling habits of thinking, of a lawyer of the pettyfogging class. Of an intellect originally poorly provided and ill adapted for culture, what little ability he possessed was muddled away in the Temple, and exhausted in vain efforts to sustain his great father's renown in his own puny person, by prominently manifesting on all occasions (timely or unseasonably) profound feelings of veneration for the forms of law, and the dead letter especially of its obsolete statutes against Catholics.

Notwithstanding his pretentious claims to consideration as a statesman, far-seeing, wise, and provident, he was a poor creature in private as well as in public life—inept; and his inanity was such that if it was not for his excessive vanity he could not have kept his ground in society or in public life.

In his viceregal capacity in Ireland he was indeed a most terrible calamity. Moore's attempts to defend him may have imposed on many. If Moore's objects in so doing were of a charitable nature one would feel disposed to wish well to them. But the people of 1798, who suffered so terribly for nearly three years at the hands of Camden's administration, have an equal claim on our charity and an equal right to justice at

our hands. Feeling that it was so, I have come to the conclusion that Lord Camden's memory is more deserving of execration in Ireland than that of any man in modern times connected with that country, not even excepting the memory of Lord Castlereagh.

Despatch of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant (Earl Camden) to His Grace the Duke of Portland, H. M.'s Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Dublin Castle, 24th May.

My Lord—The intelligence contained in my last despatches must have prepared your grace to hear of some attempts being made by the rebels to carry their traitorous designs into execution, before every possibility of success was destroyed by the vigorous measures which have lately been pursued.

For some days orders had been issued by the leaders of the United Irishmen, directing their partizans to be ready at a moment's notice, as the measures of government made it necessary for them to act immediately. Yesterday information was received that it was probable the city and the adjacent districts would rise in the evening: subsequent information confirmed this intelligence. In consequence of which, notice was sent to the general officers in the neighbourhood, and Dublin was put in a state of preparation. The measures taken in the metropolis prevented any movement whatsoever; but I am concerned to acquaint your grace that acts of open rebellion were committed in the counties of Dublin, Meath, and Kildare. About half-past 2 o'clock this morning, there was a regular attack made by a rebel force upon the town of Naas, where Lord

Gosford commanded, with part of the Armagh militia and detachments of the 4th Dragoon Guards and Ancient Britons. The rebels consisted of about a thousand men, armed with muskets and pikes, and they made their attack with regularity but were soon repulsed by the Armagh militia, and then charged and pursued by the 4th Dragoon Guards and Ancient British; and I understand their loss amounted to near 200. Two officers and a few privates have been lost of his majesty's forces. It gives me pain to relate that a small detachment at the town of Prosperous has been surprised, and a detachment at the village of Clane cut their way to Naas with some loss. There was also an attack on a small party of the 9th Dragoons near Kilcullen, which suffered. But in the course of the day General Dundas was enabled to come up with a considerable body of the rebels near the hills of Kilcullen, where they were entirely routed with the loss of 200 men. There were also several bodies collected last night in different parts near Dublin, which were attacked by the Rathfarnham Cavalry and by a detachment of the 5th Dragoons, dispersed with some loss and some prisoners and horses were taken. A rebel party, however, assembled at the borders of the county of Dublin, near Dunboyne, and overpowered some constables, and afterwards took the baggage of two companies, guarded by a small party of the Reay Fencibles, coming to town, and have during the course of this day committed many outrages; several of them, however, have been killed, but the body remains undispersed. The city is tranquil, and I have no doubt will remain so this evening; and I trust that to-morrow we shall entirely disperse that body of the

insurgents which has not been entirely routed today.

I must add that the mail-coach going to the north was attacked, within a few miles of Dublin, by a select body, well armed; the passengers were taken, and the coach burned. The Galway mail-coach was also attacked in the town of Lucan, but the rebel party was driven off before its destruction was effected.

In consequence of this desperate conduct of the rebellious, I issued the enclosed proclamation, with the advice of the privy council.

I shall, in a future despatch, detail to your grace the particular services which have been performed; but at present I am not furnished with regular reports, except from Lord Gosford, who appears to have acted with great firmness and decision.

I am, &c. &c.

CAMDEN.

From Earl Camden to the Duke of Portland.

Dublin Castle, 26th May, 10 o'Clock, A. M.

My Lord—I have detained a packet, in order to transmit to your grace the information received this morning.

I have stated in a private letter to your grace that a party of the rebels, to the amount of several hundreds, were attacked by a detachment of the Antrim militia, a small party of cavalry, and Captain Stratford's yeomanry; and that, being driven into the town of Baltinglass, they lost about 150 men.

This morning an account has been received from Major Hardy, that yesterday a body of between 3,000 and 4,000 had collected near Dunlavin, when they were

entirely defeated, with the loss of 300 men, by Lieutenant Gardiner, at the head of a detachment of the Antrim militia, and Captain Hardy's and Captain Hume's yeomanry.

The troops and yeomanry behaved with the utmost gallantry in both actions.

Lieutenant-General Craig left Dublin yesterday in the hopes of meeting the body of rebels which had collected near Dunboyne, and parties were sent in different directions to surround them. They, however, fled in the night on hearing the approach of the troops. The general came up, however, with a party consisting of about 500, some of whom were put to the sword.

By accounts from the north it appears that the province of Ulster is quiet.

I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most faithful and humble servant,

CAMDEN.

From Earl Camden to the Duke of Portland.

Dublin Castle, 27th May.

My Lord—I have the satisfaction to inform your grace that the body of rebels, who for some days had been in considerable force to the northward of Dublin, were yesterday defeated, with very great loss on their part, by a party of the Reay Fencibles, and the neighbouring yeomanry corps, on the Hill of Tara.

Five companies of the Reay Fencibles, under the command of Captain Scobie, had halted yesterday at Dunshaughlin, on their march to Dublin; and hearing that the rebels were in great force, and had taken a station on Tara Hill, Captain Scobie detached three of the companies, under the command of Captain M'Lean,

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with one field-piece, to the spot; who—being accompanied by Lord Fingal and his troop of yeomanry, Captain Preston's and the Lower Kells yeomanry cavalry, and Captain Molloy's company of yeomanry infantry—attacked the rebels, who, after some resistance, fled in all directions. Three hundred and fifty were found dead in the field this morning, among whom was their commanding officer in his uniform. Many more were killed and wounded. Some horses were taken, and great quantities of arms. The loss on the part of the king's troops was nine killed and sixteen wounded.

The town is perfectly quiet, and the only part of the country from whence any attack is threatened is from Wicklow. I shall have the honour of addressing your grace again to-morrow night.

I have the honour to remain, with perfect truth, your grace's most obedient, humble servant,

CAMDEN.

From Earl Camden to the Duke of Portland.

Dublin Castle, 28th May, half-past four o'clock, P. M.

My Lord—Intelligence has been received that the insurrection is spreading southward, and it has broke out in great force in the county of Wexford; and I have to inform your grace, with infinite concern, that the rebels in that quarter have assembled in such force that they have cut off a party of 100 men of the North Cork militia, who were sent to meet them. Colonel Foote, who has returned to Wexford, states the number of the rebels to be at least 4,000, and a great number of them mounted. Measures are taken to march against this body, and I hope they will be met and defeated. I have received accounts from Colonel Campbell, at Athy, be-

tween whom and General Dundas the communication has been stopped, that he had partial engagements with the rebels; that at Monasterevan and Carlow they have been defeated and 400 killed at the latter,[1] and 50 at the former. He also informs General Lake that his men are in high spirits. I will not close this letter till the last moment of the mail leaving Dublin, that I may give your grace the last information.

CAMDEN.

From Earl Camden to the Duke of Portland.

Dublin Castle, 29th May.

My Lord—I have only time to inform your grace, that I learn from General Dundas that the rebels in the Curragh of Kildare have laid down their arms, and delivered up a number of their leaders.

By a despatch I have this instant received, I have the further pleasure of acquainting your grace that Sir James Duff, who, with infinite alacrity and address, has opened the communication with Limerick (that with Cork being already open) had arrived at Kildare whilst the rebels had possession of it, completely routed them and taken the place.[2]

I have the honour to be, &c.,

CAMDEN.

P.S.—The south is entirely quiet, and the rebels in the neighbourhood of Dublin are submitting and delivering up their arms.

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Extract of a letter from Lord Viscount Gosford, Colonel of the Armagh Militia, and Major Wardle, of the

[1] A massacre in cold blood.—R. R. M.

[2] The massacre on the Gibbet Rath of Kildare is included in these successes.—R. R. M.

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Ancient British Light Dragoons, to Lieutenant-General Lake, dated Naas, Thursday morning, 8 o'clock, 24th May, 1798.

This morning, about half-past two o'clock, a dragoon from an outpost came in and informed Major Wardle of the Ancient British, that a very considerable armed body were approaching rapidly upon the town. The whole garrison were instantly under arms, and took up their positions according to a plan previously formed in case of such an event happening. They made the attack upon our troops posted near the gaol, with great violence, but were repulsed. They then made a general attack in almost every direction, as they had got possession of almost every avenue into the town. They continued to engage the troops for near three quarters of an hour, when they gave way and fled on all sides. The cavalry immediately took advantage of their confusion, charged in almost every direction and killed a great number of them. A great quantity of arms and pikes were taken, and within this half hour many hundreds more were brought in, found in pits near the town, together with three men with green cockades, all of whom were hanged in the public street. We took another prisoner, whom we have spared, in consequence of his having given us information that will enable us to pursue these rebels; and from this man we learn that they were above a thousand strong. They were commanded, as this man informs us, by Michael Reynolds, who was well mounted, and dressed in yeoman uniform, but unfortunately made his escape—his horse we have got.

When we are able to collect further particulars you shall be made acquainted with them. About thirty

rebels were killed in the streets; in the fields, we imagine, above a hundred; their bodies have not yet been brought together.

It is impossible to say too much of the cavalry and infantry; their conduct was exemplary throughout.

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Dublin Castle, 25th May, 1798, half-past three, P.M.

Extract of a letter from Lieutenant-General Dundas to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, dated Naas, 25th May, 1798.

In addition to the account which I had the honour of sending you yesterday, I have the satisfaction to inform your lordship that about two P.M. yesterday I marched out again to attack the rebels, who had assembled in great force on the north side of the Liffey, and were advancing towards Kilcullen bridge; they occupied the hills on the left of the road leading to Dublin, the road itself and the fields highly enclosed on the right. The attack began between three and four, was made with gallantry, the infantry forcing the enemy on the road, and driving them from the hills on the left, the cavalry with equal success cutting off their retreat. The affair ended soon after four. The slaughter was considerable for such an action, one hundred and thirty lay dead. No prisoners.

I have the further satisfaction of stating to your lordship that his majesty's troops did not suffer in either killed or wounded. The rebels left great quantities of all kinds of arms behind them, and fled in all directions.

This morning all is in perfect quietness. General Wilford, from Kildare, joined me last night—an officer with whom I serve with unspeakable satisfaction.

The troops of every description, both officers and

men, showed a degree of gallantry which it was difficult to restrain within prudent bounds.

Captain La Touche's corps of yeomanry distinguished themselves in a high style.

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Extract of a letter from Lieutenant Macauley, of the Antrim militia, to Major Hardy, commanding in the County of Wicklow, dated Baltinglass, 24th May, 1798.

Between twelve and one o'clock to-day, the insurgents appeared in the neighbourhood, to the amount of at least four or five hundred; thirty of the Antrim militia under my command, and Cornet Love, with twenty of the 9th Dragoons, were sent to attack them; but the instant that we were advancing upon them in the town of Stratford-upon-Slaney, Captain Stratford appeared at the other end of the town with part of his corps. We attacked the rebels on both sides, and completely routed them, leaving between one and two hundred killed, besides many wounded who made their escape.

There are several of our men wounded, and one of the 9th Dragoons very severely. I have great pleasure in telling you that every man behaved as well as possibly could be wished.

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Dublin Castle, 26th May, 1798, 10 A.M.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. James M'Ghee, Vicar of Clonmore, County Carlow, dated Hacketstown, 3 o'clock, P.M., 25th May.

In consequence of an information received this morning, that a large body of rebels were marching to attack the town, Lieutenant Gardiner, with the men under his command, and a party of yeomanry commanded by Captain Hardy, went out to meet them. Having re-

connoitred their force, which amounted to between three and four thousand, they took post on the hill under the church, and when the rebels came tolerably near, the officers and men made a feint, and retreated into the barrack.

The rebels, seeing this, came on with a great shout, imagining the day to be their own. In a few minutes Captain Hume came up with about thirty of his troop, and instantly charged them, on which the rebels retreated. A general pursuit took place, and so complete was the rout, that above 300 of the miscreants now lie dead on the field of battle ! ! !

JAMES M'GHEE.

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Dublin Castle, Tuesday, 29th May, 1798.

Extract of a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Longfield, of the Royal Cork militia, to Lieutenant-General Craig, dated at Rathangan, 29th May.

I arrived near this town at eleven o'clock, and perceiving the rebels to have taken a position at the upper end of the town, near the church, and that they had in some parts barricaded the streets, and drawn chains across others, I placed my battalion guns in front, supported by the infantry, stationing the cavalry so as to support both, and commenced by firing upon the town with the cannon, after the second discharge of which I perceived the rebels to fly in all directions. I then gave orders for the cavalry to charge, which was executed by Captain Pack and the detachment of the 5th dragoon guards with the greatest spirit and judgment. . . .

There are between fifty and sixty of the rebels killed.

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Dublin Castle, 29th May, 1798, half-past nine, P.M.

Extract of a letter from Major-General Sir James Duff to Lieutenant-General Lake, dated Monasterevan, 29th May, 1798.

I marched from Limerick on Sunday morning with sixty dragoons, Dublin militia, three field-pieces, and two curricle-guns, to open the communication with Dublin, which I judged of the utmost importance to government. By means of cars for the infantry, I reached this place in forty-eight hours. I am now, at seven o'clock this morning (Tuesday), marching to surround the town of Kildare, the head-quarters of the rebels, with seven pieces of artillery, 150 dragoons, and 350 infantry, determined to make a dreadful example of the rebels. I have left the whole country behind me perfectly quiet, and well protected by means of the troops and yeomanry corps.

I hope to be able to forward this to you by the mail-coach, which I will escort to Naas. I am sufficiently strong. You may depend on my prudence and success. My guns are well manned, and the troops in high spirits. The cruelties the rebels have committed on some of the officers and men have exasperated them to a great degree. Of my future operations I will endeavour to inform you.

P. S.—Two o'clock, P.M., Kildare.

We found the rebels retiring from the town on our arrival, armed: we followed them with the dragoons. I sent on some of the yeomen to tell them on laying down their arms they should not be hurt. Unfortunately some of them fired on the troops; from that moment they were attacked on all sides—nothing could stop the

rage of the troops. I believe from two to three hundred of the rebels were killed. We have three men killed and several wounded. I am too much fatigued to enlarge.[1]

I have forwarded the mails to Dublin.

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Extract of a letter from Captain Scobie, of the Reay fencibles, to Lieutenant-General Lake, dated Dunshaughlin, Sunday morning, 27th May, 1798.

The division, consisting of five companies of His Majesty's Reay regiment of fencible infantry, which I have the honour to command, arrived here yesterday morning according to route, accompanied by Lord Fingal's troop of yeomen cavalry, Captain Preston's troop of cavalry, Lower Kells ditto, and Captain Molloy's company of yeomen infantry.

At half-past three, P.M., I was informed that a considerable force of the rebel insurgents had taken station on Tara Hill. I instantly detached three companies of our division, with one field-piece and the above corps of yeomanry, to the spot, under the command of Captain M'Lean, of the Reays, the issue of which has answered my most sanguine expectation.

The rebels fled in all directions; 350 were found dead in the field this morning, among whom is their commander, in full uniform; many more were killed and wounded.

Our loss is inconsiderable, being nine rank and file killed—sixteen rank and file wounded.

[1] The 200 or 300 killed rebels had surrendered to General Dundas not many hours previously to their being fallen on and massacred in cold blood by General Duff and the yeomanry cavalry called "The Fox Hunters," under Lord Roden.—R. R. M.

10

Extract of a letter from Colonel Campbell to General Dundas, dated Athy, 27th May, 1798.

Since my last communication, we have killed 50 of the enemy.

The rebels have suffered considerably in an attack on Carlow and Monasterevan; upwards of 400 of them killed at the former and 65 at the latter, with little or no loss to the king's troops.

Our men are in high spirits.

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Dublin Castle, 2nd June, 1798.

Accounts have been received from Major-General Eustace, at New Ross, stating that Major-General Fawcett having marched with a company of the Meath regiment from Duncannon Fort, this small force was surrounded by a very large body between Taghmon and Wexford, and defeated. General Fawcett effected his retreat to Duncannon Fort.

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This morning was received a letter from Colonel L'Estrange of the King's County militia, which states that the town of Newtownbarry had been attacked yesterday morning by a very large force from Vinegar Hill.

They surrounded the town in such a manner that Colonel L'Estrange at first retreated in order to collect his force; he then attacked the rebels in Newtownbarry, drove them out with great slaughter, and pursued them several miles until night obliged him to return. The rebels were in very great force.

Colonel L'Estrange's detachment consisted of 230 of the King's County militia, 17 dragoons, and about 100

yeomen. Colonel L'Estrange speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of the troops, and attributes much praise to Major Marley, who volunteered on the occasion. The rebels lost above 500 men.

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The picket guard of yeomen, commanded by Mr. Cornwall, surprised in the night a party of rebels trying to enter Carlow, and completely defeated them.

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Dublin Castle, 5th June, 1798, five o'clock, P.M.

Major Marley is just arrived from Major-General Loftus, and brings an account that the Major-General, finding that Colonel Walpole's detachment had received a check, thought it prudent to move to Carnew, which he effected without the loss of a man.

It appears that Colonel Walpole had met with the main body of the rebels in a strong post near Slievebuy mountain, and having attacked them, he was unfortunately killed by a shot in the head in the beginning of the action, when his corps, being in a situation where it could not act with advantage, was forced to retire to Arklow. The loss was fifty-four men killed and missing, and two six-pounders. Captain Stark, Captain Armstrong, and Captain Duncan were wounded, but not dangerously, and Sir Watkin William Wynne received a contusion in the hand.

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Dublin Castle, 8th June, 1798.

Early this morning an express was received from Major-General Johnston, dated at New Ross, the 5th inst. By this it appears, that about six on that morning the rebels attacked his position at New Ross with

a very large force and great impetuosity, but that after a contest of several hours they were completely repulsed. The loss of the rebels was very great, the streets being literally strewed with their carcasses. An iron gun upon a ship-carriage was taken, and late in the evening they retreated entirely to Carrickbyrne, leaving several iron ship-guns, not mounted.

General Johnston states, that too much praise cannot be given to the forces under his command; and that to Major-General Eustace, and indeed to every individual, he was in the highest degree indebted for their spirited exertions.

The General severely regrets the loss of that brave officer, Lord Mountjoy, who fell early in the contest. A return of the killed and wounded of his majesty's forces has not been received, but it appears not to have been considerable.

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Dublin Castle, 9th June, 1798.

Extract of a letter from Major-General Johnston to Lieutenant-General Lake, dated at Ross, 7th June, 1798.

I send you a return of the killed, wounded, and missing of the troops engaged on the 5th inst. Their numbers you will, I trust, find not great, when you take into consideration the numbers they were opposed to. This must be imputed to their gallantry.

I likewise send a return of the ordnance, ammunition, and standards taken from the rebels. The numbers killed cannot be ascertained. We are busy in burying those killed in the town; those in the country will be attended to when we are more at leisure. In my former letter, I was prevented by a pressure of business from

doing justice to the merits of several officers to whom I am highly indebted for their extraordinary exertions. . . .

We had a great loss in Colonel Lord Mountjoy. Captain Boyd, with the *debris* of his corps, have rendered me every possible assistance. In making mention of those particulars, I would not wish you to suppose I do not feel myself much indebted to every individual, a very few excepted.

Return of the killed, wounded, and missing of the troops engaged at Ross on the 5th of June.—Colonel Lord Mountjoy, of the county of Dublin militia, killed; Cornet Ladwell, of 5th dragoons, killed; Captain Sinclair, of the Donegal, wounded; Captain Warburton and Lieutenant Flinter, of Queen's County, missing; Lieutenant Harford, of the Kilkenny, missing; Lieutenants Blake and Butler, of the 89th, attached to the light battalion, missing; Quarter-Master Hay, of the Mid-Lothian, killed. . . . Total, 90 killed and 54 horses; 59 wounded and 5 horses; 81 missing and 4 horses.

HENRY JOHNSTON, Maj.-Gen., 4th Flank Battalion.

Return of ordnance stores, &c., taken from the rebels in the action of the 5th of June, 1798.—One 5½-inch howitzer, ship-carriage; one iron four-pounder, ship-carriage; fourteen swivels; one iron three-pounder; one iron two-pounder—in all, eighteen; and fourteen different sizes of shot, with an immensity of pikes, which were broken as soon as taken. Also muskets, likewise destroyed. A variety of standards and colours.

From the best private accounts which have been re-

ceived, the number of the rebels killed is stated to be 2,000. Their wounded must have been very considerable, but the number cannot be ascertained, as they were carried off by the rebels.

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Dublin Castle, 10th June, 1798.

Accounts have been this day received from Major-General Nugent, which state, that having received intelligence of an insurrection intended in the county of Antrim, and of a design to seize the magistrates who were to assemble at the town of Antrim on the 7th instant, he ordered a body of troops to march thither. Their arrival was not early enough to prevent the rebels possessing themselves of the town, and our advanced detachment, which consisted of cavalry, were repulsed in their first attack with the loss of three officers and twenty rank and file killed and wounded. Colonel Durham, however, soon arrived, and after a well directed fire on the town, drove the rebels out of it without any further loss, retook two curricle-guns which had fallen into their hands, and took a six-pounder from the rebels, who were pursued to Shane's Castle and Randalstown with much slaughter.

Another body of rebels attacked the town of Larne, where a subaltern's detachment of the Tay fencibles maintained their post in the barrick with great gallantry.

Major-General Nugent speaks in the highest terms of the zeal and spirit of the troops and yeomanry, and states, that the offers of service from the loyal inhabitants throughout the north are very numerous.

Lieut.-Colonel Lumley, of the 22nd dragoons, is wounded; Cornet Dunn killed, and Lieutenant Murphy slightly wounded.

The Major-General adds, with extreme concern, that Lord O'Neill has received a dangerous wound.

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Dublin Castle, 10th June, 1798.

Accounts were received early this morning by Lieut.-General Lake from Major-General Needham at Arklow, stating that the rebels had, in great force, attacked his position in Arklow, at six o'clock yesterday evening. They advanced in an irregular manner, and extended themselves for the purpose of turning his left flank, his rear and right flanks being strongly defended by the town and barrack of Arklow. Upon their endeavouring to enter the lower end of the town, they were charged by the 4th dragoon guards, 5th dragoons, and Ancient Britons, and completely routed. All round the other points of the position they were defeated with much slaughter. The loss of his majesty's troops was trifling, and their behaviour highly gallant.

A letter has also been received from Major-General Nugent, at Belfast, dated the 9th instant, which states that the rebels were dispersed in all directions, except at Toome, whither General Knox and Colonel Clavering were proceeding, and that many of them had laid down their arms.

The Major-General also states, that Mr. M'Cleverty had returned from Donnegar Hill, whither he had been carried prisoner by a body of 2,000 rebels. Whilst they were in this situation they disagreed and quarrelled among themselves, and from his influence 1,500 left

the camp, broke and destroyed their arms, and swore they would never carry an offensive weapon against his majesty or his loyal subjects. Many more dispersed, and the commander of them was left with fifty men only.

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Dublin Castle, eleven o'clock, A.M., 14th June, 1798.

Intelligence is just arrived from Major-General Nugent, stating that on the 11th instant he had marched against a large body of rebels who were posted at Saintfield. They retired on his approach to a strong position on the Saintfield side of Ballynahinch, and there made a show of resistance, and endeavoured to turn his left flank; but Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart arriving from Down with a pretty considerable force of infantry, cavalry, and yeomanry, they soon desisted, and retired to a very strong position behind Ballynahinch.

General Nugent attacked them next morning at three o'clock, having occupied two hills on the left and right of the town, to prevent the rebels from having any other choice than the mountains in their rere for their retreat. He sent Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart to post himself, with part of the Argyle fencibles and some yeomanry, as well as a detachment of the 22nd light dragoons, in a situation from whence he could enfilade the rebel line; whilst Colonel Leslie, with part of the Monaghan militia, some cavalry, and yeoman infantry, should make an attack upon their front. Having two howitzers and six six-pounders with the two detachments, the Major-General was enabled to annoy them very much from different parts of his position.

The rebels attacked impetuously Colonel Leslie's detachment, and even jumped into the road from the

Earl of Moira's demesne to endeavour to take one of his guns, but they were repulsed with slaughter. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart's detachment was attacked by them with the same activity, but he repulsed them also, and the fire from his howitzer and six-pounder soon obliged them to fly in all directions. Their force was, on the evening of the 12th, near 5,000; but as many persons are pressed into their service, and almost entirely unarmed, the general does not suppose that on the morning of the engagement their numbers were so many.

About 400 rebels were killed in the attack and retreat, and the remainder were dispersed all over the country. Parts of the towns of Saintfield and Ballynahinch were burnt. . . . Three or four green colours were taken, and six one-pounders, not mounted, but which the rebels fired very often, and a considerable quantity of ammunition. Their chief was—Munro, a shopkeeper of Lisburn.

Major-General Nugent regrets the loss of Captain Evatt, of the Monaghan militia; Lieutenant Ellis, of the same regiment, was wounded; the loss of rank and file was five killed and fourteen wounded. Several of the yeoman infantry were killed or wounded.

The Portaferry yeomanry, on the 11th instant, under the command of Captain Matthews, made a most gallant defence against a large body of the rebels who attacked the town of Portaferry, the yeomanry having taken possession of the market-house, from which post they repulsed the rebels, who left behind them above forty dead—many more were carried off. Captain Hopkins,

of a revenue cruizer, brought his guns to bear on the town, and was of great service in defending it.

Advices from Major-General Sir Charles Asgill, dated from Kilkenny, the 13th instant, state that on the evening of the 12th instant, having heard that a large body of the rebels had marched from the county of Wexford against Borris, under command of Mr. Bagenal Harvey, and were burning the town, he proceeded to its relief with four hundred men, but the rebels had fled before he could arrive.

They had attacked Mr. Kavanagh's house, in which were twenty-nine men of the Donegal militia, who, notwithstanding the incessant fire kept up on them for some hours, defended themselves in the most gallant manner, and killed several of the rebels. Nothing could surpass the determined bravery of these few men.

The rebels effected their escape into the county of Wexford.

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Dublin Castle, 16th June, 1798.

This morning advices were received from Major-General Nugent. By them it appears that the rebels who had been defeated at Ballynahinch had petitioned for pardon, and offered to surrender up all their arms and ammunition. The major-general, in reply, promised to accept their submission on the condition of giving up their leader, Munro, and the other principal traitors who had instigated them to their late wicked practices. They were to surrender by twelve o'clock on the 15th. Munro was, however, taken by General Nugent early on that morning.

Major-General Nugent, alluding to the affair at Ballynahinch, states the loss of the rebels to have exceeded five hundred men, and that many have been since made prisoners.

He mentions also, with great satisfaction, the conduct of Mr. Boyd of Ballycastle. Mr. M'Naghten had sent to warn him of his danger, which induced him to retreat on Friday last to Coleraine, where he collected the Dunsevenich and Giant's Causeway corps, with which, together with his own, he returned to Ballycastle, and beat the rebels out of the place, and he is now proceeding to punish them between that town and Glenarm.

Captain Stewart, of the Glenarm yeomanry, and Captain Matthews, of the Portaferry yeomanry, have behaved uncommonly well in repulsing large bodies of rebels who attacked them with great fury. . . .

A more full account of the action at Arklow having been received from Major-General Needham, it is here subjoined:

Arklow, 10th June, 1798, half-past five, A.M.

SIR—At three o'clock, P.M., yesterday, the rebel army presented itself at my outpost in very great numbers.

They approached from Coolgraney road, and along the sand-hills on the shore, in two immense columns, while the whole of the intermediate space, embracing my entire front, was crowded by a rabble armed with pikes and firearms, and bearing down on me without any regular order. The position I had chosen was a very strong one, in front of the barrack.

As soon as the enemy approached within a short distance, we opened a heavy fire of grape, which did as much execution as, from the nature of the ground and

the strong fences of which they possessed themselves, could have been expected. This continued incessantly from six till half-past eight o'clock, when the enemy desisted from their attack, and fled in disorder on every side. The numbers killed have not been ascertained. Our loss is inconsiderable, and no officer is wounded.

Colonel Sir Watkin William Wynne, with some of the 4th dragoon guards and 5th dragoons, and part of his own regiment and the yeomanry, charged the rebels most gallantly, and routed a strong column of them attempting to gain the town by the beach. Colonel Maxwell offered his services to burn some houses in the front, near the end of the action, and effected it most handsomely, and without loss. Colonel Skerrett, of the Durham fencibles, on whom the brunt of the action fell, acted in the most spirited and determined manner, as did also Colonel O'Hara, who commanded the Antrim, and covered the road on my right.

To the activity and information of Captain Moore I am much indebted, and he will detail to you all other particulars.

(Signed) FRANCIS NEEDHAM.

P.S.—Upon searching the fields and cabins in the line which was taken by the rebels in their retreat, it appears their loss could not have fallen short of 1,000 men.

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Dublin Castle, 19th June, 1798.

Accounts were this day received from Brigadier-General Barnett, stating that on the 17th instant a considerable body of rebels had attacked Kilbeggan, but were repulsed by a detachment of fifty of the North-

umberland fencibles, under the command of Captain Thatcher. One hundred and twenty rebels were killed, and a great number wounded. The detachment behaved with the greatest gallantry.

Brigadier-General Grose reports from Kilcock that Colonel Irwine, with a detachment under his command, had this day engaged a body of above 2,000 rebels at Ovitstown Hill, about one mile from Hortland. The loss of the rebels was 200 slain.

The number of killed and wounded of his majesty's troops does not amount to more than twenty-three. Ensign Inter, of the Highlanders, was killed. Colonel Irwine and Sir R. Steele were wounded, but it is hoped not dangerously.

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Dublin Castle, 22nd June, 1798.

Extract of a letter from Lieutenant-General Lake to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, dated Enniscorthy, 21st June.

My Lord—I have the honour to acquaint your lordship, for his excellency the lord lieutenant's information, that the rebel camp upon Vinegar Hill was attacked this morning at seven o'clock, and carried in about an hour and a-half.

The relative importance of this very strong position with our operations against Wexford made it necessary to combine our attacks so as to ensure success. A column, under Majors-General Johnston and Eustace, was drawn from Ross, and began the attack upon the right bank of the Slaney, close under Vinegar Hill, upon the right and rather in the rere of it.

Lieutenant-General Dundas commanded the centre column, supported by a column upon the right under

Major-General Sir James Duff and Loftus; a fourth column, upon the left, was commanded by the Hon. Major-General Needham. To the determined spirit with which these columns were conducted, and the great gallantry of the troops, we are indebted for the short resistance of the rebels, who maintained their ground obstinately for the time above-mentioned; but on perceiving the danger of being surrounded, they fled with great precipitation. Their loss is not yet ascertained, but it must be very considerable. The loss on our part is not great, the particulars of which I shall report as soon as possible. In the meantime, I am sorry to say that Lieutenant Sandys, of the Longford regiment, is killed, and that Colonel King, of the Sligo, was wounded in gallantly leading his regiment. Lord Blaney and Colonel Vesey, of the county Dublin regiment, are also wounded, but I am happy to add that the wounds of these three officers are very slight.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) G. LAKE.

P.S.—I have just learned that Lieutenant-Colonel Cole is slightly wounded. Enclosed is a return of the ordnance taken on Vinegar Hill, in which are included three taken from us on the 4th of June.

Return of ordnance, as taken from the rebels on Vinegar Hill, 21st June, 1798.—Three six-pounders, brass; one three-pounder; seven one-pounders; one 5½-inch howitzer; one 4½-inch howitzer.—Total, 13.

Rounds of ammunition.—Seventeen six-pounders; thirty one-pounders; eleven 5½-inch howitzers.

NOTE.—A cart, with a vast variety of balls of different diameters, had been thrown down the hill after

the action, and immense quantities of lead and leaden balls delivered over to the Dumbarton fencibles.

(Signed) R. CRAWFORD, Captain R.I.A.

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Copy of a letter from Major-General Sir Charles Asgill to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, dated Borris, 21st June, 1798.

MY LORD—Having received intelligence that many of the rebels, who probably had escaped from their camps in Wexford, had collected near Blackstain mountain, and were prevented from proceeding farther owing to the posts which I occupied, by Lieutenant-General Lake's orders, on the Barrow, I marched yesterday morning from hence with 250 men, in two divisions, by two different routes, to attack them. I found them scattered through the country in considerable numbers: upwards of 100 were killed, the remainder dispersed, and several arms and pikes were taken.

Lord Loftus, of the Wexford militia, commanded one party under my orders, Hon. Colonel Howard, of the Wicklow, the other. The troops behaved, as usual, in the most gallant manner.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

C. ASGILL, Major-General.

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Copy of a letter from Sir Hugh O'Reilly, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Westmeath regiment of militia, to Lieutenant-General Sir James Stewart, at Cork, dated Bandon, 20th June, 1798.

SIR—I have the honour to inform you that a party of the Westmeath regiment, consisting of 220 men, rank and file, with two six-pounders, under my command, were yesterday attacked on our march from

Cloghnakilty to Bandon, near a village called Ballynascarty, by the rebels, who took up the best position on the whole march.

The attack was made from a height on the left of our column of march with very great rapidity, and without the least previous notice, by between 300 and 400 men, as nearly as I can judge, armed mostly with pikes, and very few firearms. We had hardly time to form, but very soon repulsed them with considerable loss, when they retreated precipitately, but not in great confusion; and when they regained the height, I could perceive they were joined by a very considerable force. I, with the greatest difficulty and risk to the officers, restrained the men, halted and formed the greater part of them, when I saw that the enemy were flying off a high flank, with an intent to take possession of our guns.

A detachment of 100 men of the Caithness legion, under the command of Major Innes, was on its march to replace us at Cloghnakilty, and hearing our fire, pressed forward, and very critically fired upon them whilst we were forming, and made them fly in every direction with great precipitation. At the same moment a very considerable force showed itself on the heights in our rere. A vast number of pikes appeared, and some with hats upon them, and other signals, I suppose in order to collect their forces. I ordered the guns to prepare for action, and very fortunately brought them to bear upon the enemy with good effect, as they dispersed in a short time, and must have left a considerable number dead. Some were killed in attempting to carry away the dead bodies. It is impos-

sible to ascertain the loss of the enemy, but a dragoon who came this morning from Cloghnakilty to Bandon reports that their loss is 130.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) HUGH O'REILLY,

Lieutenant-Colonel Westmeath Regiment.

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Copy of a letter from Lieutenant Pearce, of the city of Cork militia, to Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter, commanding at Rathcool, dated Hazelhatch, 20th June, 1798.

SIR—Having this day sent a sergeant and four men to escort a prisoner to Sallins, at Ponsonby Bridge they fell in with a number of rebels. The sergeant immediately retired, and sent off an orderly with the account. I instantly despatched a sergeant and eight men to his assistance, and being joined on the spot by three of the yeomanry, an engagement took place, in which twenty-five of the rebels were killed. One of the sergeants received a slight wound on the hand from a pike.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

ELIAS PEARCE,

Lieutenant City of Cork Militia.

N.B.—They put the rebels totally to the rout.

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Brigadier-General Dunn has reported from Monasterevan that on the 19th instant he had sent a strong patrol, under the command of Captain Pack, of the 5th dragoon guards, towards Prosperous from Rathangan, and that Captain Pack having fallen in with 100 of the rebels, well mounted and appointed, he instantly attacked and defeated them, taking eight horses and killing from twenty to thirty men.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, of the 5th dragoons, having been detached to Prosperous on the evening of the 9th instant, found a body of the rebels posted on a hill on the left of the town, which fled into the neighbouring bog on his approach. His advanced guard having been fired upon from the town, he brought two curricle-guns to bear upon it, and set fire to part of the town. Much cattle were left behind by the rebels, which they had pinned up near the mess-room of the barrack, together with many pikes and drums. Eight of the rebels were killed.

On the 19th instant, a detachment from Mountkennedy, under command of Lieutenant M'Lean, of the Reay fencibles, and Lieutenant Gore, of the Mountkennedy cavalry, attacked a body of 300 rebels near Ballynarush. The fire commenced from the rebels, who were posted behind a hedge on the top of a commanding hill. After an engagement of about twenty minutes, they gave way in every quarter, leaving twenty dead behind them.

Dublin Castle, 23rd June, 1798.

This day the following letter was received from Lieutenant-General Lake by Lord Castlereagh:

Wexford, 23rd June, 1798.

My Lord—Yesterday afternoon I had the honour to despatch a letter to your lordship from Enniscorthy, with the transactions of that day, for his excellency the lord lieutenant's information; and the enclosed copy of a letter from Brigadier-General Moore to Major-General Johnston will account for my having entered this place without opposition. General Moore, with his usual en-

terprise and activity, pushed on to this town, and entered it so opportunely as to prevent it from being laid in ashes, and the massacre of the remaining prisoners, which the rebels declared their intention of carrying into execution the very next day; and there can be little doubt it would have taken place, for the day before they murdered above seventy prisoners, and threw their bodies over the bridge.

Enclosed is a copy of my answer to the proposals of the inhabitants of this town, transmitted in my letter of yesterday to your lordship. The evacuation of the town by the rebels renders it unnecessary. I have the pleasure to acquaint your lordship that the subscriber of the insolent proposals, Mr. Keughe, and one of their principal leaders, Mr. Roach, with a few others, are in my hands without negotiation. The rebels are reported to be in some force within five miles of this place—it is supposed for the purpose of submission, to which the event of yesterday may strengthen their inclinations. I have reason to think there are a number so disposed, and that I shall be able to secure some more of their leaders; but should I be disappointed in my expectations, and find they collect in any force, I shall lose no time in attacking them. I have, &c.,

G. LAKE.

Lord Viscount Castlereagh.

From inquiry, the numbers killed yesterday were very great indeed.

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Camp above Wexford, 22nd June, 1798.

Dear General—Agreeable to your order, I took post on the evening of the 19th near Fooke's Mill, in the

park of Mr. Sutton. Next day I sent a strong detachment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wilkinson, to patrol towards Tintern and Clonmines, with a view to scour the country and communicate with the troops you directed to join me from Duncannon. The lieutenant-colonel found the country deserted, and got no tidings of the troops. I waited for them until three o'clock in the afternoon, when, despairing of their arrival, I began my march to Taghmon. We had not marched above half-a-mile when a considerable body of rebels was perceived marching towards us. I sent my advanced guard, consisting of the two rifle companies of the 60th, to skirmish with them, whilst a howitzer and a six-pounder were advanced to a cross-road above Goff's Bridge, and some light infantry formed on each side of them, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wilkinson. The rebels attempted to attack these, but were instantly repulsed and driven beyond the bridge. A large body were perceived at the same time moving towards my left. Major Aylmer, and afterwards Major Daniel, with five companies of light infantry and a six-pounder, were detached against them. The 60th regiment, finding no further opposition in front, had of themselves inclined to their left to engage the body which was attempting to turn us. The action here was for a short time pretty sharp. The rebels were in great numbers, and armed with both muskets and pikes. They were however forced to give way, and driven, though they repeatedly attempted to form, behind the ditches. They at last dispersed, flying towards Enniscorthy and Wexford. Their killed could not be ascertained, as they lay scattered in the fields over a considerable extent; but they

seemed to be numerous. I enclose a list of ours. The troops behaved with great spirit. The artillery and Hompesch's cavalry were active, and seemed only to regret that the country did not admit of their rendering more effectual service. Major Daniel is the only officer whose wound is bad; it is through the knee, but not dangerous.

The business, which began between three and four, was not over till near eight; it was then too late to proceed to Taghmon. I took post for the night on the ground where the action had commenced. As the rebels gave way I was informed of the approach of the 2nd and 9th regiments under Lord Dalhousie. On the morning of the 21st we were proceeding to Taghmon, when I was met by an officer of the North Cork from Wexford with the enclosed letters. I gave, of course, no answer to the proposal made by the inhabitants of Wexford; but I thought it my duty immediately to proceed here, and to take post above the town, by which means I have perhaps saved the town itself from fire, as well as the lives of many loyal subjects who were prisoners in the hands of the rebels. The rebels fled upon my approach over the bridge of Wexford, and towards the barony of Forth. I shall wait here your further orders. Lord Kingsborough has informed me of different engagements he had entered into with respect to the inhabitants. I have declined entering into the subject, but have referred his lordship to you or General Lake.

I received your pencilled note during the action of the 20th. It was impossible for me then to detach the troops you asked for, but I hear you have succeeded at Enniscorthy with those you had. Mr. Roach, who com-

mands the rebels, is encamped, I hear, about five miles off; he sent Lord Kingsborough to surrender upon terms. Your presence speedily is, upon every account, extremely necessary.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JOHN MOORE.

It is difficult to judge of the numbers of rebels, they appear in such crowds and so little order. Information states those we have beat to have been between five and six thousand.

Major-General Johnston.

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Terms proposed by the rebels in the town of Wexford.

That Captain M'Manus shall proceed from Wexford towards Oulart, accompanied by Mr. E. Hay, appointed by the inhabitants, of all religious persuasions, to inform the officer commanding the king's troops that they are ready to deliver up the town of Wexford without opposition, lay down their arms, and to return to their allegiance, provided that their persons and properties are guaranteed by the commanding officer, and that they will use every influence in their power to induce the people of the country at large to return to their allegiance also. These terms we hope Captain M'Manus will be able to procure.

Signed by order of the inhabitants of Wexford,

MATT. KEUGHE.

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Lieutenant Lake's answer to Mr. Keughe's proposals.

Enniscorthy, 22nd June, 1798.

Lieutenant-General Lake cannot attend to any terms offered by rebels in arms against their sovereign; while

they continue so, he must use the force entrusted to him with the utmost energy for their destruction.

To the deluded multitude he promises pardon, on their delivering into his hands their leaders, surrendering their arms, and returning with sincerity to their allegiance.

(Signed) G. LAKE.

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Dublin Castle, 25th June, 1798.

Copy of a letter received this day by Lord Viscount Castlereagh from Major-General Sir Charles Asgill, Bart.

Kilkenny, 24th June, 1798, nine o'clock, P. M.

My Lord—I have the honour to inform you that early on the morning of the 23rd instant I received information that the rebels, amounting to several thousands, had escaped from the county Wexford, and formed a camp at Kellymount, and were proceeding to Gore's Bridge. I instantly assembled all the force I could collect and marched towards them. I did not arrive in time to prevent their defeating the detachment at that place and taking twenty-four men of the Wexford militia prisoners. They marched off rapidly towards Leighlin. The troops from thence, consisting of a small party of the 9th dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant Higgins, Lieutenant-Colonel Rochfort's and Captain Cornwall's yeomanry, killed sixty of them. Night coming on, I could not pursue them any further. By the position they took near Shanohill, I conceived their intentions were to form a junction with the colliers at Castlecomer. As soon as the troops were able to move, I marched with 900 men to attack them, and was sorry to find they had burned the whole town, and forced the soldiers who were in it to retire before my arrival. Hav-

ing cleared the town with the guns and attacked them on all sides, about 400 were killed—the remainder fled.[1] They were commanded by a priest called Murphy, and their numbers are said to amount to 5,000. Our loss was inconsiderable. My force consisted of the Wexford and Wicklow militia, under the command of Lord Loftus and the Hon. Colonel Howard. The dragoons were commanded by Major Donaldson, of the 9th dragoons, and Major Barnard, of the Romney fencibles, with several corps, and Carlow, who, as well as the other troops, are entitled to my warmest praise for their bravery and alertness on this and every occasion.

(Signed) C. ASGILL.

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Return of the killed, wounded, and missing on the 21st June, in the attack on Vinegar Hill and the town of Enniscorthy.—First brigade (Lieutenant-General Dundas' corps).—Major-General Sir James Duff's 89th regiment, 1 killed; Major-General Needham's 7th dragoon guards, 1 captain wounded; Major-General Wilford's 9th dragoons, 1 killed; Dunlavin yeomen cavalry, 1 wounded; 1st battalion light infantry, 1 subaltern killed, 1 sergeant wounded, 2 rank and file killed, 18 wounded, 3 missing; Sligo militia, 1 field officer wounded, 2 rank and file killed and 3 wounded; Suffolk fencibles, 2 wounded; Colonel King, of the Sligo corps, and Captain Dunne, 7th dragoon guards, are of the wounded; Lieutenant S. Sandys, Longford, killed.

Second brigade (Major-General Johnston's corps).—Royal British artillery, 1 rank and file wounded; Mid-

[1] This was a massacre not only of fugitive rebels, but of the peasantry wholly unconnected with them.—R. R. M.

Lothian, 1 subaltern wounded, 1 rank and file wounded; Hompesch's hussars, 2 wounded; 5th battalion, 60th regiment, 1 captain wounded, 1 sergeant missing, 5 rank and file killed and 5 wounded; 4th battalion, 1 subaltern killed and 1 wounded, 1 sergeant killed, 3 rank and file killed, 22 wounded, 1 missing; Royal Meath regiment, 1 sergeant killed; Roscommon, 1 rank and file killed, 1 missing; Dublin county, 1 field-officer wounded, 2 rank and file killed, 6 wounded.

Total—2 field-officers wounded; 2 captains killed; 2 subalterns killed and 2 wounded; 2 sergeants killed, 1 wounded, 1 missing; 16 rank and file killed, 62 wounded, 5 missing.

Names of officers killed and wounded.—Killed: Lieutenant Barnes, 13th foot, attached to 4th battalion. Wounded: Major Vesey, Dublin county; Captain Schundea, 5th battalion, 60th; Lieutenant Barker, Kildare, attached 4th battalion, and Lieutenant Hill, Mid-Lothian.

J. HEWITT, Adjutant-General.

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Extract of a letter received this day from Major-General Sir Charles Asgill, Bart., by Lord Viscount Castlereagh.

Kilkenny, 26th June, 1798.

MY LORD—Fearing the consequences that might result from allowing the rebels who fled from Wexford to remain any length of time in this county, I preferred attacking them with the troops I already had to waiting till a reinforcement arrived. My force amounted to 1,100 men. The rebels consisted of about 5,000. I attacked them this morning at six o'clock, in their position at Kilconnel Hill, near Gore's Bridge, and soon

defeated them. Their chief, called Murphy, a priest, and upwards of 1,000 men were killed. Ten pieces of cannon, two swivels, their colours, and quantities of ammunition, arms, cattle, &c., were taken; and I have the pleasure to add that some soldiers who were made prisoners the day before, and doomed to suffer death, were fortunately released by our troops.

Our loss consisted of seven men killed and wounded. The remainder of the rebels were pursued into the county of Wexford, where they dispersed in different directions.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

C. ASGILL, Major-General.

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Dublin Castle, 28th June, 1798.

Accounts have been received from Lieutenant Gardiner, of the Antrim militia, that early on Monday the 25th instant a body of rebels, consisting of several thousands, marched from the mountains of Wicklow to attack Hacketstown. On seeing them approach, Lieutenant Gardiner, with the troops under his command—viz., 50 Upper Talbotstown, 24 Shebagh cavalry, 50 of the Antrim regiment, 46 Hacketstown, and 30 Coolattin yeoman infantry—took post on the most advantageous ground near the town, to prevent the rebels from gaining possession of it; but after a few rounds the rebels filed off in every direction, with an intent to surround and cut him off. Lieutenant Gardiner then retreated with the infantry to line the walls and windows of the barrack. A contest continued in the midst of flames (for the rebels set fire to the town) for nine hours, when they were obliged to retreat. Lieutenant Gardiner

states that the rebels suffered greatly, and that thirty car-loads of their killed and wounded were carried off by them in their retreat, and that many of their dead were found in the streets and ditches. . . .

Return of the killed and wounded in the defence of Hacketstown, 25th June, 1798.—Upper Talbotstown cavalry, 4 killed, 1 wounded; Antrim detachment, 1 sergeant and 4 privates wounded; Hacketstown infantry, 4 killed, 6 wounded; Coolattin infantry, 8 wounded; supplementary, 2 killed. Total, 10 killed, 20 wounded.

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Kilkenny, 29th June, 1798.

My Lord—I have the honour to send you enclosed a return of the killed and wounded in the action with the rebels at Kilconnel Hill, on the 26th of June, and a return of the ordnance, ammunition, &c., taken on that day. I have the pleasure to assure you that everything they possessed has fallen into our hands; and, from subsequent accounts, the loss they sustained was much greater than I had the honour of stating to you in my former despatch. I have no doubt but this victory will restore the counties of Kilkenny and Carlow to peace and tranquillity.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

C. Asgill, Major-General.

Right Hon. Viscount Castlereagh.

Return of the killed, wounded, and missing of the troops engaged at Kilconnel Hill, on the 26th instant, under the command of Major-General Sir Charles Asgill.—Mount Leinster yeoman infantry, 1 killed; 5th dragoons, 1 horse missing; 9th dragoons, 1 sergeant

wounded, 1 horse killed; Hompesch's hussars, 1 rank and file wounded; Maryborough yeoman cavalry, 1 rank and file wounded, four horses killed. Total—1 lieutenant and 1 corporal killed; 1 sergeant and 3 rank and file wounded; 5 horses killed, and 1 missing.

Name of officer killed.—Lieutenant Stones, of the Mount Leinster yeoman infantry.

Return of ordnance, colours, and ammunition taken. —One colour, five four-pounders, five one-pounders, four swivels, a few guns, and a number of pikes, which were destroyed as soon as taken; a number of shot of different sizes, with a quantity of lead and moulds.

Return of stores taken.—Black cattle, 170; sheep, 100; horses, 700. Total, 970.

Also a vast quantity of bedding, blanketing, and wearing apparel.

J. LEWIS HIGGINS.
Lieut. 9th Dragoons, Act. Brigade-Major.

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Dublin Castle, 6th July, 1798.

Letters have been this day received from Majors-General Needham and Sir James Duff, dated at Gorey the 5th instant, which state that they had marched from their different positions on the night of the 4th, in order to surprise a body of rebels posted at the White Heaps. The rebels, having moved early in the morning of the 5th from their post, were met by Sir James Duff's column at the Wicklow Gap, and after a few cannon shot they retreated.

Sir James Duff pursued; General Needham's column was at too great a distance for his infantry to assist; but his cavalry joined in the pursuit, which continued

for twelve hours, when they were stopped on some rising grounds. Here the regiments under Sir James Duff coming up, viz., the 89th, the Louth, and the Leitrim, with their curricle guns, the rebels were put to flight with considerable slaughter, and dispersed in all directions. . . .

The loss of Sir James Duff's column was 6 men killed, and 16 horses wounded, and 6 horses killed.

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It appears from other letters that on Sunday last a patrol of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Puleston, was attacked on their march by a body of rebels from behind hedges contiguous to the road, and suffered some loss in men and horses.

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Major Ormsby, of the city of Limerick militia, has reported from Edenderry that on the 30th last he had attacked a body of about 300 rebels with sixty infantry and some yeomen cavalry, and entirely dispersed them, killing 100. The action took place at Fox's Hill, six miles from Edenderry. Major Ormsby returns his thanks to Captain Wakely, Lieutenants Haughton, Tyrrell, and Barlow, and to Lieutenant Rogers of the Northumberland fencibles. His detachment experienced only the loss of 2 horses.

Dublin Castle, 16th July, 1798.

It having been reported that the mountains of Wicklow afforded a retreat to large bodies of rebel fugitives, Lieutenant-General Lake received the lord lieutenant's directions to move different columns in various directions, to clear that part of the country. He returned

yesterday to Dublin, and reported that he was not able to find any body whatever assembled in that district.

The lieutenant-general gives the highest credit to the perseverance and spirit of the troops during very long and difficult marches, through a country almost inaccessible to an army.

It appears that on Monday last those rebels who had been in the mountains passed over to the bog of Allen, and that, on Wednesday, a body of 1,500 attacked the town of Clonard, where they were repulsed with the loss of 60 men by Colonel Blake, who marched against them from Mullingar with about 50 infantry and as many yeoman cavalry. This body, after their defeat, moved towards Longwood, whence they were pursued on Thursday, by a detachment under Brigadier-General Meyrick, almost to Culmullin. About 30 were killed in the pursuit. A party of the Duke of York's Highlanders fell in with 16 of them, mounted, the next morning, and killed all but one whom they took prisoner. The main body of the rebels having reached Dunboyne on Thursday evening, proceeded next day to the hill at Garretstown, whither Major-General Myers, with a detachment of the Royal Buckinghamshire militia, and of the yeomanry corps of Dublin, was ordered to pursue them. The rebels, however, went off in the night for the Boyne, and passed it. They were pursued by two divisions, under Major-General Wemys and Brigadier-General Meyrick, and their cavalry having come up with them, the rebels formed in a strong position in the road to Ardee. As soon as the Sutherland with the battalion guns arrived, the rebels fell into confusion, and broke in all directions. General Wemys then ordered the cavalry

and yeomanry to attack, and followed with the infantry to support them. The rebels fled into the bog, where a very considerable number were killed, and a great quantity of pikes, pistols, swords, muskets, and two standards were taken.

Mayor-General Wemys states that the troops behaved with very great spirit, and that he felt himself highly indebted to the gentlemen yeomanry, and to Mr. Trotter of Duleek, who acted as his guide. Some of the rebels who escaped went on towards Ardee; the rest retreated over the Boyne towards Garretstown, where they were again attacked by Colonel Gordon, of the Dumfries light dragoons, who had assembled 130 infantry, consisting of detachments of the Fermanagh and Carlow militia, and the Swords yeomanry, and about 100 cavalry, which consisted of part of the Dumfries regiment, of the Fingal, the Coolock, the Balbriggan, and Lord Gormanstown's yeomen. The rebels being mounted, Colonel Gordon ordered great part of his cavalry to pursue. On their advancing the rebels dismounted, and fled in all directions; not 100 remained on the ground when the infantry came up, and they were dispersed on the first discharge, and then pursued by Lord Gormanstown's troop. Colonel Gordon states the loss of the rebels to have amounted to 150 men, and he took from them 200 horses. This service was performed without any loss on the part of His Majesty's forces. . . .

From 16th July, 1798, the official bulletins were discontinued for some time. The government organs, in the interim, were supplied, how-

ever, with extracts from communications of officers in command. From these we learn the following movements and results:

On Tuesday, 28th August, Captain King and Captain Mills of Rathdrum were attacked at Arklow and Newbridge by a party of men under the command of one Holt, formerly a baronial constable, when a smart action took place, in which the insurgents were routed; but the party of military of Rathdrum had two killed.

On Wednesday, 28th August, the party under Captains Mills and King were again attacked by Holt's men, but the latter were defeated, having one Hackett, the second in command, killed, and several wounded. A sister of Holt's was captured in the fight. The rebels fled precipitately, leaving a vast quantity of pikes, muskets, &c., behind them.

30th August.—Captain Hume of Humewood attacked a large band of the Wicklow insurgents retreating from the glen of Imaal, where they had been attacked by a party of the 89th regiment. The Humewood corps killed several of them with their muskets in their hands.

8th September.—A large number of the insurgents assembled near Granard, entered the town, and took possession of it. Captain Collingham lost no time in assembling from all the neighbouring towns the yeomanry corps stationed there, entered the town, attacked the insurgents, defeated them, and killed about one hundred and fifty without the yeomanry having suffered any loss.

8th September.—Same evening, Lord Longford, at the head of a yeomanry corps, with a detachment of

the king's troops, attacked a body of rebels in the county of Westmeath, at Wilson's Hospital, and put them to flight after much slaughter.

— September, 1798.—Colonel Crawford having marched a large force into the county of Wicklow against the leader Holt, he has been put to flight, but still continues to make incursions into the parts of the county where a large military force is not stationed, and on his expeditions very often commits great depredations, in destroying houses and other property. One of his party fell in with Captain Hume's forces and unfortunately Captain Hume was killed—a gentleman of great activity and worth.

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## OFFICIAL ACCOUNTS OF THE PROGRESS OF THE FRENCH INVASION TO THE FINAL DEFEAT AND SURRENDER AT BALLINAMUCK

On Wednesday, 22nd August, 1798, three French frigates anchored in Killala Bay. They hoisted English colours, which induced some of the inhabitants to go on board; those were strictly questioned as to the military strength in the neighbourhood, and the French landed some men. Their landing was opposed with more zeal than discretion by about twenty of the Nottingham fencibles and a few yeomen, but they were quickly routed, and the French took possession of the town, and took the Bishop of Killala and his family prisoners.

Next morning (Thursday, 23rd August) a small party of the French proceeded about seven miles, and entered the town of Ballina, when the yeomanry killed one of their horses and wounded two of their men; the

French retreated, but were directly reinforced to about two hundred, sixty of whom were mounted on horses they had taken in the country. In the meantime expresses had been sent to Ballinrobe, from which place a party marched at ten o'clock in the morning and came to Castlebar, where it was joined by the carabineers quartered there, and about thirty yeomen infantry. With these they arrived at Ballina about five in the afternoon and drove the French back, but on advancing to Killala, found they had thrown up intrenchments near that town, from which they attacked our troops, keeping up a heavy fire. Our men then fell back, and took a position for that night about a mile and a-half from the enemy's intrenchments; but whilst they were resting themselves and giving a feed to their horses, they were attacked by the French, and their pickets driven in. When mounted, Sir Thomas Chapman, the commanding officer, ordered a retreat to Ballina, where they arrived about three in the morning, and then retreated to Castlebar, having had a few men wounded and a sergeant missing.

On Sunday evening, 25th August, General Lake left Dublin, and arrived the next evening at a village near Castlebar, where he was collecting his force, when on the 27th, in the morning, he was attacked by the enemy, who, during the preceding evening and night, had marched from Killala in full force. After a smart conflict, the general was compelled to retreat, and lost six field-pieces, which fell into the hands of the enemy, and Major Alcock, of the Kilkenny regiment, was killed. This retreat was to Hollymount, and the French took possession of Castlebar.

Early on Sunday morning (26th August) his excellency the lord lieutenant, with 1,000 men of the Buckinghamshire and Warwickshire militia, embarked on the Grand Canal, and proceeded to Tullamore, when his excellency fixed his head-quarters at Athlone, sending his orders to several generals to assemble the forces under their command. On his excellency's approach, the enemy retreated from Castlebar towards Foxford, on the 4th of September. From thence they marched without stopping through Swineford, Ballaghy, and Tubbercorry, till they reached Colooney, on Wednesday, the 5th, where they rested part of that night, when they were attacked by Colonel Vereker, with a small detachment of the Limerick militia, he thinking that it was only an advanced guard of the French, but he was repulsed by the whole body of the French force. The next morning early, on having received intelligence that the lord lieutenant was at their heels, they abandoned the town and took the road to Drumahaire. General Lake entered the town shortly after. On the 8th, the French were totally routed. The particulars of their motions and defeat are circumstantially detailed in the following bulletins:

"Dublin Castle, 8th September, 1798.

"Advices have been received this evening from head-quarters at Carrick-on-Shannon, by which it appears that the enemy had passed through Manorhamilton, and crossed the Shannon at Ballintra. They threw away eight guns and two tumbrils in their march, and many of the inhabitants who had joined were deserting them. General Lake was following them with his corps. His excellency was marching upon Mohill."

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"Dublin Castle, 9th September, 1798.

"Advices have been received this morning from St. Johnstown, the head-quarters of the lord lieutenant, which bring the pleasing and satisfactory intelligence that Lieutenant-General Lake, having come up with the enemy yesterday morning, entirely defeated them. The French have surrendered at discretion. The rebels who had joined them were dispersed, and a great proportion killed or taken. Lord Roden's dragoons, the 3rd battalion of light infantry, and the Armagh regiment were principally engaged, and distinguished themselves very much. Major-General Cradock is slightly wounded in the shoulder. No officer is killed."

The lord lieutenant's column had advanced with such rapidity from Carrick-on-Shannon to St. Johnstown, as to have been enabled to stop the further progress of the enemy, had they not surrendered to Lieutenant-General Lake.

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Dublin Castle, 10th September, 1798.

Despatches, of which the following is an extract, have been received this morning from the head-quarters of the lord lieutenant, near St. Johnstown, dated 8th September, 1798.

The lord lieutenant having, very early in the morning of the 7th inst., received accounts from Lieutenant-General Lake, that the French turned from Drumahaire to Drumkerin, and that he had reason to believe that it was their intention to go to Boyle or Carrick-on-Shannon, his excellency in consequence thereof hastened the march of his column, so as to arrive at Carrick before the enemy, and directed Major-General Moore, who was at Tubbercurry, to be prepared in the event of the enemy's movement to Boyle.

On his excellency's arrival at Carrick, he found the enemy had passed the Shannon at Ballintra, where they attempted to destroy the bridge, but Lieutenant-General Lake followed them so closely that they were not able to effect it.

The enemy halted for the night of the 7th at Cloone, on which his excellency moved from Carrick at ten o'clock of the same night to Mohill, and directed Lieutenant-General Lake to proceed at the same time to Cloone, which is about three miles from Mohill, by which movement his excellency was enabled either to join with Lieutenant-General Lake in the attack of the enemy, if they should remain at Cloone, or to intercept their retreat if they should retire on the approach of the army.

On his excellency's arrival at Mohill soon after daybreak, he found the enemy had begun to move towards Granard; his excellency therefore proceeded with all expedition to St. Johnstown, through which, on account of a broken bridge, the enemy were obliged to pass in their way to Granard, and directed Lieutenant-General Lake to attack the enemy's rear, and impede their march as much as possible without bringing the whole of the corps into action. Lieutenant-General Lake performed this service with his usual attention and ability.

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Copy of a letter from Lieutenant-General Lake to Capt. Taylor, private secretary to his excellency the Lord Lieutenant, dated Camp, near Ballinamuck, 8th September, 1798.

Sir—I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of his excellency the lord lieutenant, that finding upon my arrival at Ballaghy that the French

army had passed that place from Castlebar, I immediately followed them to watch their motions. Lieutenant-Colonel Crawfurd, who commanded my advanced corps, composed of detachments of Hompesch's and the first fencible cavalry, by great vigilance and activity hung so close upon their rear that they could not escape from me, although they drove the country and carried with them all the horses.

After four days and nights' most severe marching, my column, consisting of the carabineers, detachment of the 23rd light dragoons, the first fencible light dragoons, and the Roxburgh fencible dragoons, under the command of Colonel Sir Thomas Chapman, Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, Earl of Roden, and Captain Kerr; the 3rd battalion of light infantry, the Armagh, and part of the Kerry militia, the Reay, Northampton, and Prince of Wales' fencible regiments of infantry, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Innes, of the 64th regiment, Lord Viscount Gosford, Earl of Glandore, Major Ross, Lieutenant-Colonel Bulkeley, and Lieut.-Colonel Macartney, arrived at Cloone about seven this morning, where having received directions to follow the enemy on the same line, whilst his excellency moved by the lower road to intercept them, I advanced, having previously detached the Monaghan light company, mounted behind dragoons, to harass their rear.

Lieut.-Colonel Crawfurd on coming up with the French rear-guard summoned them to surrender, but as they did not attend to his summons he attacked them, upon which upwards of 200 French infantry threw down their arms, under the idea that the rest of the corps would do the same thing. Captain Packenham,

Lieutenant-General of Ordnance, and Major-General Cradock rode up to them. The enemy, however, instantly commenced a fire of cannon and musketry which wounded General Cradock, upon which I ordered up the third battalion of light infantry, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Innes, and commenced the attack upon the enemy's position. The action lasted upwards of half an hour, when, the remainder of the column making its appearance, the French surrendered at discretion. The rebels, who fled in all directions, suffered severely. . . .

(Signed) G. LAKE.

GENERAL ORDERS

Head-Quarters, near St. Johnstown,
9th September, 1798.

Lord Cornwallis cannot too much applaud the zeal and spirit which has been manifested by the army, from the commencement of the operations against the invading enemy until the surrender of the French forces.

The perseverance with which the soldiers supported the extraordinary marches which were necessary to stop the progress of the very active enemy, does them the greatest credit; and Lord Cornwallis heartily congratulates them on the happy issue of their meritorious exertions.

The corps of yeomanry in the whole country through which the army has passed have rendered the greatest services, and are peculiarly entitled to the acknowledgment of the lord lieutenant, from their not having tarnished that courage and loyalty which they displayed in the cause of their king and country, by any acts of wanton cruelty towards their deluded fellow-subjects.

Return of the killed, wounded, and missing of the king's forces at the battle of Ballinamuck, 8th September, 1798.—Officers, none killed, one wounded; privates, three killed, twelve wounded, three missing; horses, eleven killed, one wounded, eight missing.

Ordnance, arms, and ammunition taken.—Three light French four-pounders; five light French ammunition waggons, nearly full of made-up ammunition; one light French tumbril; 700 stand of arms, with belts and pouches, with a great number of pikes.

Officer wounded.—Lieutenant Stephens of the carabineers.

Return of the French army taken prisoners at the battle of Ballinamuck, 8th September, 1798.—General and other officers, 96; non-commissioned officers and soldiers, 746; total, 842; horses, about 100.

N.B.—Ninety-six rebels taken—three of them called general officers, by name Roach, Blake, and Teeling.

MARCH OF THE FRENCH

| | Miles. | Fur. |
|---|---|---|
| From Killala to Ballina | 7 | |
| Back to Killala | 7 | |
| Back to Castlebar | 21 | 3 |
| To Foxford | 11 | |
| To Swineford | 9 | 4 |
| To Ballaghy | 5 | 5 |
| To Tubbercurry | 5 | 6 |
| To Colooney | 11 | 4 |
| To Ballintogher | 4 | 4 |
| To Drumahaire | 3 | 2 |
| To Manorhamilton | 4 | 6 |
| Back to Drumkeerin | 8 | 1 |
| Back to Ballintra | 7 | 1 |
| To Drumsna | 9 | 4 |
| To Ballinamuck | 6 | 1 |
| | 122 | 1 |

# CHAPTER II

## THE REBELLION IN WEXFORD

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THE rebellion in Wexford was caused by the savage cruelties wantonly and barbarously committed on the people by the armed Orangemen let loose on them in the months of April and May, 1798.

The Orange system made no public appearance in the county of Wexford until the beginning of April (says Edward Hay), on the arrival there of the North Cork militia, commanded by Lord Kingsborough. In this regiment there were a great number of Orangemen, who were zealous in making proselytes, and displaying their devices; having medals and Orange ribbons triumphantly pendant from their bosoms. It is believed that previous to this period there were but few actual Orangemen in the country; but soon after, those whose principles inclined that way, finding themselves supported by the military, joined the association, and publicly avowed themselves, by assuming the devices of the fraternity. . . .

It is said that the North Cork regiment were also the inventors—but they certainly were the introducers of pitch-cap torture into the county of Wexford. Any person having their hair cut short (and therefore called a croppy, by which appellation the soldiery designated

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an United Irishman), on being pointed out by some loyal neighbour, was immediately seized and brought into a guard-house, where caps either of coarse linen, or strong brown paper, besmeared inside with pitch, were always kept ready for service. The unfortunate victim had one of these, well-heated, compressed on his head, and when judged of a proper degree of coolness, so that it could not be easily pulled off, the sufferer was turned out amidst the horrid acclamations of the merciless torturers; and to the view of vast numbers of people, who generally crowded about the guard-house door, attracted by the cries of the tormented. Many of those persecuted in this manner experienced additional anguish from the melted pitch trickling into their eyes. This afforded a rare addition of enjoyment to these keen sportsmen, who reiterated their horrid yells of exultation on the repetition of the several accidents to which their game was liable upon being turned out; for in the confusion and hurry of escaping from the ferocious hands of these more than savage barbarians, the blinded victims frequently fell, or inadvertently dashed their heads against the walls in their way. The pain of disengaging this pitched cap from the head must be next to intolerable. The hair was often torn out by the roots, and not unfrequently parts of the skin were so scalded or blistered as to adhere and come off along with it. The terror and dismay that these outrages occasioned are inconceivable. A sergeant of the North Cork, nicknamed "Tom the Devil," was most ingenious in devising new methods of torture. Moistened gunpowder was frequently rubbed into the hair cut close, and then set on fire; some, while

shearing for this purpose, had the tips of their ears snipt off; sometimes an entire ear, and often both ears were completely cut off; and many lost part of their noses during the like preparation. But, strange to tell, these atrocities were publicly practised without the least reserve in open day, and no magistrate or officer ever interfered, but shamefully connived at this extraordinary mode of quieting the people! Some of the miserable sufferers on these shocking occasions, or some of their relations or friends, actuated by a principle or retaliation, if not of revenge, cut short the hair of several persons whom they either considered as enemies or suspected of having pointed them out as objects for such desperate treatment.

This was done with a view that those active citizens should fall in for a little experience of the like discipline, or to make the fashion of short hair so general that it might no longer be a mark of party distinction. Females were also exposed to the grossest insults from these military ruffians. Many women had their petticoats, handkerchiefs, caps, ribbons, and all parts of their dress that exhibited a shade of green (considered the national colour of Ireland) torn off, and their ears assailed by the most vile and indecent ribaldry. This was a circumstance so unforeseen, and of course so little provided against, that many women of enthusiastic loyalty suffered outrage in this manner. Some of these ladies would not on any account have worn anything which they could even imagine partook in any degree of *croppyism.* They were, however, unwarily involved, until undeceived by these gentle hints from these kind guardians of allegiance.

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The proclamation of the county of Wexford having given greater scope to the ingenuity of magistrates to devise means of quelling all symptoms of rebellion, as well as of using every exertion to procure discoveries, they soon fell to the burning of houses wherein pikes or other offensive weapons were discovered, no matter how brought there; but they did not stop here, for the dwellings of suspected persons, and those from which any of the inhabitants were found to be absent at night, were also consumed. The circumstance of absence from the houses very generally prevailed through the country, although there were the strictest orders forbidding it. This was occasioned at first, as was before observed, from apprehension of the Orangemen, but afterwards proceeded from the actual experience of torture, by the people, from the yeomen and magistrates. Some, too, abandoned their houses for fear of being whipped, if, on being apprehended, confession satisfactory to the magistrates could neither be given nor extorted, and this infliction many persons seemed to fear more than death itself. Many unfortunate men who were taken in their own houses were strung up as it were to be hanged, but were let down now and then to try if strangulation would oblige them to become informers. After these and the like experiments, several persons languished for some time, and at length perished in consequence of them. Smiths and carpenters, whose assistance was considered indispensable in the fabrication of pikes, were pointed out on evidence of their trades as the first and fittest objects of torture. But the sagacity of some magistrates became at length so acute, from habit and exercise, that they discerned

an United Irishman even at the first glance! and their zeal never suffered any person whom they designed to honour with such distinction, to pass off without convincing proof of their attention. . . .

Mr. Hunter Gowan had for many years distinguished himself by his activity in apprehending robbers, for which he was rewarded with a pension of £100 per annum, and it were much to be wished that every one who has obtained a pension had as well deserved it. Now exalted to the rank of a magistrate, and promoted to be captain of a corps of yeomanry, he was zealous in his exertions to inspire the people about Gorey with dutiful submission to the magistracy and a respectful awe of the yeomanry. On a public day in the week preceding the insurrection, the town of Gorey beheld the triumphal entry of Mr. Gowan at the head of his corps, with his sword drawn, and a human finger stuck on the point of it.

With this trophy he marched into the town, parading up and down the streets several times, so that there was not a person in Gorey who did not witness this exhibition; while in the meantime the triumphant corps displayed all the devices of Orangemen. After the labour and fatigue of the day, Mr. Gowan and his men retired to a public-house to refresh themselves, and, like true blades of game, their punch was stirred about with the finger that had graced their ovation, in imitation of keen fox-hunters, who whisk a bowl of punch with the brush of a fox before their boozing commences. This captain and magistrate afterwards went to the house of Mr. Jones, where his daughters were, and while taking a snack that was set before him, he bragged

of having blooded his corps that day, and that they were as staunch blood-hounds as any in the world. The daughters begged of their father to show them the croppy finger, which he deliberately took from his pocket and handed to them. Misses dandled it about with senseless exultation, at which a young lady in the room was so shocked that she turned about to a window, holding her hand to her face to avoid the horrid sight. Mr. Gowan, perceiving this, took the finger from his daughters, and archly dropped it into the disgusted lady's bosom. She instantly fainted, and thus the scene ended ! ! ![1] . . .

Having spent Friday, the 25th of May, with Mr. Turner, a magistrate of the county, at Newfort, he requested me to attend him next day at Newpark, the seat of Mr. Fitzgerald, where, as the most central place, he

[1] A woman of the name of Cogan (her maiden name Waters), the wife of a shoemaker, partially insane, who was at Scullabogue and at the battle of Arklow, informed me, in 1839, that "when the soldiers cut open the dead body of Father Michael Murphy, a butcher of Arklow, of the name of Bob Darlington, roasted the priest's heart and ate it, and this man died raging mad." This woman followed the Wexford popular forces as a kind of amateur sutler emissary, carrier of ammunition and whiskey, and caretaker of the wounded. She says, at the beginning of the rebellion she was living with Colonel Grogan of Castledown, the brother of "the murdered Grogan." She was at the battle of Arklow—was there to assist the United men, to carry ammunition and to get them drink. She was taken prisoner and put in gaol. While she was in the hands of the soldiers after her arrest, she was shamefully used by some of them. She defended herself from their brutality as long as she was able—she was covered with wounds, and in this state was taken to Arklow gaol, and kept there seven weeks. She was charged with burning ten houses and killing several Orangemen. It was quite true she was present when the dead body of the Hessian soldier was burned by "the boys."—R. R. M.

had appointed to meet the people of the neighbourhood. I accordingly met him there on Saturday, the 26th, where he continued the whole day administering the oath of allegiance to vast numbers of people: a certificate was given to every person who took the oath and surrendered any offensive weapon. Many attended who offered to take the oath, and also to depose that they were not United Irishmen, and that they possessed no arms of any kind whatever, and earnestly asked for certificates. But so great was the concourse of these, that considering the trouble of writing them out, it was found impossible to supply them all with such testimonials at that time. Mr. Turner therefore continued to receive surrendered arms, desiring such as had none to wait a more convenient opportunity. Numbers however still conceiving that they would not be secure without a written protection, offered ten times their intrinsic value to such as had brought pike blades to surrender; but these being unwilling to forego the benefit of a written protection for the moment, refused to part with their weapons on any other condition. Among the great numbers assembled on this occasion were some men from the village of Ballaghkeen, who had the appearance of being more dead than alive, from the apprehensions they were under of having their houses burned or themselves whipped should they return home. These apprehensions had been excited to this degree, because that on the night of Thursday, the 24th, the Enniscorthy cavalry, conducted by Mr. Archibald Hamilton Jacob, had come to Ballaghkeen; but on hearing the approaching noise, the inhabitants ran out of their houses, and fled into large brakes of furze on a

hill immediately above the village, from whence they could hear the cries of one of their neighbours, who was dragged out of his house, tied up to a thorn-tree, and while one yeoman continued flogging him, another was throwing water on his back. The groans of the unfortunate sufferer, from the stillness of the night, reverberated widely through the appalled neighbourhood; and the spot of execution these men represented to have appeared next morning "as if a pig had been killed." . . .

Having halted here for some time, they proceeded three miles farther, and came in sight of the insurgents collected in great numbers on the hill of Oulart, distant about ten miles from Wexford. Colonel Foote, of the North Cork, seeing their position so strong and commanding, thought it advisable not to attack them; but Major Lombard, of the same regiment, being of a contrary opinion, orders were given to burn two houses situated in a hollow between the army and the insurgents, and Mr. Turner volunteered his service for that purpose. This was done with a view to stimulate to revenge, and thus, if possible, to induce them to abandon the advantage of their situation. This feint, however, not succeeding, and Colonel Foote still persisting in his opinion, Major Lombard immediately addressed the soldiers in terms animating them at once to attack the insurgents, who, he said, would fly at their approach. His words had the effect of making them advance. They descended from the small eminence which they occupied, crossed the valley between, and began to ascend the hill of Oulart, while the Shilmalier cavalry took a circuitous route round the hill to the left, with

the intention of preventing a retreat; but in fact they caused numbers to rally who attempted to run off on perceiving the approach of a serious engagement. This also contributed to make the insurgents rush in greater numbers, and with accumulated force on the North Cork, who were charging up the hill. They had fired but two volleys when they were totally discomfited. This success of the insurgents was much promoted by the address of a servant boy, who, as the military were ascending the hill, advised such of the insurgents as were then about him to lie down under cover of the ditches, and wait the close approach of the military. By this manœuvre these were suddenly surprised by a force not greatly outnumbering themselves; but the impetuosity of the attack occasioned their total overthrow, while the fact was at the instant utterly unknown to the great body of the insurgents, who attended their commanders on the other side of the hill. Of the North Cork party, Major Lombard, the Hon. Captain De Courcey, Lieutenants Williams, Ware, Barry, and Ensign Keogh, were left on the field of battle. In short, none escaped except Colonel Foote, a sergeant who mounted the major's horse, a drummer, and two privates. . . .

The rising of the people in the county of Wexford took place in the direction from Carnew to Oulart, for fear, as they alleged, of being whipped, burned, or exterminated by the Orangemen; hearing of the numbers of the people that were put to death, unarmed and unoffending, through the country—the deliberate massacres and shooting of eight-and-twenty prisoners in the ball-alley of Carnew without trial, and some under

sentence of transportation, who stopped there on their way to Geneva. Among these was a Mr. William Young, a Protestant, who was ordered to be transported by a military tribunal. At Dunlavin, three men were shot without trial, and among them the informer on whose evidence they were arrested. Strange to tell, officers presided to sanction these proceedings. A man escaped by feigning to be killed; he was one out of eighteen of the corps of Captain Saunders, of Saunders'-grove, Baltinglass. These reports, together with all the dreadful accounts from the county of Kildare, roused their minds to the utmost pitch of alarm, indignation, and fury. They were forming from the evening of the 28th during the whole of the night, in two bodies. One assembled on Kilthomas Hill, against whom marched from Carnew, on the morning of the 27th, a body of yeomen cavalry and infantry, who proceeded boldly up the hill, where the insurgents possessed a strong and commanding situation if they knew how to take advantage of it; but they were panic-struck, and fled at the approach of the military, who pursued them with great slaughter. They spared no man they met, and burned at least 100 houses in the course of a march of seven miles. . . .

The Rev. Michael Murphy had been so alarmed on hearing of the rising of the people, that he fled into the town of Gorey early on Wednesday. On his arrival, not finding Mr. Kenny, with whom he had lodged there, he was induced to return for him and his family, for which purpose, not being able to procure a driver, he himself led a horse and car, and pursued a by-road, to get, if possible, unobserved into Ballecanew, by

which means he did not meet some yeomen and others that had gone on the high road to Gorey after they had torn up the altar, broken the windows, and otherwise damaged the Roman Catholic chapel, uttering the most violent threats against the priest and his flock, which specimens were very unlikely to remove the dreadful reports of the intended extermination of the Catholics. These depredations had so much weight on the Rev. Michael Murphy as to induce him to alter his original intentions not to fly to such men for protection, and he was then led on by the multitude to Kilthomas Hill; the Rev. John Murphy had, from similar unforeseen occurrences, joined the insurgents. These two clergymen had been remarkable for their exhortations and exertions against the system of United Irishmen, until they were thus whirled into this political vortex, which, from all the information I have been able to collect, they undertook under the apprehension of extermination.

The Rev. John Murphy was acting coadjutor of the parish of Monageer, and impressed with horror at the desolation around him, took up arms with the people, representing to them that they had better die courageously in the field than to be butchered in their houses. The insurgents in this quarter now began their career by imitating the example that had been set before them. They commenced burning the houses of those who were most obnoxious to them. Every gentleman's house in the country was summoned to surrender their arms, and where any resistance was offered, the house was attacked, plundered, and burned, and most of the inhabitants killed in the conflict. The Camolin cavalry were the first that attacked these insurgents: in the action, Lieu-

tenant Bookey and some privates lost their lives—the rest retreated to Gorey. On the 27th of May, Captain Hawtrey White led out two troops of horse from Gorey, determined to revenge the death of their companions. They came in sight of the insurgents on the north side of the hill of Oulart; but they appeared in such force that they thought it not prudent to attack them, but returned to Gorey, burning the houses of suspected persons, and putting every straggler to death on their way. Numbers were called to their doors and shot, while many more met the like fate within their houses, and some even that were asleep.

The military at length were overpowered by the impetuosity and intrepidity of the insurgents, many of whom fell in the gallant defence made against them; but the soldiers having no cannon to support them, and the surburbs of the town being on fire in several places, they at last sounded a retreat. Whilst the town was thus circumstanced, a proposal was made to Captain Snowe to put the prisoners to death before the evacuation of the place; but he, like a truly brave man, would not listen to such a diabolical proposal, and rejected it with scorn and abhorrence; notwithstanding which, a party went to the castle, determined to put all confined therein to death. An ineffectual attempt was made to break open the door. The town of Enniscorthy was taken on the 28th of May, 1798. Captain John Pounden, of the Enniscorthy supplementary infantry, Lieutenant Hunt, of the Enniscorthy yeomen, and Lieutenant Carden, of the Scarawalsh infantry, with about eighty of the military, and some supplementary men, fell in this action. A regular retreat being sounded,

gave the military an opportunity of bringing away their families and friends, together with a great many men, women, and children, who proceeded in the best manner they could to Wexford. The only opinion prevailing in the latter town for some hours was, that Enniscorthy and all its inhabitants were totally destroyed. . . . Officers had been induced to tear off their epaulettes and every other mark that could distinguish them from the privates, considering themselves in more danger if they were recognized as officers. However, not being attacked, there was sufficient leisure to escort those that accompanied them, and who were in such piteous plight as to excite on their arrival the hearty commiseration of all the inhabitants of Wexford, who invited them indiscriminately to their houses, and supplied them with every comfort and necessary in their power, and of which they stood so much in need.

The insurgents, after having taken Enniscorthy on the 28th, encamped that evening on Vinegar Hill. Several parties were despatched from thence during the night to bring in all the respectable persons remaining in the county, with menaces of death in case of refusal, their recent success having rendered them altogether imperious. One party was particularly directed to Newcastle for Mr. John Hay, in whose professional talents they placed great confidence, as he had been an officer in the French service. On being summoned out of his bed to come to camp, he endeavoured to expostulate, but all in vain; and at last he absolutely refused going, notwithstanding the most violent threats uttered against him. At length, however, menaces proceeded to such extremity, that his house should be

set on fire, and he and his family consumed within it; and preparations were instantly making to put their threats into actual execution, when, turning with looks of anguish and despair towards his wife and daughter, whom he loved most passionately, with the tenderest emotions he surrendered his judgment for their safety, and was led to Vinegar Hill, where he met several who had been summoned thither out of their beds as unexpectedly as himself; for as the military had abandoned the whole county, the insurgents, who were now the generality of the people, had every one who remained under uncontrollable command. Mr. John Hay, finding upon inquiry that the multitude had no ammunition, no warlike stores for any degree of preparation, strongly remonstrated on their defenceless situation, representing that they could not possibly stand against a regularly appointed military force, as any soldiery knowing their duty must cut them to pieces. Various and confused were the consultations that ensued in this tumultuous assemblage. It was at once proposed by different persons to attack Ross, Newtownbarry, and Gorey, as each lay more contiguous to their several homes, for Wexford was then considered too formidable to be at all attempted; while others laboured to persuade the whole body to proceed to their respective neighbourhoods to protect them from the ravages of the military; and each party persisted so obstinately in their several determinations as not to yield or listen to any reasoning from another side, in opposition to their favourite opinions: no kind of concert, no unity of design, no sort of discipline or organization appearing to influence their councils or their conduct, which distrac-

tion sufficiently indicates that no pre-concerted or any digested plan of insurrection existed in the county previous to the rising, for in such case the populace would have been rendered, in some degree at least, subordinate to some constituted authority; whereas they now acted, even after considerable success, not obedient to any control, but with the greatest anarchy, violence, and confusion. In fine, each individual dreaded the devastation of his house or his property: most of the multitude was dispersed, and on their way to their several homes in all directions from Vinegar Hill, when some of them met Messrs. Fitzgerald and Colclough (whose arrests were publicly known) near the village of St. John's, and finding them liberated and sent out to them, they were immediately welcomed by a general shout, which, communicating from one to another like electricity, was re-echoed all the way to Enniscorthy, and so on to the top of Vinegar Hill, and thence through all the county round. The reverberation of the shouts thus widely diffused arrested the attention of the astonished multitude, who instantly returned to discover the cause of such sudden exultation; so that when the deputed gentlemen arrived on Vinegar Hill, the camp, so deserted but a moment before, now became as thronged as ever. Were it not sufficiently established by the universal acknowledgment of all the inhabitants of the county of Wexford, officers and men, who bore a part in this insurrection, that there was no concert between this rising and the plan of a general insurrection in and about Dublin, and that it was no more than a tumultuary and momentary exertion of popular resistance to a state of things found or considered un-

supportable, the sole object of which was an attempt to get rid of oppression, and to retaliate with equal violence what they had been for some time experiencing; this inclination of each man, and every body of men, to return home and apply the general force to the correction of their individual sufferings, would furnish a strong proof of the fact, as otherwise the idea of some general system, however confused, would be floating in their imagination; and it is the confirmed opinion of most impartial people that I have heard discuss the subject, that the insurrection in the county of Wexford must have subsided at that period but for this intelligence extraordinary from the town by the deputation of the prisoners, who, of necessity, informed the people that they had been liberated, and sent out for the express purpose of remonstrating with them; for this served only to concentrate their wavering opinions, and to point to some object their previously fluctuating determinations. It was but the resolution of a moment to march in a body to attack Wexford. Mr. Fitzgerald they detained in the camp, and Mr. Colclough they sent back to announce their hostile intentions.

Mr. Colclough arrived in Wexford early in the evening, and waited in the bull-ring (a small square in the town so denominated) until the officers and other gentlemen in the place had there assembled, when he informed them in a very audible voice, from on horseback, that having gone out, according to their directions, to the insurgents on Vinegar Hill, he found, as he had already suggested before his departure, that he possessed no influence with the people, who had ordered him to return and announce their determination of

marching to the attack of Wexford; adding, that they had detained Mr. Fitzgerald. Mr. Colclough then requested to be informed if it was intended to make further trial of his services, or to require his longer attendance, as otherwise they must be sensible how eager he must be to relieve the anxiety of his family by his presence.

The insurgents were now encamped on the Three-rocks, the end of the low ridge of the mountain of Forth, about three miles from Wexford, and did not seem so willing to advance as was apprehended in the town.

General Fawcett having ordered his forces to follow, set out alone for Duncannon Fort on the evening of the 29th, and stopped at Taghmon, where he lay down to rest until his advanced guard should arrive. Captain Adams, of the Meath militia, with seventy men of his regiment, and Lieutenant Birch, of the artillery, with two howitzers, arrived from Duncannon Fort in the course of the night at Taghmon, where not finding, as they expected, the 13th regiment or Meath militia, and not knowing anything about the general, after a short halt they marched on towards Wexford, apprehending no kind of interruption. They had already ascended the road along the side of the mountain of Forth, when, perceived by the outposts of the insurgents, who poured down upon them with such rapidity that they were in a few minutes cut off, except Ensign Wade and sixteen privates who were taken prisoners. The magazine was blown up in the conflict, which circumstance rendered the howitzers not so great a prize as they otherwise would have been to the victors. General Fawcett, on getting out of bed, having learned the fate of his ad-

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vanced guard, ordered the 13th and the rest of the troops, who had by this time come up, to retreat to Duncannon Fort, whither he also set off in great haste himself.

From Wexford, in the course of the morning, vast crowds of people were observed assembling on the high ground over Ferrybank and the country side of the wooden bridge, which contributed not a little to heighten the alarm already prevailing in the town. The different posts on the town wall were guarded with the utmost vigilance, and entrusted to the protection of the yeomen infantry, supplementaries, and armed inhabitants, while the North Cork militia undertook to defend the barracks. It was expected that General Fawcett, now supposed on his march from Taghmon to Wexford, must fall in with the insurgents, and thus keep them so well employed on that side as to afford a favourable opportunity for a sally from the town to attack them on the other. It was therefore resolved to try the success of this manœuvre, and accordingly Colonel Maxwell, with two hundred of the Donegal militia, and Colonel Watson, with the Wexford, Enniscorthy, Taghmon, Healthfield, and Shilmalier yeomen cavalry, marched out to the encounter. They had advanced as far as Belmont, when Colonel Watson, eager to reconnoitre, proceeded up the hill farther than prudence would permit, and was shot from one of the outposts of the insurgents. The Donegal militia then retreated to Wexford, preceded by the cavalry, who pressed upon them very much along the road. Immediately after this a hasty council of war was held, at which it was determined to evacuate the town.

A general and gloomy consternation now prevailed —every countenance appeared clouded and distrustful; and every person was cautious and circumspect how he spoke or acted, as all confidence was entirely done away, and each individual thought only of his own personal safety. Some yeomen and supplementaries, who, during the whole of the morning, had been stationed in the street opposite the gaol, were heard continually to threaten to put all the prisoners to death, which so roused the attention of the gaoler to protect his charge that he barricaded the door; and, on hearing of a surrender, to manifest more strongly the sincerity of his intentions, he delivered up the key to Mr. Harvey. This gentleman was, indeed, so apprehensive of violence, that he had climbed up inside a chimney, where he had lain concealed a considerable time, when some gentlemen called upon him, but could not gain admittance until they gave the strongest assurances of their pacific intentions. Upon being admitted at length, they still found him up the chimney, and, while so situated, entreated him to go out to the camp of the insurgents and announce to them the surrender of the town, on condition that lives and properties should be spared. Mr. Harvey made answer, that as the insurgents on the Three-rocks were not from his neighbourhood, and as he was not himself at all known to them, he imagined that he could have no kind of influence with them; adding, that they might possibly consider him even as an enemy. He was then requested to write to them, which he declared himself willing to do in any manner that might be judged most advisable. When he had thus consented, it became a task of no little difficulty to bring

him out of his lurking-place, as in the descent his clothes were gathered up about his shoulders, so that it required good assistance to pull him out of the chimney by the heels. When he had arranged his apparel, and adjusted himself so as to put off the appearance of a chimney-sweeper, about two hours before the troops retreated from Wexford, Right Hon. George Ogle, captain of the Shilmalier infantry; Cornelius Grogan; John Grogan, captain of the Healthfield cavalry; James Boyd, captain of the Wexford cavalry; Soloman Richards, captain of the Enniscorthy cavalry; Isaac Cornock, captain of the Scarawalsh infantry; and Edward Turner, of the Shilmalier cavalry—all magistrates—along with Lieutenant-Colonel Colville, of the 13th regiment of foot, and Lieutenant-Colonel Foote, of the North Cork militia, visited Mr. Harvey in the gaol, and at their express request he wrote the following notice to the insurgents on the mountain of Forth:

"I have been treated in prison with all possible humanity, and am now at liberty. I have procured the liberty of all the prisoners. If you pretend to Christian charity, do not commit massacre or burn the property of the inhabitants, and spare your prisoners' lives.

"B. B. HARVEY.

"Wednesday, 30th May, 1798."

Dr. Jacob then proposed the enterprise to his corps, and Counsellor Richards, with his brother, Mr. Loftus Richards, were appointed to go out to the Three-rocks on this expedition, to announce the surrender of the town to the insurgents, whose camp they reached in safety, though clad in full uniform. Scarcely had these deputies set out upon their mission when all the

military corps, a part of one only excepted, made the best of their way out of the town. Every individual of them seemed to partake of a general panic, and set off whithersoever they imagined they could find safety, without even acquainting their neighbours on duty of their intentions. The principal inhabitants whose services had been accepted of for the defence of the town were mostly Catholics, and, according to the prevalent system, were subject to the greatest insults and reflections. They were always placed in front of the posts, and cautioned to behave well, or that death should be the consequence. Accordingly persons were placed behind them to keep them to their duty, and these were so watchful to their charge, that they would not even permit them to turn about their heads; and yet these determined heroes were the very first to run off on the apprehended approach of real danger.

It has been already observed, that thousands of people were seen to assemble during the entire morning on a hill over Ferrybank, marching and countermarching in hostile appearance, and seemingly waiting only for the moment that the town would be abandoned by the military to take possession of it themselves; but their entrance when this took place was retarded until boards were procured to supply the place of the flooring of the wooden bridge where it had been burned. In the meantime, Messrs. Richards, after having run great risk, arrived at the camp at Three-rocks, and making known that they were deputed to inform the people that the town of Wexford would be surrendered to them on conditions of sparing lives and properties, these terms would not be complied with unless the arms

and ammunition of the garrison were also surrendered. Mr. Loftus Richards was therefore detained as a hostage, and Counsellor Richards and Mr. Fitzgerald were sent back to the town to settle and arrange the articles of capitulation; but those gentlemen, on their arrival, to their great astonishment, found the place abandoned by the military. The bridge being at this time nearly made passable, the vast concourse of people that had collected at the other side of the Slaney was just ready to pour in and take unconditional possession of the town. It was therefore necessary to treat with these (it being yet unknown who they were), in order to prevent the mischiefs likely to ensue from such a tumultuary influx of people. Dr. Jacob, then mayor of the town and captain of the Wexford infantry, therefore entreated Mr. Fitzgerald to move towards the bridge and announce to the people rushing in that the town was surrendered, and to use every other argument that his prudence might suggest to make their entry as peaceable as possible. Mr. Fitzgerald complied, and instantly after this communication thousands of people poured into the town over the wooden bridge, shouting and exhibiting all marks of extravagant and victorious exultation. They first proceeded to the gaol, released all the prisoners, and insisted that Mr. Harvey should become their commander. All the houses in town not abandoned by the inhabitants now became decorated with green boughs, or green ornaments of one description or another.

The insurgents having now got complete possession of the town of Wexford, many persons who had been yeomen, after having thrown off their uniforms, affected

a cordial welcome for them, and endeavoured, by an exhibition of all the signs and emblems of the United Irishmen, to convince them of their sworn friendship; and it is indeed not a little remarkable that many of those who, in this change of affairs, boldly marched out as occasion demanded to meet the king's forces, now displayed themselves as staunch Orangemen of unimpeachable loyalty.

Those of the military who first retreated from Wexford were part of the North Cork regiment, commanded by Captain Snowe, and the Scarawalsh infantry, under Captain Cornock. These in their flight met Mr. Colclough with his lady in a phæton, coming to release Mr. Harvey by taking his place in the gaol, according to his promise the preceding evening. On falling in with the troops, Mr. and Mrs. Colclough were ordered to wheel about, and led along, while swords drawn and pistols cocked threatened their lives on either side if the people should attempt to attack the military. Mr. Colclough was frequently ordered to stand up and wave his hat to several groups who were seen collected on the rising grounds, led by curiosity, from the disturbed state of the country, to observe what was going forward. . . . The last of the military that left Wexford were the Donegal militia, commanded by Colonel Maxwell, accompanied by Colonel Colville, Captain Younge, and Lieutenant Soden, of the 13th foot; the remaining part of the North Cork regiment, headed by Colonel Foote, the Shilmalier yeomen infantry, under the Right Hon. George Ogle, and the Enniscorthy infantry, under Captain Pounden, with some of the Wexford infantry, some of the Wexford Shilmalier, and

Enniscorthy cavalry; and the rear was brought up by the Healthfield cavalry, under Captain John Grogan, who covered the retreat. These were followed and overtaken by Captain Boyd and a few of his troop, who pushed forward till they came up with the van of the retreaters as before related. . . .

The first victims of military fury, however, on the retreat, were two men found with arms in a house in Wexford, near where the Shilmalier yeomen infantry, commanded by the Right Hon. George Ogle, had been stationed in the town. These upon the evacuation were brought away by the corps and shot at Maglass, where the soldiers, giving a loose to their rage, pursued the unoffending populace, and shot numbers of them who endeavoured to conceal themselves in the ditches, which were well searched for their discovery. The Roman Catholic chapel of Maglass was set on fire, as were a great many other houses in the course of their march, while others were plundered, and not a countryman that was seen and overtaken could escape being sacrificed to military vengeance; nay, not unfrequently did neither feminine weakness afford protection, as they obtained in several instances no mercy from the indiscriminate fury of the retreating troops, who immolated some of the women and children of the affrighted peasantry as they fell in their way. These acts of unprovoked, cold-blooded, and unmanly cruelty were avenged on the poor stragglers who were by any casualty separated from the retreating body, as the exasperated country people, goaded as they had been, considered every person in a military garb as a sanguinary and relentless enemy. Several soldiers who had been followed by

their wives and children were induced to stay behind to afford them assistance on so distressing a march, which cost many of them their lives; but none of the women or children was intentionally hurt by the people—even some children who were abandoned by or lost their parents on this occasion are still remaining in the county, cherished and protected by the inhabitants.

The military stationed at Gorey made constant sallies, in the course of which through the country they plundered and burned many houses, and shot several stragglers who happened to fall in their way. This provoked the insurgents to vie with their opponents in this mode of warfare, and retaliation has, on this as well as on every other occasion, produced many woeful scenes. Enormities in fact were committed on both sides, which, among their many lamentable consequences, tended to exasperate the party animosities already too powerfully destructive of the peace and happiness of the country. At this time reinforcements were every day crowding into Gorey. On the 3rd of June, General Loftus arrived there with 1,500 men under his command, as did also Colonel Walpole from Carnew, whence he had several times gone out to reconnoitre the camp at Carrigrew. A determination was formed to attack this on the 4th, with the force then in Gorey, with which the troops from Carnew and Newtonbarry were to co-operate, so as to engage the insurgents on all sides; and from these arrangements, and considering the force that was to act against them, little doubt was entertained of their total and speedy defeat. The army from Gorey marched out at the appointed time and formed into two divisions—the one under General Loftus took route towards Bally-

canew, while the other, commanded by Colonel Walpole, proceeded by the Camolin road directly to commence the concerted attack on Carrigrew. The insurgents had however quitted this post, and were in full march towards Gorey, when they suddenly and unawares fell in with this military body under Colonel Walpole, at a place called Tubberneering. The meeting was equally unexpected on both sides, and this circumstance, no less true than extraordinary, neither party having any scouts, produced an instantaneous and confused action, in which Colonel Walpole was killed in a few minutes after its commencement, and his troops immediately gave way and fled in the utmost precipitation and disorder, leaving the victors in possession of three pieces of cannon, two six-pounders and another of inferior size. The fate of this action was so quickly decided as to allow General Loftus not the smallest opportunity of affording the troops under Colonel Walpole any assistance. The loss of the military in killed and wounded was considerable, besides Captain M'Manus, Lieutenant Hogg, and Ensign Barry, of the Antrim militia, with many privates taken prisoners. The rest, in the greatest possible haste, being pursued by the insurgents, reached Gorey, which they as quickly passed through. . . .

The retreat was thence very precipitate to Arklow, where a council of war was hastily held, at which it was as hastily determined to abandon the town; and this was accordingly put in execution. Some were so panic-struck that they did not stop till they reached Dublin; but others stopped at different distances, when their horses or themselves were not able to proceed farther. . . .

The insurgents were now in possession of the whole of the county of Wexford, except the fort of Duncannon, the towns of Ross and Newtownbarry, and were at perfect liberty, if they pursued their advantages, to seize upon Carnew, and also to enter Arklow, situated in the county of Wicklow; and what consequences might have ensued are now incalculable.

On the evening of the 4th of June, the insurgents stationed on the hill of Carrickbyrne, whither the Taghmon encampment, as has been observed, was transferred on the 1st, now proceeded to Corbet Hill, within a mile of the town of Ross, the garrison of which had lately received great reinforcements by the arrival there of the Donegal, Clare, and Meath regiments of militia, a detachment of English and Irish artillery, the 5th dragoons, the Mid-Lothian fencibles, and on this very evening the county of Dublin regiment of militia considerably added to its force, which upon the whole amounted to 1,200 men, exclusive of the yeomen—all under the command of Major-General Johnston, who expected an attack during the night, and consequently the troops remained under arms without being allowed to take any repose. The insurgents, led by their commander-in-chief, Mr. Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, a little after their arrival on Corbet Hill, were saluted with a few cannon-shot and bomb-shells from the town, without producing any other effect than that of increasing their vigilance. Mr. Harvey and his principal officers took up their quarters in the house of Corbet Hill, where, being regaled with an excellent supper and exquisite wines, they were so well pleased with their cheer, and so far forgot their prudence as commanders, that they had

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scarcely time to fall asleep since the moment of their retirement until they were roused by the orders they had given in their sober moments to commence the attack at break of day. Mr. Furlong was immediately despatched with a flag of truce and a summons to surrender to the commanding officer in Ross, on the 5th of June, 1798.

Mr. Furlong was shot the moment he approached the outposts, which so exasperated the people, that they could not be restrained from instantly rushing on to attack the Three-bullet gate, being the part of the town next to them; and this it was that principally prevented the concerted plan of assault from being carried into execution, as three divisions of their forces were to have begun their operations against different parts of the town at the same time. This particular division therefore not waiting till the other two should have reached their several stations of action, the latter not only did not proceed, but were seized with such a panic that they dispersed all over the country, flying in all directions to their several homes, and bearing as they went along the tidings of a total defeat; and this derout was in a great degree occasioned by the example of one of the divisional commanders, who, without the least effort to answer the intent of his appointment, turned away from the action, and rode hastily homeward. Even in the town of Wexford, nineteen miles distant from Ross, the news of the defeat was announced at an early hour of the day by many fugitives who had taken that direction, relating various and strange adventures to account for their own precipitate flight. One-fourth of the numbers that encamped on Corbet Hill the evening before did not stand

in the morning of the day of action; so that even the division that commenced and afterwards continued the assault was by no means complete, numbers of those who constituted it having also abandoned their stations, which were far from being adequately supplied by such of the two panic-struck divisions as had the courage and resolution to join in the battle then going forward, and in its greatest heat. From this statement, however, it must appear that no plan was pursued in the attack by the insurgents, but that whatever they accomplished in the onset must have been from individual courage and intrepidity. They first dislodged the army from behind the walls and ditches, where they were very advantageously posted; and on this occasion the cavalry in their charges were repulsed with considerable loss, Cornet Dodwell and twenty-seven men of the 5th dragoons having fallen in the first onset. The military then retreated into the town through the Three-bullet gate, pursued hot-foot by the insurgents, who obliged them to move from one situation to another, until they at last drove them over the wooden bridge on the Barrow into the county of Kilkenny. The main-guard at the market-house, however, consisting of a sergeant and fifteen men, not only maintained their situation, but even defended it with uncommon bravery and resolution, having two swivels to support them. . . . When the insurgents had thus got possession of the town, they fell to plundering and drinking, on which they became so intent that they could not be brought to follow up their advantage. In the meantime, the army rallied on the county of Kilkenny side of the bridge; and although a retreat was before determined on, yet they were induced to return upon

perceiving that there was no pursuit; and besides they were powerfully instigated to this by the spirited exhortations of Messrs. M'Cormick and Devereux, two yeomen not possessed of any command, but the display of whose active courage and intrepidity contributed in a great degree to turn the fate of the day, and to whose real merit every praise is justly due on this occasion, wherein few officers distinguished themselves, as may be fairly concluded from the official returns of the killed and wounded, these casualties in regard to the officers not bearing due proportion to those of the private men, which could hardly be the case had the former maintained their stations with becoming firmness. The county of Dublin militia, on hearing of the death of their favourite colonel, Lord Mountjoy (who was killed early in the day at the Three-bullet gate), were the first to renew the attack under the command of Major Vesey. Their example was followed by the rest of the troops, and their united efforts shortly compelled such of the insurgents as were not too drunk to fly out of the town, of which they had been by this time some hours in possession. Having respired a little, however, from their hasty retreat, which in a great degree made them sober, they again returned to the charge, and the contest which now ensued was maintained on both sides with great obstinacy, both parties being induced by experience of the former encounter not to relax their exertions. The intrepidity of the insurgents was truly remarkable, as notwithstanding the dreadful havoc made in their ranks by the artillery, they rushed up to the very mouths of the cannon, regardless of the numbers that were falling on all sides of them, and pushed forward with such impetu-

osity that they obliged the army to retire once more and leave the town to themselves. But even after this they soon fell into the misconduct as before, crowning their bravery with drunkenness. Of this the proper advantage was quickly taken by the army, who again renewed the attack, by which they finally became masters of the town. Several houses were set on fire and consumed in the course of this and the former attack, but one of these deserves particular attention: this was a slated house, four stories high, on the summit of the main street, near the church, in which seventy-five persons were burned to ashes, none having escaped but one man, who on running away was fortunate to get clear of the fire of the soldiery.—(*Vide* Hay's "History of the Insurrection in the County Wexford," p. 152.)[1]

[1] Let it be borne in mind that it was by the fugitive insurgents who had fled from New Ross, and by the terrified people who fled to their camp on Corbet's Hill from the massacre in cold blood after the fighting had ceased, that the atrocity at Scullabogue was committed. The battle of New Ross, of the 5th of June, 1798, was the most serious of all the engagements that took place between the United Irishmen and the king's troops. George Taylor in his account of the Wexford rebellion estimates the loss of the rebels at *seven thousand!* The Rev. Mr. Gordon estimates their loss at about two thousand; "and the loss of the king's troops, in killed, wounded, and missing, two hundred and thirty, of which ninety lay dead on the scene of action." The army, the day before the battle, he states, consisted of about twelve hundred men. In the various descents made by the rebels from their camp at Corbet's Hill on New Ross, on the 5th of June, denominated a battle, five thousand of the insurgents never made their appearance in the town. The rebel hero of this battle was John Kelly of Killan. Hay says it is impossible to estimate the number of the insurgents slain on the 5th of June in New Ross, as "the number of dead are said to be doubly accumulated by those who were killed unarmed and unresisting after all was over." The reported number of their slain in battle, he says, was from five

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Mention has been made in this narrative of Father Michael Murphy of Ballycanow being driven from his parish by the atrocious acts of the armed Orangemen of that district, and being led, in utter despair of protection for himself or the people of his parish, to join the insurgents. The insurgents whom he joined had marched from Gorey Hill to Coolgraney. The military at Coolgraney having full notice of the approach, were very advantageously posted, without which they could not have resisted the impetuous attack made upon them; however, they were obliged to retire somewhat from their original positions. In a violent effort to gain the upper end of the town, the Rev. Michael Murphy, who led on the

hundred to two thousand. My own careful inquiries on the spot, recently made, tend to confirm Hay's statement. My informants were two of the surviving witnesses of the battle of New Ross—one of eighty-four, the other of eighty-six years of age—both highly intelligent and clear in their remembrance of the general facts of the several skirmishes of that day; yet differing very materially in their estimates of the numbers actually slain in action. They agreed, however, in one particular—namely, that after the battle was entirely over, as many were shot and suffocated in the burned cabins and houses, from four o'clock in the afternoon till night, and were hanged the next day, as were killed in the fight. I visited the spot where their bodies were thrown into a hole on the side of a hill facing the town, immediately below the Carmelite convent; the total number of the dead bodies of rebels killed fighting, and of the people killed in cold blood by the troops after the fighting was over, which were thrown into this pit, was "six hundred and odd," I was informed by one of the persons I have referred to, who lived near the place and saw the bodies thrown in, and had to draw one of the cars employed in carrying them to this place.—R. R. M.

insurgents on that side, fell; and this stopped the progress of the attempt.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon, in reference to this event, observes:

Many instances might be given of men who, at the hazard of their own lives, concealed and maintained loyalists until the storm passed away; on the other hand, many might be given of cruelties committed by persons not natives of Ireland. I shall mention only one act, not of what I shall call cruelty, since no pain was inflicted, but ferocity not calculated to soften the rancour of the insurgents. Some soldiers of the Ancient British regiment cut open the dead body of Father Michael Murphy after the battle of Arklow, took out his heart, roasted his body, and oiled their boots with the grease which dripped from it. Mr. Gregory Taylor, in his historical account of the Wexford rebellion (page 136) says: "Lord Mountnorris and some of his troop, in viewing the scene of action, found the body of the perfidious priest Murphy, who so much deceived him and the country. Being exasperated, his lordship ordered the head to be struck off, and his body to be thrown into a house that was burning, exclaiming, 'Let his body go where his soul is.'" I hope that the writer was misinformed, and that the noble earl, remarkable for his liberality to Romanists, was not the author of this act.—*Vide* Gordon's "Hist. of Rebellion," p. 212.

In the meantime, Wexford, which had been taken by the insurgents on the 30th of May, was surrendered to the king's troops on the 23rd of June.

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Relying on the faith of Lord Kingsborough's promises of complete protection of persons and properties (we are told by Hay), several remained in the town of Wexford, unconscious of any reason to apprehend danger, but they were soon taken up and committed to gaol. The Rev. Philip Roach had such confidence in these assurances, and was so certain of obtaining similar terms for those under his command, that he left his force at Sledagh, in full hopes of being permitted to return in peace to their homes, and was on his way to Wexford unarmed, coming as he thought to receive a confirmation of the conditions, and so little apprehensive of danger that he advanced within the lines before he was recognised, when all possibility of escape was at an end. He was instantly dragged from his horse, and in the most ignominious manner taken up to the camp on the Windmill Hills, pulled by the hair, kicked, buffeted, and at length hauled down to the gaol in such a condition as scarcely to be known. The people whom he left in expectation of being permitted to return quietly home, waited his arrival; but at last being informed of his fate, they abandoned all idea of peace, and set off under the command of the Rev. John Murphy to Fook's Mill, and so on through Scollaghgap into the county of Carlow. . . .

From the encampment at Ballenkeele, commanded by General Needham, detachments were sent out to scour the country. They burned the Catholic chapel of Bellemurrin, situate on the demesne of Ballenkeele, on which they were encamped, besides several houses in the neighbourhood. The principal of these was that of Newpark, the seat of Mr. Fitzgerald, which, along with

all the out-offices, haggard of corn, by far the largest in the county of Wexford, a malt-house containing fifteen hundred barrels of malt and a thousand barrels of barley, were entirely consumed; as were also the house, offices, and malt-house, containing a thousand barrels of malt, at Ballimore, belonging to Mr. Edmund Stafford, mistaken, as I have been informed, for the dwelling and property of General Edward Roach, besides a great number of houses of inferior note. In short, death and desolation were spread throughout the country, which was searched and hunted so that scarcely a man escaped; and the old, who were feeble and decrepid with age, and who could not therefore easily move out of the way, as well as the idiots or fools, were the victims on this occasion, as almost all such as had the use of their limbs and intellects had previously made off with the main body of the people. The dead bodies were to be seen scattered about, with their throats cut across and mangled in the most shocking manner. It is scarcely possible to describe all the horrors and devastations that took place, as all the atrocities of war were most woefully exhibited. The fair sex became the prey of the lustful soldiery; and female beauty, which at all other times may be considered a blessing, now became a curse, as woman paid dearly for her personal charms, which failed not to augment the general brutality of these odious and detestable deeds! The Hompesch dragoons are held in peculiar remembrance on this occasion. Indeed the ferocity of the soldiery in general was such at this period, that the women and children through the country even now are worked up to the highest pitch of horror at the sight of a military man, as bringing to their recollec-

tion all the barbarous scenes of which they had been formerly witnesses. Notwithstanding the abominations of the vilest of pikemen, it is a well-established fact, that during the period of their uncontrollable sway no female —not even one of the wives or daughters of those whom they considered their greatest enemies—ever suffered any kind of violation from them; and their general respect for the sex is as true as it is wonderful; and their forbearance in this particular is as remarkably civilized as the conduct of the troops was savage, sparing neither friend nor foe in their indiscriminate and licentious brutality.—(*Vide* Hay's "History of Rebellion," p. 170.)

The last engagement of importance, fought on the 21st of June, 1798, the battle of Vinegar Hill, is thus described by Sir Jonah Barrington in his "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation:"

Vinegar Hill is a beautiful, verdant, low mountain; the river Slaney rolls smoothly at its feet on the one side, and the large town of Enniscorthy lies immediately under its base upon another; at one point the ascent is rather steep, on the others, gradual; the top is crowned by a dilapidated stone building. The hill is extensive, and completely commands the town and most of the approaches to it; the country around it is rich, and sufficiently wooded, and studded with country seats and lodges. Few spots in Ireland, under all its circumstances, can this moment be more interesting to a traveller. On the summit of this hill the insurgents had collected the remains of their Wexford army; the number may be conjectured from General Lake deciding that 20,000 regular troops were necessary for the attack.

The peasantry had dug a slight ditch around a large extent of the base; they had a very few pieces of small half-disabled cannon, some swivels, and not above two thousand firearms of all descriptions. But their situation was desperate; and General Lake considered that two thousand firearms, in the hands of infuriated and courageous men, supported by multitudes of pikemen, might be equal to ten times the number under other circumstances. A great many women mingled with their relatives, and fought with fury; several were found dead amongst the men, who had fallen in crowds by the bursting of the shells.

The circumstantial details of the battle, however interesting, are too numerous for this volume; a few, however, are necessary.

General Lake, at the break of day, disposed his attack in four columns, whilst his cavalry were prepared to do execution on the fugitives. One of the columns (whether by accident or design is strongly debated) did not arrive in time at its station, by which the insurgents were enabled to retreat to Wexford, through a country where they could not be pursued by cavalry or cannon. It was astonishing with what fortitude the peasantry, uncovered, stood the tremendous fire opened upon the four sides of their position: a stream of shells and grape was poured on the multitude; the leaders encouraged them by exhortations, the women by their cries, and every shell that broke amongst the crowd was followed by shouts of defiance. General Lake's horse was shot, many officers wounded, some killed, and a few gentlemen became invisible during the heat of the battle. The troops advanced gradually but steadily up the hill; the

peasantry kept up their fire, and maintained their ground, their cannon was nearly useless, their powder deficient, but they died fighting at their post. At length, enveloped in a torrent of fire, they broke, and sought their safety through the space that General Needham had left by the non-arrival of his column. They were partially charged by some cavalry, but with little execution; they retreated to Wexford, and that night occupied the town.

During the battle, the pike and blunderbuss were in constant exercise; both parties had committed great slaughter in cold blood, under the milder term of retaliation. Previous to that battle, Enniscorthy had been twice stormed; every street in it had streamed with blood; many hundred houses had been burned, and the combatants had been hand in hand in the midst of flames and falling edifices. It is asserted that 87 wounded peasants, whom the king's army had found on taking the town in the market-house, used as an hospital, had been burned alive, and that in retaliation the insurgents burned above 100 royalists in a barn at Scullabogue.

Sir Jonah makes some observations worthy of attention in relation to the Wexford movement in 1798:

The attacks on the royal garrisons in Kildare and Dublin counties were in many places unsuccessful; on other points the insurgents entirely succeeded, and no quarter was granted on either side. The town of Prosperous was taken, and the garrison were killed by the peasantry.

On the Wexford side, the insurgents at first were al-

most uniformly successful; they took Wexford without resistance; the garrison retreated with much fighting and some loss. Enniscorthy was stormed by the peasantry, and, after a desperate conflict, most of the town was burned, and a great portion of the garrison cut to pieces; the residue escaped with great difficulty through the flames. The victory was complete, and gave them the possession of that fine position, Vinegar Hill, and the total command of an extensive country.

Major Foote, advancing too confidently with a detachment to Oulart, was totally defeated—only three of his corps escaped. Colonel Walpole, an inexperienced officer, solicited, and as a court favour obtained a command to attack the insurgent army near Gorey; but he was surprised by them near that town; many of the troops were destroyed, the colonel himself fell early in the action, the artillery was taken, and the whole corps were dispersed or taken prisoners. The town of Gorey was sacked and burned. General Fawcett's detachment was as unfortunate. He marched from Duncannon Fort to unite with other corps collecting to attack Wexford; but he was himself attacked at the Three-rocks Mountain, all his artillery was captured, he was utterly routed, and with difficulty got back to Duncannon with some relics of his corps.

In Kildare the success was alternate; but in most cases the regular troops had the advantage. Torrents of blood were shed, and every idea of mercy seemed exploded; acts of ferocity beyond belief were committed on both sides.

General Dundas confidently determined upon breaking a solid body of pikemen by the impetuosity and

weight of his heavy cavalry. The peasantry, in a deep, close column, and under the ruined church of Old Kilcullen, received them on their pikes. Two captains were killed, with many of the heavy cavalry, and the general escaped with difficulty. The same body was attacked again the same day with artillery, and quickly broken; but not till lanes had been repeatedly cut through them by round shot. . . .

This insurrection, which commenced on the 23rd of May, 1798, and concluded in a few months, produced a greater effusion of blood, more ferocity, and more devastation than ever were witnessed in Ireland within an equal period. Partial battles and skirmishes were incessant, but general engagements were not numerous.

It was generally in small bodies that the insurgents were successful. The principal battles were those of Arklow, Gorey, and Vinegar Hill, and the storming of Enniscorthy and Ross by the peasantry. At Arklow, in a regular line, the peasantry assailed a disciplined army in the field, and the result was a drawn battle. At Ross, after storming and gaining the town after ten hours' incessant fighting, they surrendered themselves to drunkenness and plunder, and were slaughtered in their inebriety.

At Vinegar Hill, the entrenchments were defended for several hours, though attacked by 20,000 regular troops, with ordnance; and the loss of the insurgents was disproportionately small. They retired unpursued, and soon formed another army, and marched to the very heart of Ireland.

At Gorey, Carnew, the Three-rocks, and numerous places where they fought in ambuscades, they always

succeeded; and had they confined themselves to desultory attacks and partizan warfare, they might soon have destroyed their local enemies, the yeomen, and wearied and exhausted the regular troops. After the storming of Gorey, had they succeeded in taking Arklow, they might have marched to the metropolis in one day.

To protect Arklow, therefore, was imperatively necessary; yet it was but poorly garrisoned, and totally unprovided with ammunition or provisions. The garrison was considerably less than 1,000 men—principally irregular troops—and not a field-work or other preparation had been made to defend the place. An old barrack, incapable of defence, was their only fortification; four pieces of field artillery their only ordnance; and a party of the Ancient Britons, commanded by Sir W. W. Wynne, and a few yeomen, their only cavalry. The insurgents had collected nearly 30,000 men at the ruined town of Gorey, within a few miles of Arklow, which they boldly but indiscreetly declared they would storm the ensuing morning. The alarm of the metropolis at this intelligence may be easily conceived. An immediate reinforcement of the garrison of Arklow could alone prevent an attack on Dublin and an insurrection of the populace. The Cavan militia, commanded by the present Lord Farnham, were instantly despatched to succour General Needham; but the distance being more than thirty miles, they were hurried off in every sort of vehicle, and even the carriages of the nobility and gentry were seized or tendered for the occasion.

This was the most regular engagement throughout the whole of the insurrection. The pikemen amounted to many thousands; the king's troops were under 1,500;

the fire-arms on each side were nearly equal in number, but those of the insurgents were of every calibre and description, whilst their powder was carried in horns or in the pocket, and was but scantily supplied.

The Cavan regiment arrived at the critical minute. The conflict was in a level field at the extremity of the town, the royal infantry being in a line on open ground, with two pieces of cannon at each wing. The peasantry with fire-arms were drawn up in a line exactly parallel, with a very low ditch in front, and two pieces of artillery on each flank; small flags of green and yellow waved in every part of their position. The fire began as regularly as between disciplined armies; no movements were made on either side. The pikemen formed a crescent on a range of hills just over the royalists, and waited for any disorder to rush down and annihilate them. An uninterrupted fire was kept up for some hours by both parties, without any manœuvre and with very little comparative execution. At length the insurgents dismounted one of the cannon of the royalists. . . .

The firing gradually slackened, and at length a very ferocious attack was made on the right wing by a large body of pikemen, led by Father Murphy; a four-pounder opened its fire, and Father Murphy received a ball which tore him to pieces. The insurgents, thus dispirited, advanced no farther; and after an effort on the left, repulsed by some Ancient Britons, they began to retreat, but without precipitation. The royal army did not think it prudent to pursue, but retired to their barracks, whilst the peasantry fell back unmolested to Gorey. Thus concluded a battle by no means the most sangui-

nary, but certainly one of the most important of the insurrection. Had the peasantry succeeded, they would have been reinforced every mile of their march to Dublin by the excited population of Wexford and Wicklow. Kildare, Meath, and Westmeath were in arms, and the capital itself had more than 30,000 organized United Irishmen within its walls, and however intrepidly defended, must have yielded in a river of blood to the innumerable hosts of its enthusiastic assailants. Their failure, however, in the principal attacks in Kildare and Wicklow had dispirited and disorganised a multitude without officers to direct them, and Ireland was thus saved. More than 30,000 peasantry were actually present at the battles of Ross and Arklow; and Wexford and Wicklow are by no means the most populous counties. At a very moderate computation, there were in Wexford and Wicklow at least 50,000 effective insurgents, either under arms or prepared to take up arms had their measures continued to be successful. Their courage and perseverance may be estimated by the extraordinary incidents of the battle of Ross, which lasted ten hours with alternate success, and in which they were finally conquered only by their insubordination and the incapacity of their leaders.

The battle of Ross, with respect to its incidents and extensive results, was one of the most important of the insurrection. Ross is surrounded on three sides by steep hills, and on the fourth by a river, dividing it from the southern counties, and having a long wooden bridge. The possession of Ross, therefore, would open a communication with the southern insurgents, who were prepared to rise *en masse* the moment their friends should

occupy that town; and the city of Waterford, and probably the whole of the western and southern counties, would have risen in their favour. Nearly 30,000 insurgents assembled on Corbet Hill, near the town of Ross. Their general, Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, was of all men probably the most unfit for so desperate an enterprise: his figure diminutive, his voice tremulous.

He was a Protestant barrister of fortune, good tempered, and of good private character, and was selected from being lord of Bargay Castle, and of considerable demesnes in the county of Wexford. Of individual courage he had sufficient, but of that manly, heroic intrepidity which converts danger into enthusiasm, and is indispensable to the leader of such an army and such a cause, he was altogether unsusceptible. The other officers were little better than himself; and an army of 30,000 intrepid, persevering insurgents could not produce one leader of sufficient tact or influence to guide and secure to them certain victory. Harvey and his aide-de-camp, Mr. Grey, a Protestant attorney, remained upon a neighbouring hill, inactive spectators during ten hours' incessant fighting.

Barrington might well say, had the rising been general in the other counties as it had been in Wexford, and had the insurgents possessed arms and officers to discipline and lead them, they would have rendered themselves masters of the kingdom.

"Wexford is only one of the thirty-two counties, by no means the most populous and far from the most extensive," and yet the 35,000 men who

rose in that one county offered such resistance to the king's troops that at least on four occasions it was considered by very able military men it was more than possible—nay, that it was highly probable—they would be successful.

When the insurgents surrounded Wexford, and the garrison was deemed by the authorities wholly insufficient for the defence of the town, a determination was come to to send some persons to treat with the insurgents who possessed their confidence. Among the prisoners then confined in the gaol of Wexford were three gentlemen of high station and respectability in the county, Messrs. Colclough, Fitzgerald, and Harvey. They had been arrested some days previously, by special orders sent to the Wexford authorities by Lord Castlereagh, as persons suspected of treasonable principles and intentions.

To Sir Jonah Barrington's communication to Mr. Secretary Cooke no doubt these orders may be ascribed. The authorities in their panic decided, not on the liberation of their prisoners, but on employing two of them on parole to proceed to the head-quarters of the rebels, soliciting them earnestly, and in terms even of abject entreaty, to use their influence to induce the rebels to retire. The two gentlemen selected for this service walked out of durance on the understanding that they were to return to it again when their mission was accomplished—duly commis-

sioned, however, by the civil and military authorities to treat with the rebel force on the part of the royal garrison and civil authorities of Wexford. John Colclough and Edward Fitzgerald were despatched on this extraordinary mission. Bagenal Beauchamp Harvey remained in prison as a hostage for the return to gaol of his associates.

In a short time after this affair happened (says Cloney), nearly the whole garrison of Wexford, consisting of more than 1,000 men, composed of regulars, militia, and yeomanry, under the command of Colonel Watson, a retired officer, who resided in that county—to whom, it is said, Colonel Maxwell, of the Donegal militia, gave the command, as being a man of more experience than himself—marched out to attack us. Being apprized that they were coming, and dreading to entrust the howitzers to the artillerymen lately taken, I picked out an old soldier from our own ranks, whom I got to plant one of our howitzers in a favourable position to cover the road by which the enemy were to approach. Soon as they appeared, a shot was immediately discharged from the howitzer at Colonel Watson, who was in advance, and he was seen to fall. Whether he was killed by this shot, or by a shot from a long gun fired by one of our men at the foot of the hill, I cannot say; but it had this powerful effect, that the whole body fled with the greatest precipitation back to Wexford in the utmost terror and dismay, equalled only by that which the inhabitants felt immediately previous under their tyranny. They had now to implore mercy and protection

from people who dare not, a few hours before, approach them.

The enthusiasm of the people was now raised to the highest pitch. Some of the authorities of the town who were more composed than the fugitives, as not being out to share in the flight, agreed to send out two deputies in all haste to treat for the surrender and evacuation of the town by the king's troops. Counsellor Thomas Richards, and his brother, Mr. Loftus Richards, both of Wexford, were deputed to come out. These were Protestant gentlemen of respectable character, family, and connections, and of liberal principles, who had no fears about meeting the people. They brought a letter from Mr. Bagenal Harvey, who had been a prisoner some days in Wexford gaol, he having been arrested at the same time with Mr. Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. John Colclough before named. Mr. Harvey, who had been several days in the utmost terror for his own safety, now became the merciful protector of his deadliest enemies. Such is the instability of human affairs. Dearly did his kindness cost him afterwards; he allowed tyrants to escape (as I certainly would have done myself), but those very tyrants showed him but little mercy when he fell by the fortune of war once more into their hands.

The following particulars relative to the battle of Oulart Hill, and some of the events that followed the defeat of the rebels at Vinegar Hill, were communicated by a person who was present at it—a person whose veracity is vouched for by my informant, Mr. Luke Cullen of Clondalkin;

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A publican named William Lacy, residing then two miles beyond Oulart Hill, told me that on the night of the 27th of May, '98, and several preceding nights, that his wife and children lay out of doors, in the hedges, as also most of the people in their neighbourhood; he stopped within doors to take care of his property.

In the dead of night he heard a horseman going in the direction of Wexford; he arose, and heard him crying out as he passed, "Get up, get up and fight, or you will be burned or butchered in your beds, for the country is all in a blaze around ye; we have fought two battles to-night, and gained them." (The latter allusion was to the events which had followed the attacks on Father John Murphy's house and chapel at Boulavogue, which had been burned that night, and to a skirmish with the cavalry at a village called the Harrow.) Lacy left his house for the purpose of getting further intelligence from the horseman, and followed him for about a mile, when he found the cavalry were drawn up at Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's gate. When the rebel horseman galloped up the road, strange to say, they drew aside and let him pass. Lacy managed to get over the ditch, and escaped; but though he had only an outside coat and shoes on, he did not return home until after the battle, when he found his mother, who was old and nearly blind, and had come from her own home to see what was the matter, stooping down over the dead body of a drummer of the North Cork militia, and, shaking him by the foot, saying, "Get up, my poor fellow, for if you stay here till the boys come down the hill they will kill you;" the dust which covered the body, and the defect in her sight, prevented her perceiv-

ing that he was dead: the spot is called Gabie's Cross. The drummer, it appeared, was on his way to Oulart Hill, when he got drunk in Ballynamonabegg, where Mr. Edward Turner had treated the soldiers with whiskey and ale at Mr. Darby Kavanagh's, a respectable general shopkeeper in that village. The drummer had reached Gabie's Cross, and perceiving two young women in the act of running to a lonely house, he pursued them to the door. Two of the people who were in pursuit of the fugitive soldiers from Oulart, about a quarter of a mile distant, hearing the screams of the women, ran up, and one of them struck him dead with a shovel. I knew the man. Lacy took the drum, and went on beating it to meet the victorious party, that he might appear to have been active in the affair.

When the troops came within a mile of the battlefield, the people had a perfect view of it, the road being very high, and also of their movements and numbers, the field inclining towards the south. As the army descended the hollow, the greater part of the North Cork militia took off their shoes, and left them in a cabin (the owner and family of which I knew) situated on the road side, that they might the more easily pursue the insurgents; it was about sixty perches from the spot, when Mr. Edward Turner set fire to the place, for which act chiefly he was brought to trial on Wexford bridge. In the meantime, a considerable number of the insurgents had nearly attained the summit of the hill, when perceiving themselves in danger of being attacked by the cavalry, they quitted the road, and ranged themselves along a ditch, where they were partly lost to the view of the army that was then ascending, when the

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soldiers in an instant dashed over the ditch, and the first that crossed received a thrust of a pike through his clothes from a man named Pendergast, who, thinking it was through his body, said, "I have you on my spit." "No," said the soldier, drawing his bayonet, "but I have you on mine," when a man named Malone stabbed the soldier in the face with a dung-fork. The conflict instantly became general, awfully sudden, and the carnage dreadful; the soldiers rushing down the hill kept firing over their shoulders, the insurgents knocking them down with various weapons as they came on, some with stones. The hill afforded them a plentiful supply of the latter; most of the troops were despatched with pikes. Some of the soldiers cried out, "We are as good Catholics as you."

The brutality of the soldiery in pursuit of the rebels on their retreat from Vinegar Hill, the 21st of June, 1798, was unparalleled. Several women, girls, and young children were concealed in a ditch covered with furze; a severely wounded insurgent had accidentally got over the ditch unperceived by the women, and lay unperceived near the place where they were hiding, when a soldier broke through the furze, directly over the spot where the females were concealed, and proceeded to acts of scandalous indecency with one of the young females in the presence of them all. The mother of the girl, who was by her side, struggled with the miscreant, and supplicated him to spare her child; her supplication was in vain—the villain was in the act of accomplishing his purpose, when the insurgent crept from out the furze and shot the soldier dead. I have heard an eye-witness to the fact mention this repeatedly, but with

some caution, fearing it might be injurious to the characters of the parties.

Great censure has been thrown (says Cloney), on the characters of the Catholic clergy generally on account of the part taken by a few. I never approved of seeing a clergyman in arms, but it is well known those few acted from the natural impulse of self-preservation, and were not promoters of the insurrection. The Rev. Mr. Dixon of Castlebridge, a most kind and inoffensive man, was taken up and convicted under the diabolical Insurrection Act, a short time before the insurrection commenced, on very extraordinary and, as it is said, discreditable evidence, and sent like a felon to New South Wales.

The Rev. John Murphy's chapel and dwelling-house were consumed, when no earthly charge could be adduced against him. The Rev. Mr. Redmond, whose exertions were most exemplary in checking the violence of the people around him, and who ventured his life for the protection of the house and property of Lord Mountnorris, was himself accused of being one of the plunderers, was taken and executed with as little ceremony as the savages of Owyhee generally show to their victims. The remains of the Rev. Michael Murphy, who, with those examples before him, sought safety in the camp with his countrymen, were treated at Arklow (as it is confidently affirmed) in such a manner as should be expected only from cannibals.

The Rev. Mr. Roach, as before related, who went into Wexford alone, unarmed, and to seek for protection, was treated with the greatest barbarity; yet I can challenge the traducers and persecutors of Catholic priests

and respectable laymen to justly charge them with cruelty during their short-lived power. Under such cruel and trying circumstances, could Catholic clergymen be expected to divest themselves of their nature, and tamely place their heads on the block for merciless executioners? If such a cruel system of persecution should ever take place in this country again (which God in his mercy avert), although the loyalty of the clergy is indubitable, it would be hard indeed to judge what course a considerable portion of that body might be impelled by the first law of nature to adopt; but if cruel and inevitable necessity unfortunately drove them to the field, the contest would be short and decisive.

After the defeat of the rebels on Vinegar Hill on the 4th of June, the different generals of the king's troops combined their forces to march against Wexford. In this position of affairs, the rebels in possession of Wexford determined to send missions to the head-quarters of the several generals, offering to surrender the town on certain conditions, and thus to secure the safety of the place and its inhabitants.

In this emergency (says Cloney), two gentlemen had offered their services before I arrived—Mr. Edward Hay, the able and lamented author of the "History of the Wexford Insurrection," being the first to brave death, if necessary, in the service of the public. To meet General Needham on his march from Oulart, Mr. Hay was accompanied by Captain M'Manus, of the Antrim militia, who had been taken prisoner after the defeat of Colonel Walpole's party at Tubberneering, on

the 4th of June, near Gorey. Mr. Robert Carty of Birchgrove set out, accompanied by Lieutenant Harman, of the North Cork militia, to meet Sir John Moore. However, by far the most dangerous mission was still unprovided for when I made my appearance. To meet the principal army, under the commander-in-chief, General Lake, presented the double hazard of being obliged—first, to pass through the entire body of the insurgent army flying from Vinegar Hill, now enraged to desperation by their recent defeat, and immediately after to meet a merciless soldiery. To soften those frightful pictures in the proposed embassy, there could not be brought to the recollection of any man present one act of clemency of which the said General Lake, in the course of his military career in Ireland, could with justice be accused.

Though I placed no faith in General Lake, and with the example of my lamented friend Furlong's fate at Ross still fresh in my mind, I could scarce entertain a doubt of being immolated by some of my bitterest enemies at Enniscorthy; yet, having been feelingly appealed to, my better understanding gave way, which no doubt could not be the case were I aware that any formidable force could be kept together to extort those terms from the king's officers which an over hasty submission and pusillanimous conduct would not be likely to procure. It being however so strongly impressed on my mind that thousands of lives might be saved by the undertaking, I agreed to accompany Captain O'Hea, of the North Cork militia, to Enniscorthy.

Captain O'Hea and I then set out on one of the most dangerous excursions ever undertaken in this or perhaps

in any other country. The other gentlemen who proceeded already on similar errands took the precaution of disguising their military companions, laying aside the military garb and clothing themselves as private gentlemen, though the country which they had to pass through was so deserted as scarcely to need this precaution. They had only to dread the hostility of the military or their generals on the delivery of their despatches, or before they could accomplish what they undertook to perform. Very different were the dangers which I had to encounter in conveying an officer dressed in full uniform through the entire body of retreating insurgents, maddened by defeat and despair.

Those were the men through whose ranks we must of necessity pass, to whom the sight of a red coat was an object but too likely to awaken their anger and to arouse their resentment. But as neither Captain O'Hea nor myself put on a disguise of any kind, it was to the interposition of Providence we owed our lives on that eventful day. Many guns were presented at him, and the murderous trigger about to be drawn, at different stages of the journey from Wexford to Enniscorthy; yet some friend, some acquaintance, or person whom the love of mercy had not yet abandoned, would stay the upraised and hostile arm. Those to whom I was unknown had often determined to take summary vengeance on Captain O'Hea and me; but on my explaining to them the objects of our journey, or on the kind interference of some humane friend, of whom I had many among the retreating insurgents, our lives were preserved. Much was due at a very critical period to Generals Edward Fitzgerald and Edward Roach, as few

others could have succeeded in resisting the fiery and unmerciful violence of a man named Whelan. He had his pistol presented at Captain O'Hea, and was ready to draw the trigger, when those gentlemen advanced between the party, and snatched his devoted victim from the arm of the ruthless savage.

When the last of the retreating insurgents had passed, and we had, in some degree, resumed our usual cheerfulness, we perceived that we were within two miles of Enniscorthy, which circumstance renewed our anxious solicitude. The tables were now to be changed. My protecting powers had ceased; and though I had no doubt of Captain O'Hea's returning those kind offices which he had himself experienced from me as far as lay in his power, his ability, however, to protect me was somewhat doubtful.

On coming within about a mile of Enniscorthy town, we could perceive many of the soldiers still engaged in the work of slaughter. The dead and dying were scattered promiscuously in fields, in dykes, on the roads, or wherever chance had directed their last steps, and where their barbarous butchers hastened to put a period to their miseries. In one place we beheld some men with arms and some with legs off, and others cruelly mutilated.[1]

Cloney and O'Hea entered Enniscorthy, where they were joined by Mr. Edward Hay, and the result of their joint mission was a communication from General Lake to the rebel

[1] Thomas Cloney's "Personal Narrative of Transactions in the Rebellion of 1798," p. 70. Dub., 1832.

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authorities in Wexford to the following effect:

Lieutenant-General Lake cannot attend to any terms by rebels in arms against their sovereign; while they continue so, he must use the force entrusted to him with the utmost energy for their destruction. To the deluded multitude he promises pardon on their delivering into his hands their leaders, surrendering their arms, and returning with sincerity to their allegiance.

(Signed) G. LAKE.

ENNISCORTHY 22nd June, 1798.

General Cloney, on the subject of the Wexford movement, has addressed to me a long letter, dated Graig, 3rd October, 1843, from which the following extracts are taken:

You will not, I hope, accuse me of vanity in wishing to set you right as to at least one particular fact regarding the part I took in the unfortunate struggle of '98. I have not your book by me to enable me to point out the page in which the error appears, but the fact I alluded to in my note was your stating that Mr. Hay, accompanied by Captain M'Manus, was deputed by the governor of Wexford to proceed to Oulart to meet General Lake, &c. The truth was that Hay and M'Manus proceeded by by-ways to meet General Needham at Oulart; that he brought his companion in disguise, although perfectly well known and respected on his line of route. A Mr. M'Carty was deputed to accompany a Lieutenant Harman to meet General Moore coming on from Goff's Bridge. Several were applied to to accompany Captain O'Hea to Enniscorthy to the

commander-in-chief, General Lake, who should pass through the great mass of the insurgent army in their full retreat from Vinegar Hill, rendered desperate and reckless by defeat. No one could be found to undertake this desperate mission, until I heard it again and again reiterated that Lake would level the town of Wexford, and put all who came in his way to the sword, if some overtures of submission were not made to him. Impressed with the idea of such dreadful consequences, I volunteered my services—for the full particulars I beg to refer you to pages 62 up to 73 of my narrative, including a certificate of Captain O'Hea, which I wonder could escape your observation, as I perceive by your work that you had seen this simple narrative.

You will find Mr. Hay's account of those missions to agree with mine; and I am proud to add, that I never yet saw the slightest contradiction offered to any fact stated by me. I was so anxious to avoid this, that I confined myself within a narrow compass. It is evident that your leading object in your work was to refute the calumnies of our enemies and to do justice to the characters of your countrymen. Few were more grossly assailed than I have been by Musgrave and others, and very few, if any (except those executed) have suffered more in person and property than I have, and yet I will boldly say, that the history of my country cannot furnish the name of one Protestant who saved as many Catholic lives as I did of Protestants.

As to the instigator of the disgraceful butchery at Scullabogue, that was never really known. Rumour had it that his name was Devereux, who flew from Ross and reported that hundreds were burned in houses in

that town, which set the people delirious, and incited them to the butchery. You will see in Hay's book, quoted from a Protestant, a Mr. Alexander, that above seventy persons were thus burned in Ross, and I have latterly learned this was an undoubted fact. The name of Devereux having been caught at, as brave and humane a man as ever lived, Walter Devereux, was executed in Cork as the person suspected, and most unjustly, and a Mr. John Devereux afterwards transported on the very same evidence, and both alike innocent to an undoubted certainty. All that can be said in extenuation of the disgraceful transaction is, that there was nothing premeditated in it.[1]

(Signed) THOMAS CLONEY.

The writer of the preceding letter, the rebel general Cloney, long survived the disastrous times in which he figured. He died in Dublin,

[1] I think it due to the feelings of General Cloney to give the above extracts, though I am perfectly convinced on carefully referring to the passages referred to, that I have fallen into no error whatsoever in regard to the statement in question. At page 320, vol. i., second series of this work, I quoted the passage complained of word for word from Hay's "History of the Wexford Insurrection," p. 232, which passage is neither more nor less than the identical communication of Captain Keughe sent to General Lake. I gave it without any details as to the persons who were the bearers of it, or who were nominated subsequently to communicate with Lake or Needham. There can be no question of Cloney having accompanied Captain O'Hea to Enniscorthy on a very hazardous mission, and I have never seen the question raised of the conduct of Cloney throughout the troubles in Wexford having been doubted for an instant on the score of humanity. As to his bravery, it was exhibited on many occasions, and on none, I believe, where his humanity was not equally conspicuous.—R. R. M.

the 22nd of February, 1850, in a good, round age, with unchanged opinions and an unbroken spirit. To a professional friend of mine, who attended him in his last moments and assisted him in the arrangement of his affairs—E. Stapleton—he said, a few days before he died:

There is one piece of advice I would give—if ever you take any part in such affairs as I was engaged in (which his legal adviser was exceedingly unlikely ever to be, I must observe), never make your opinions known to friend or foe; act on them as you think proper, but never divulge them. No man should put his life in the power of another, by confiding not only in his honesty but in his prudence, and counting on his courage and his consistency in the time of disaster and adversity.

# CHAPTER III

## MEMOIR OF BAGENAL BEAUCHAMP HARVEY

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BAGENAL BEAUCHAMP HARVEY, Esq., of Bargay Castle, county Wexford, was the descendant of an English family of Norman origin, settled, it is believed, at an early period of the Conquest near Bosworth in Leicestershire. The first settlers of the family of note in Ireland obtained grants of confiscated lands in the county Wexford.

B. B. Harvey, who in 1798 was compelled to act for a short time as the commander-in-chief of the Wexford rebel forces, was grandson of the Rev. William Harvey, rector of Mulrankin, and son of Francis Harvey, Esq., of Bargay Castle, an opulent attorney, who had largely added to the family estate by purchase, and on his decease his property devolved on his eldest son, B. B. Harvey. Mr. Harvey was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was called to the bar in 1782.

Taylor, the "ascendancy" historian of the Wexford rebellion (the most accurate of his tribe), speaks of him as "a gentleman who, be-

fore the rebellion, was greatly beloved by every description of people." Cloney—a writer no less truthful, but of very opposite political sentiments—describes Mr. Harvey as "a most liberal and patriotic Protestant gentleman—a man of high rank and respectable family, distinguished for his benevolence in every walk of life, and possessing an hereditary estate of about £2,000 a-year." Mr. Harvey took an active part in the liberal politics of the period between 1782 and 1794. He was in tolerable practice as a barrister, and was extremely popular with all parties. He was high-spirited, kind-hearted, and good-tempered, fond of society, given to hospitality, and especially esteemed for his humane and charitable disposition towards the poor.

It is necessary to bear in mind that the early advocates of reform and emancipation who had given umbrage or annoyance to the government by the agitation of these questions for some years previous to 1798—men whose loyalty was never called in question till that disastrous period—were then marked out as suspected persons; and when the time came for letting loose the burning zeal and loyalty of Orangeism on the country, the popular leaders who had made themselves obnoxious to the ruling powers in former years were delivered over to the tender mercies of the privileged marauders, and they were ultimately "sacrificed in the confusion of the times." On

such occasions the zeal for the public service was wonderfully stimulated by the recollection of old misunderstandings or of private quarrels of past occurrence. Mr. Harvey had unfortunately distinguished himself by his rencontres with several persons of more or less political consequence of his day. He had acquired the character of a man of tried courage, which in those times every judge of any repute on the bench, or lawyer at the bar, was expected to possess. He had fought a duel in 1794 with Mr. Harding Giffard, the son of the well known John Giffard, then one of the sheriffs of Dublin. The cause of this duel was an observation of Mr. Harvey's respecting the disturbances which had taken place in the county Cavan. He had said that "he lamented any administration could descend to the mean and wicked policy of fomenting religious animosities among the people when they were productive of such dreadful consequences." Young Giffard took charge of the honour of the administration, challenged Harvey, and had the good fortune to get slightly wounded in defence of ministers. This duel took place the 8th of May, 1794.

In 1795, on the proposed recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, the gentry and freeholders of the county Wexford held a public meeting on the 23rd of March, at which a petition to the king was voted, and an address to Lord Fitzwilliam. The meet-

ing was called by Cornelius Grogan, his brothers Thomas Knox and John Grogan, Isaac Cornock, and Harvey Hay, magistrates of the county. The persons appointed to present the petition to the king were Cornelius Grogan, B. B. Harvey, and Edward Hay. The petition to Lord Fitzwilliam was to be presented by Sir Thomas Esmonde, Sir Frederick Flood, and Bagenal Harvey. At this meeting B. B. Harvey took an active part.

The subsequent fate of three of these unfortunate gentlemen, there is but too much reason to believe, may be traced to the displeasure and ill-will they brought on themselves by their proceedings on this occasion, so far as rendering them "marked men," against whom evil reports were likely to be too readily received.

Harvey was a member of the first Society of United Irishmen of Dublin so early as 1792. The object of that society, it has been already shown, was a reform in parliament; and Catholic emancipation was the preliminary means by which its leading members expected to effect that measure. Whatever might be the views of individuals belonging to the first society, the great body of its influential leaders at that period were reformers, the principles of many of whom did not even go so far as those of Colonel Sharman and the Duke of Richmond.

In 1793, Harvey presided as chairman at some

of the meetings of the United Irishmen's Society in Dublin. The 1st of March in that year, he was the chairman of a meeting at which "an address to the people of Ireland" was voted in favour of reform. The views of the society were plainly set forth in that address. They were denounced by the government press as revolutionary; but it would be difficult to find a single passage in that paper which would now be considered deserving of that character. The unfortunate Thomas Russell, the friend of Tone and the associate of Robert Emmet, was the secretary at that meeting.

On circuit, the amiable disposition and independent spirit of Mr. Harvey made him a favourite with his brother barristers. Sir Jonah Barrington was well acquainted with his good nature, as will be seen by his Irish Sketches.

The facts referred to render it necessary to direct attention to the peculiarities of one of the parties. Sir Jonah's patriotism alternately blew hot and cold. It accommodated itself to the temperature of the political atmosphere of whatever place he frequented; at the Castle or in the Commons it usually sunk to zero. In the company of Grogan, Colclough, Harvey, and the Sheares, and at the levees of the lord lieutenant or the chancellor it was seldom stationary. Its rise and fall was regulated by the prevailing influence of wit and wine, of patronage and pre-

ferment. Sir Jonah was in the habit of living on terms of social intercourse not only with the aldermen of Skinner's-alley, but with the leading members of his own profession, of the Volunteer Association, and the Society of United Irishmen. Sir Jonah joined in their convivial revels; he disliked their politics—but their merrymakings were congenial to his taste, and his presence was no restraint on any opinions expressed by his good-humoured associates. When they verged on sedition, he joked with them about the inconvenience of being hanged; and when they became "seditious," one day he would interfere to save "the rebels" from the penalties of their crimes, and another he would either publicly denounce their guilt, or revile the administration for its leniency towards them.

In December, 1793, Sir Jonah was informed by Mr. Secretary Hobart "he had managed to secure for him a very handsome office—the ship-entries of the port of Dublin," hoping "he would have no objection to a good sinecure," the occupant of this office having accepted an annuity from government of £800 per annum for himself, his son, and his wife, to resign it to Sir Jonah. He was likewise informed "the lord chancellor (Fitzgibbon) had consented to his being appointed one of the king's counsel, this at once giving him a step over the heads of all his circuit seniors, except Sir Frederick Flood," &c.

It is to be presumed Sir Jonah's past and expected services were held deserving of such signal favour.

The earliest proof that Sir Jonah alludes to, of his ability or desire to realize the expectations that were formed of his merits, was given in the month of April, 1798. The occasion, and the mode of its exhibition, are best described in Sir Jonah's own words:

I dined at the house of Lady Colclough (a near relative of Lady Barrington), in the town of Wexford, in April, 1798. The company, so far as I recollect, consisted of about seventeen persons, amongst whom were several other of Lady B.'s relatives, then members of the grand jury—Mr. Cornelius Grogan of Johnstown, a gentleman of very large fortune who had represented the county; his two brothers, both wealthy men; Captain Keogh, afterwards rebel governor of Wexford; the husband of Lady B.'s aunt, the unfortunate John Colclough of Tintern; and the still more unfortunate Mr. H. Colclough; Counsellor John Beauman; Counsellor Bagenal Harvey, afterwards the rebel generalissimo; Mr. William Hatton; and some others. The conversation after dinner, turning on the distracted state of the country, became rather too free, and I begged some of the party to be more moderate, as our ways of thinking were so different, and my public situation did not permit me, especially at that period, to hear such strong language. The loyalists amongst us did not exceed four or five.

Bagenal Harvey (already mentioned in this work),

who had been my schoolfellow and constant circuit companion for many years, laughed, at Lady Colclough's, at my political prudery, assured me I was totally wrong in suspecting him, and insisted on my going to Bargay Castle, his residence, to meet some old temple friends of ours on the ensuing Monday. My relative, Captain Keogh, was to be of the party.

I accordingly went there to dinner; but that evening proved to me of great uneasiness, and made a very disagreeable impression both on my mind and spirits. The company I met included Captain Keogh; the two unfortunate Counsellors Sheares, who were both hung shortly afterwards; Mr. Colclough, who was hung on the bridge; Mr. Hay, who was also executed; Mr. William Hatton, one of the rebel directory of Wexford, who unaccountably escaped; and a gentleman of the bar, whose name I shall not mention, as he still lives.

The entertainment was good, and the party cheerful. Temple freaks were talked over—the bottle circulated; but at length Irish politics became the topic, and proceeded to an extent of disclosure which utterly surprised me. With the Messrs. Sheares (particularly Henry) I had always been on terms of the greatest intimacy. I had extricated both of them, not long before, from considerable difficulty through the kindness of Lord Kilwarden, and I had no idea that matters wherein they were concerned had proceeded to the lengths developed on that night. The probability of a speedy revolt was freely discussed, though in the most artful manner, not a word of any of the party committing themselves; but they talked it over as a result which might be expected from the complexion of the times, and the irritation

excited in consequence of the severities exercised by the government. The chances of success in the event of a rising were openly debated, as were also the circumstances likely to spring from that success, and the examples which the insurgents would in that case probably make. All this was at the same time talked over without one word being uttered in favor of rebellion—a system of caution which, I afterwards learned, was much practised, for the purpose of gradually making proselytes without alarming them. I saw through it clearly, and here my presentiments came strong upon me. I found myself in the midst of absolute, though unavowed conspirators. I perceived that the explosion was much nearer than the government expected; and I was startled at the decided manner in which my host and his friends spoke.

Under these circumstances my alternative was evidently to quit the house, or give a turn to the conversation. I therefore began to laugh at the subject, and ridiculed it as quite visionary, observing jestingly to Keogh, "Now, my dear Keogh, it is quite clear that you and I, in this famous rebellion, shall be on different sides of the question, and of course, one or the other of us must necessarily be hanged at or before its termination—I upon a lamp-iron in Dublin, or you on the bridge of Wexford. Now, we'll make a bargain!—if we beat you, upon my honour I'll do all I can to save your neck; and if your folks beat us, you'll save me from the honour of the lamp-iron!"

We shook hands on the bargain, which created much merriment, and gave the whole after-talk a cheerful character; and I returned to Wexford, at twelve o'clock

at night, with a most decided impression of the danger of the country, and a complete presentiment that either myself or Captain Keogh would never see the conclusion of that summer. On his return to Dublin the following day, he continues, "I immediately wrote to Mr. Secretary Cooke, without mentioning names, place, or any particular source of knowledge; but simply to assure him that there was not a doubt that an insurrection would break out at a much earlier period than the government expected. I desired him to ask me no questions, but said that he might depend upon the fact, adding that a commanding force ought instantly to be sent down to garrison the town of Wexford. 'If the government,' said I in conclusion, 'does not attend to my warning, it must take the consequences.' My warning was not attended to, but his majesty's government soon found I was right. They lost Wexford—and might have lost Ireland—by that culpable inattention."

The result need scarcely be mentioned—every member of that jovial dinner party (with the exception of myself, the barrister before alluded to, and Mr. Hatton) was executed within three months! and on my next visit to Wexford I saw the heads of Captain Keogh, Mr. Harvey, and Mr. Colclough, on spikes over the court-house door.

Previously to the final catastrophe, however—when the insurgents had been beaten, Wexford retaken by our troops, and Keogh made prisoner—I did not forget my promise to him at Bargay Castle. Many certificates had reached Dublin of his humanity to the royalists whilst the town of Wexford was under his government, and of attempts made upon his life by Dixon, a chief of

his own party, for his endeavouring to resist the rebel butcheries. I had intended to go with these directly to Lord Camden, the lord lieutenant; but I first saw Mr. Secretary Cooke, to whom I related the entire story, and showed him several favourable documents. He told me I might save myself the trouble of going to Lord Camden—and at the same time handed me a despatch received that morning from General Lake, who stated that he thought it necessary, on recapturing Wexford, to lose no time in "making example" of the rebel chiefs; and that accordingly Mr. Grogan of Johnstown, Mr. Bagenal Harvey of Bargay Castle, Captain Keogh, Mr. Colclough, and some other gentlemen, had been hanged on the bridge, and beheaded, the previous morning.

An unaccountable circumstance was witnessed by me on that tour. Immediately after the retaking of Wexford, General Lake, as I have before mentioned, had ordered the heads of Mr. Grogan, Captain Keogh, Mr. Bagenal Harvey, and Mr. Colclough, to be placed on very low spikes, over the court-house door of Wexford. A faithful servant of Mr. Grogan had taken away his head, but the other three remained there when I visited the town. The mutilated countenances of friends and relatives in such a situation would, it may be imagined, give any man most horrifying sensations! The heads of Mr. Colclough and Harvey appeared black lumps, the features being utterly undistinguishable; that of Keogh was uppermost, but the air had made no impression on it whatever! his comely and respect-inspiring face (except the *pale* hue, scarcely to be called *livid*) was the same as in life; his eyes were not closed, his

hair not much ruffled; in fact, it appeared to me rather as a head of chiselled marble, with glass eyes, than as the lifeless remains of a human creature. This circumstance I never could get any medical man to give me the least explanation of. I prevailed on General Hunter, who then commanded in Wexford, to suffer the three heads to be taken down and buried.

The first circumstance which deserves attention is the relation in which Sir Jonah stood to the parties he describes. The lady at whose house he dines was "a near relation of Lady Barrington;" "several of the guests were Lady Barrington's relatives;" Captain Keogh, *alias* Keugh—"the husband of Lady Barrington's aunt;" Bagenal Beauchamp Harvey, Sir Jonah's "schoolfellow and constant circuit companion for many years."

At another party, on the Monday following, made up for Sir Jonah by his schoolfellow B. B. Harvey, he meets most of the persons who had been at Lady Colclough's dinner; among others were the Sheares. "With the Sheares (particularly Henry) he had always been on terms of the greatest intimacy."

At the first party, he states, the conversation turning on the distracted state of the country, became rather too free; "and I begged some of the party" he says "to be a little more moderate, as our ways of thinking were so different, and my public situation did not permit me, especially

at that period, to hear such strong language." Then, it would seem, Sir Jonah was conscious that some of his associates must have been aware that there were periods at which such strong language could have been heard by him.

The place where he appears to have been first alarmed at this tendency was at the table of a lady of high rank; several of the guests "were members of the grand jury." "Mr. Cornelius Grogan of Johnstown—a gentleman," he states, in another of his works, "of very large fortune who had represented the county, whom he knew to be an excellent gentleman, no more a rebel than himself."

The company, moreover, he describes to have been "a joyous assemblage." Was this a fitting place for treason to disclose its dark designs? Were the gentlemen of the grand jury—the landed gentry of the county—Colclough of Tintern, or his relative of Ballyteigue, the wealthy Grogan, in his seventieth year—the men who were "fit for treasons, stratagems, and broils?" And if they were so, were they yet such fools as altogether to disregard the presence of a man in the pay and employment of the government, of political principles publicly professed to be opposed to theirs, and to make an open display before him of their disaffection?

How did it happen that a "conversation turning on the distracted state of the country"—than

which nothing at that period could be more natural—was no sooner lowered in its tone than Sir Jonah ventured to express some reluctance "to hear such strong language at that particular period, and that his mind was made up as to the probable fate of several in company?"

On what grounds, reconcilable with the common feelings of our nature, did Sir Jonah and Mr. Beauman next morning talk over the occurrences of the previous day, uniting in opinion as to the inauspicious aspect of things, and actually proceed to make out a list of those amongst the dinner party whom they considered "likely to fall victims, and so it turned out that every one of their predictions was verified."

According to Curran, "There are two sorts of prophets—one that derives its source from real or fancied inspiration, yet are sometimes mistaken; the other class composed of persons who prophesy what they are determined to bring about themselves; of this second, and by far the more authentic class, was Major Sirr; for heaven, 'tis seen, has no monopoly of prediction." [1]

Sir Jonah and the major so far resembled one another in their prophetic character that they fulfilled their predictions to the letter, though the means by which the same results were produced

[1] *Vide* Curran's Speech on Heney's Trial.

by one party were more obvious and less mysterious than by the other.

Sir Jonah states that immediately on coming to town he wrote to Mr. Secretary Cooke, informing him of the danger in which Wexford was placed, but giving no names—declining in fact to come forward as a public prosecutor. But why did not Sir Jonah give a copy of that letter in his work? There can be only one reply to that question—it did not suit the purpose of the writer to publish it; and there is but too much reason to believe it would not have served his character to have its contents set before the public. He boasts indeed of his having informed his confidential friend, Mr. Cooke, that he would enter into no particulars. Granting that he had done so in his written communication to Mr. Cooke, is it likely, on such an important subject, that no subsequent personal communication would have been sought by the secretary? Mr. Cooke could not surely have received a letter disclosing circumstances which involved the peace of the country without gratefully acknowledging the timely warning, and learning from the writer the quarter from which the danger was to be apprehended. Sir Jonah's punctilios with respect to withholding names are but the incipient scruples of all novices in a line of duty or of business they have newly undertaken. Their feelings, at the first, take alarm at the notoriety

of their disclosures; but they are not so much afraid of consigning their associates to death as they are ashamed of being found out to be instrumental to their ruin.

It was the duty of Sir Jonah Barrington as a loyal subject, if he suspected his friends and relatives of disaffection, to have determinedly and strenuously remonstrated with them; and if he found his remonstrance of no avail, before he quitted their society, if he really apprehended danger to the state from their designs, as an upright man, faithful to his friends as well as to his country, he should have told these persons frankly and fearlessly he was no party to their views, he reprobated their designs, and if they persisted in them he should be compelled to denounce them to government. But Sir Jonah took a very different course, for he had two reputations to keep up, and he could not afford to lose a jot of either. He mixed in society with the ultra-liberals of his day; he joked with some of them about treason at Lady Colclough's table; he shared in the festivities of that "joyous assemblage" he speaks of under his schoolfellow's roof; enjoyed the society of two gentlemen whom he calls "his most intimate friends," and whom, two years previously, he had known as the editors of a "seditious paper"—the Messrs. Sheares—and whom he designated as rebels in speaking of his interference on their behalf with the attor-

ney-general—yet not till he meets them at Harvey's table does he express any alarm at the freedom of their discourse!

It has been stated by Hay, Cloney, and Teeling, and truly stated by them, that there was no systematic concert between the rising of the people in the county Wexford, and the plan of general insurrection formed in Dublin.

"On the arrest of the Leinster delegates at Bond's, on the 12th of March, there was not a delegate or any return of numbers from the county Wexford." "The rising of the people in this county took place in the direction from Carnew to Oulart, for fear, as they alleged, of being whipped, burned, or exterminated by the Orangemen; hearing of the number of people that were put to death, unarmed and unoffending, through the country." [1]

It would be contrary to truth, however, to assert that no effort had been made to organise this county; such an effort had been made by William Putnam M'Cabe, and was not successful. No history of the rebellion makes mention of this attempt of M'Cabe. He spoke of it himself, not unfrequently, as one of the boldest of his efforts, but one not attended with much success, though he had sworn in many of the lower orders; but such was "the apathy" of the Wexford people in general, and of the gentry in

[1] Hay's Insurrection, County of Wexford.

particular, that the organisation as a system made no way in that county.

The massacres, especially at Carnew, on the 25th of May, and Dunlavin, had contributed to produce a general panic in the county Wexford.

On the 27th of May information reached the town of Wexford that the people had risen in great force, and were then only about twelve miles distant from the town. A party of the North Cork militia, under Lieutenant-Colonel Foote and Major Lombard, were ordered out, and proceeded to Oulart, where they encountered the rebels. This party, consisting of 109 men, according to Musgrave, was surrounded by the rebels, and only Lieutenant-Colonel Foote and three privates escaped. The numbers of the rebels were estimated by Lieutenant-Colonel Foote at four or five thousand.

They were commanded by Father John Murphy of Boolavogue, whose house and chapel had been previously burned by the yeomen.

Another clergyman of the same name, the Rev. Michael Murphy, we are informed by Hay, "had been so alarmed at hearing of this rising of the people, that he fled into the town of Gorey early on Whitsunday (the 27th of May)." From this place he was returning to Ballicanow, when he learned that his chapel had been attacked, and the altar and windows demolished by some yeomen. "These depredations," says Hay, "had

such weight on him, as to induce him to alter his original intention, and not to fly to such men for protection; and he was led on by the multitude to Kilthomas Hill. The Rev. John Murphy had from similar unforeseen occurrences, joined the insurgents. These two clergymen had been remarkable for their exhortations and exertions against the system of United Irishmen, until they were thus whirled into this political vortex, which, from all the information I have been able to collect, they undertook under the apprehension of extermination."

The terrible example of burning houses, and murdering obnoxious or suspected individuals, was followed by the insurgents. Of ten Protestant clergymen of this county, who fell into their hands during the insurrection, five were barbarously put to death. These atrocities, however, were not committed with the sanction or knowledge of the above-named priests. Of those of their communion who violated their engagements as Christian ministers, not one escaped a death of violence. Father Michael Murphy was killed by a cannon-shot in an engagement near Arklow, on the 9th of June. Father John Murphy, "the commander of that great column which made an incursion through the county of Carlow into that of Kilkenny, and caused such devastation in that quarter in the rout of Kilcomney, disappeared from his follow-

ers (who generally imagined him to be still alive), was apprehended in his flight, and conducted to Tullow, in the county Carlow, where he was executed by martial law." [1]

He had studied in the University of Seville; and, after three years' residence there, returned to Ireland in 1785. The Rev. Michael Murphy was ordained in the diocess of Ferns in 1785, and, in the latter part of the same year, went to Bordeaux, where he entered the Irish college, and remained till the suppression of that institution, at an early period of the French revolution.

The barbarities practised on the remains of this man are unparalleled, even in the history of Irish rebellions.[2] In a preceding chapter an account has been given of the burning of his body by the orders of Lord Mountnorris. Other indignities, of a nature no less brutal, had been previously offered to his remains. Mr. Gordon states that he had been told by Captain Holmes, of the Durham regiment, in the presence of several persons, "that he himself had assisted in cutting open the breast with an axe, and pulling out the heart." [3]

Shortly after the free-quarters enormities were commenced on a large scale in the county of

[1] Rev. James Gordon's History, &c., p. 225.

[2] Historical Account, &c., by G. Taylor, p. 136.

[3] History of the Rebellion, by the Rev. J. Gordon, p. 289.

Wexford, Mr. Fitzgerald of New Park was arrested on the 26th of May, his house was ransacked, but no treasonable paper or document that could in the slightest degree commit him was found. The same night Mr. Harvey, who, at the first intimation of the rising in the neighbourhood of Wexford, that morning had brought into the town the arms of all his tenantry and neighbourhood, was likewise arrested and lodged in gaol.

The following day Mr. John Henry Colclough of Ballyteigue, about ten miles from Wexford, was also arrested and brought into town. The soldiers of the North Cork militia expressed themselves in most violent terms against these three gentlemen, and stated their determination to have the lives of the prisoners. The gaoler found it necessary to put arms in the hands of his prisoners to defend their lives; and Hay, who was present, states that "had it not been for the indefatigable exertion of the gaoler, the prisoners would have been all massacred." In the meantime, the success of the rebels at Enniscorthy spread terror in Wexford. On the 29th of May, several of the magistrates and military officers visited Messrs. Harvey, Colclough, and Fitzgerald, and treated with them rather as "governors of the town than prisoners." It was arranged that they should be liberated on certain conditions; should give security in £1,000

each for their appearance at the next assizes; but two of them only should be at large at one time, taking their turns in going abroad at their own discretion. Harvey in the first instance was to remain in prison, and Messrs. Colclough and Fitzgerald to be immediately released, and to endeavour to prevail on the insurgents to disperse and return to their homes.

The arrest of Harvey, Colclough, and Fitzgerald, created the greatest surprise in Wexford. No suspicion had been entertained or expressed there that they were in any wise implicated in rebellion.

On the 23rd of May, a meeting of the Wexford magistrates had been convened by the sheriff to take into consideration the disturbed state of the country. Cornelius Grogan attended this meeting, and was one of those who signed the resolutions passed on that occasion, one of which was expressive of the magistrates' grateful sense of "the manly, spirited, and efficacious exertions of Mr. Archibald H. Jacob, for the establishment and preservation of the public peace."

Here then was Mr. Grogan manifesting his loyalty at a meeting of his brother magistrates on the 23rd of May, and on the 27th of the following month the same gentleman was executed on a charge of treason. Charles Jackson, one of the acknowledged "loyalist" historians of the

rebellion, speaking of Mr. Harvey's arrest, says, "Nothing occasioned more astonishment among the generality of the inhabitants of Wexford than when the order came from Dublin to arrest him; but his future conduct sufficiently proved the accuracy of the information which government had received concerning him." [1] His previous conduct, there is no reason to believe, proved anything of the kind.

The order from Dublin included likewise Messrs. Fitzgerald and Colclough. In reference to the state of the adjoining country, on the 30th of May, Jackson says, "There was at this time in the gaol of Wexford, in consequence of an order from Dublin, Mr. B. B. Harvey, Mr. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Colclough, all men of property and of great interest in the country."

There had been no informations at this period laid against any of these gentlemen in Wexford. The information that was got up there, on a subsequent occasion, was sworn to by Mr. Richard Grandy on the 23rd of June. This important information was certified by four magistrates of the county, George Ogle, Isaac Cornock, John Henry Lyster, and John Kennedy. The date of this information deserves attention: Harvey and Grogan were tried on the 26th of June, and Colclough on the day following.

Among the various circumstances deposed to

[1] History of the Irish Rebellion, by Charles Jackson.

by Mr. Richard Grandy of Ballyshan, in the county of Wexford, in his information, sworn on the 23rd of June, we find the following: "That he had been one of the persons confined in the barn of Scullabogue; and his life had been spared in consequence of Bagenal Harvey having previously given him a pass. That a mile and a half from Ross he had met B. Harvey, Cornelius Grogan of Johnstown in said county, William Devereux, aforesaid, and many others, returning from the battle of Ross." "That he had often heard whilst in custody that John Colclough and Thomas Macord were very active in promoting the rebellion." "That deponent heard, and believes it to be a fact, that Cornelius Grogan had the command of the barony of Forth rebel troops at the battle of Ross." [1]

It is hardly necessary to say that the poor, gouty, old gentleman was not at the battle of Ross, and never had the command of any rebel troops, or was able, from his great infirmities, if he were so inclined during this rebellion, to take any such command. Mr. Grandy, however, gave the formality of a sworn information to bear out the proceedings of the court-martial, and those of the parliament, by which this unfortunate old man was consigned to death, and an attainder issued against his property. Mr. Grandy of course did not go unrewarded for his

[1] Musgrave's History, Appendix, p. 135.

efforts in promoting the ends of justice. His name is found coupled with a few items which may serve to perpetuate the remembrance of his services:

| | |
|---|---|
| 27th April, 1802, Richard Grandy, . | £100 |
| 7th Feb., 1803, Richard Grandy, per Loftus Tottenham, . . . . | 50 |
| 13th Feb., 1804, Ditto, per ditto, . | 50 |

The perjured evidence of Grandy with respect to Grogan's presence at the battle of Ross and his command in the rebel army is sufficiently rebutted even by the statements of Musgrave and Duigenan, as we shall see hereafter in their observations on Grogan's fate; but that part of it which applies to Mr. John Colclough of Tintern, a relative of Mr. John Henry Colclough of Ballyteigue, is not adverted to by them; and indeed, in respect to the flagitiousness of its falsehood, it exceeds, if possible, even that displayed in the evidence against Grogan, because the latter had been in the power of the rebels, and was compelled to accompany them into Wexford, and to remain there while they had possession of the town; but John Colclough of Tintern was not in Ireland when the rebellion broke out, and there is the clearest evidence to prove that this testimony was resorted to for the purpose of criminating a man who had made himself obnoxious by getting into a correspondence with

the Duke of Portland on the subject of the conduct pursued in Wexford, and the consequences of this conduct, as the occasion of his absence from the country at that period. The result of this correspondence was an order from the Duke of Portland to the Haverford authorities, directing that Mr. Colclough should suffer no molestation in that place. In consequence of this communication, a letter was addressed to his grace by the high sheriff of the county Wexford, expressing surprise at the representations that had been made to him, and stating that Mr. Colclough's conduct was not free from suspicion. Mr. Colclough, in consequence of this insinuation, was brought back to Wexford in charge of a king's messenger; and Mr. Grandy's services, thus called into requisition, had made good the suspicion that had been expressed on the spur of the occasion. There were no means of escape or safety left for those who either fled from the coming evils they apprehended, or were desirous to leave the country when terror had become the order of the day.

Proclamations to the following effect at this period were published in "The Dublin Journal":

"For the apprehension of several persons charged with treason, and who are endeavouring to escape justice by departing from this kingdom, and the prevention of all persons whomso-

ever leaving the kingdom without a passport," &c., bearing date 26th May, 1798.

Another, of an earlier date, prohibiting all artificers, manufacturers, seamen, and seafaring people, his majesty's subjects, from quitting the kingdom and going beyond the seas.

The entire military force in Wexford at the time of the approach of the rebels, including militia, supplementaries, and armed townsmen, amounted to 1,200 men, "who, as the town wall was in good condition, might defy as many thousand assailants not supported by a great superiority of ordnance."

On the 28th, the insurgents encamped on Vinegar Hill. They despatched a party to the residence of Captain John Hay, a brother of the historian, a gentleman who had been in the French service, and in spite of his remonstrances, they compelled him to accompany them to their camp. Another party fell in with Messrs. Colclough and Fitzgerald, near the village of St. John's, who had been sent out to them by the Wexford authorities to induce them to return to their homes. They detained Fitzgerald, and sent back Colclough to announce their intention of attacking Wexford. Colclough, on his return, was permitted by the authorities to return home, charged with the preservation of tranquillity in his own neighbourhood, having previously

arranged with Harvey to take his place in prison the following day. The insurgents were now approaching the town in large numbers; but the yeomanry appear to have been more bent on the destruction of the prisoners than the defence of the town. The gaoler again had to put the prison in a state of defence, to barricade the doors, and in proof of his sincerity for the protection of the prisoners, he offered the keys to Harvey. When word was brought to the prisoners of the intended surrender of the town, Harvey was found concealed in the chimney of the room he occupied. He was now entreated to go out to the insurgents, to stipulate for the safety of the lives and property of the inhabitants; but as the insurgents were not from his neighbourhood, and he had no influence over them, he declined to do so; but at the instance of the lieutenant-colonel of the North Cork militia, he wrote to the insurgents, calling on them, "if they pretended to Christian charity, not to commit massacre or burn the property of the inhabitants, and to spare the lives of their prisoners."

On the 30th May, the king's troops evacuated the town, and a few hours after their retreat Wexford was in possession of the insurgents. Hay, an eye-witness of the tumult and confusion of the scene which followed, says, "The town of Wexford was not only most shamefully aban-

doned, but was surrendered, to all intents and purposes, when it might have been easily defended."

The victorious rebels proceeded to the gaol, released all the prisoners, and insisted that Mr. Harvey should become their commander-in-chief. Captain Keogh was appointed military commander of the town—Mr. Grogan of Johnstown, an infirm old man, was brought from his house by actual force, placed on a horse (being then ill of the gout), and conducted by a vast assemblage of armed men to Wexford.

On the 2nd of June, a small vessel was taken on the coast and brought into Wexford; and on board this vessel, Lord Kingsborough and three officers of the North Cork militia were captured. During his lordship's detention, he was lodged in the house of Captain Keogh, and to his humane, spirited, and indefatigable exertions, and those of Mr. Harvey, his lordship acknowledged that his life was due, on the many occasions that the fury of the multitude broke out against him. There were few men in Ireland at this period more unpopular than his lordship—his exploits in the way of extorting confessions by scourgings, and other tortures, had rendered his name a terror to the people. The difficulty of preserving his life from the vengeance of a lawless multitude, must have been considerable.

During the occupation of Wexford the rebel force continued to occupy Vinegar Hill. Harvey fixed his head-quarters at Carrigburn, and from thence proceeded to attack the town of Ross with a force of about 20,000 men; Barrington estimates it at 30,000.

They arrived late in the evening at Corbet Hill, within a mile of Ross, and there Mr. Harvey and his principal officers took up their quarters in the house of a gentleman, where, "being regaled," says Hay, "with an excellent supper and exquisite wines, they were so well pleased with their cheer, and so far forgot their prudence as commanders, that they had scarcely time to have fallen asleep when they were roused, according to the orders they had given in their sober moments, to commence the attack at the break of day." In plain terms, the general and his staff, the night preceding a battle on the issue of which depended all their hopes, sat up all night drinking and carousing, instead of making their dispositions and maturing their plan of operations. Their example was followed by their troops the following day, and drunkenness alone was the cause of their defeat on that occasion. Cloney, an eye-witness of these scenes, says, "The leaders found more attraction in Mr. Murphy's good wines than in the discharge of those arduous duties that appertained to their command."

Harvey had formed a plan of attack on three

different parts of the town at once, which Mr. Gordon thinks "would probably have succeeded if it had been put in execution." "Harvey," he says, "though neither destitute of personal courage nor, in some respects, of a good understanding, possessed not that calm intrepidity which is necessary in the composition of a military officer, nor those rare talents by which an undisciplined multitude may be directed and controlled." [1]

Harvey's first act in the morning was to despatch one of his officers—Mr. Furlong—with a flag of truce, and a summons to the commanding officer in Ross to surrender the town. Furlong no sooner reached the outposts than he was shot in the performance of his mission. Mr. Gordon, a Protestant clergyman, in relating this circumstance, says, "To shoot all persons carrying flags of truce from the rebels appears to have been a maxim with his majesty's forces." The subsequent arrests on the same day have been already detailed.

Some anecdotes relating to actors in the frightful and revolting scenes in New Ross are deserving of notice.

A Quaker of the name of Cullimore, who had been taken up on the preceding day, when leaving the town on a visit to his family, had the courage and humanity to interfere in behalf of the prisoners who were confined in the market-

[1] Rev. James Gordon's History of the Rebellion, p. 142.

house. A number of soldiers had rushed in with the intention of putting the prisoners to death; Cullimore stood boldly forth, and cried out in an authoritative and impressive tone, "You shall not shoot the prisoners; there are some men here as loyal as you are." The manner and the spirit of this single, unarmed, and uninfluential man awed and overcame the infuriated band; "they retired," we are informed by Hay, "without perpetrating the horrid crime they had intended to commit."

The widow of Mr. Cullimore some years ago assured me of the truth of the above-mentioned circumstance.

After the battle of Ross, Harvey was deposed from his command, and Roach named general-in-chief. Harvey returned to Wexford, and was appointed president of the council of government "established for the preservation of life and property." The battle of Vinegar Hill, and the engagements with the rebel outposts in its vicinity on the 21st of June, ended in the total discomfiture of the Wexford insurgents. Their numbers are generally estimated at 30,000 men, and the force under the command of General Lake at 20,000. Taylor says the number that surrounded the hill amounted to 15,000, of which 3,000 were cavalry. The loss of the former, on the hill and in their retreat, he states, exceeded 500. The different columns of the

king's troops employed at Vinegar Hill, Enniscorthy, and Wexford, were under the command of the following officers—General Lake, General Dundas, General Needham, General Johnston, General Sir James Duff, General Loftus, General Moore, and Major-General Sir Charles Asgill. The necessity for such an army and so many general officers is a sufficient proof of the formidable nature of the Wexford insurrection. On the 22nd of June, Wexford was taken possession of by the king's troops.

One of General Lake's first acts was to issue a proclamation for the apprehension of all the rebel leaders. Harvey had gone to his seat at Bargay Castle, when he was informed that the terms which had been agreed upon with Lord Kingsborough for the surrender of the town would not be ratified. He hastened to the house of his friend Colclough to communicate this fatal news, and found this gentleman had already fled with his wife and child to one of the Saltee Islands, where he hoped to remain in concealment till the fury of the storm had abated.

Sir Richard Musgrave gives the following account of the apprehension of Harvey and Colclough on the 23rd of June, in a cave in one of the largest of the above-named islands, about ten leagues from Wexford:

Dr. Waddy, a physician who served in the yeomanry, having got intelligence of their retreat, had applied to

General Lake for a proper party and an armed vessel to go in quest of them, which he readily obtained.

On landing they repaired to the only house on the island, occupied by one Furlong, who rented it from Mr. Colclough.

They found there an excellent feather-bed, with fine sheets, which were warm; a handsome tea equipage, some genteel wearing apparel, belonging to both sexes, particularly a pair of pantaloons which Dr. Waddy had seen on Mr. Colclough before the rebellion; and near the house some silk shoes and other articles hid in high ferns. They searched every suspected spot in the island, particularly a place called the Otter's Cave, but in vain—though they had not a doubt of their having been there, as they had found, among other things, a chest of plate concealed in a place belonging to Colclough.

The doctor resolved to make another effort by going round the island in a boat for the purpose of reconnoitring the sides of it. In doing so he perceived on the edge of a high precipice one rock lighter coloured than the adjoining ones, and as the earth near it seemed to have been recently stirred, he suspected that they had been making preparations for their concealment. He therefore again ascended the island, and found that the approach to the place which he wished to explore was steep, serpentine, and through some crags. The light-coloured stone covered the mouth of the cave, and above it there was an aperture to let in the light. The doctor called out to Colclough, and told him that if he did not surrender immediately, and without resistance, he should receive no quarter. Colclough asked, "Is that Dr.

Waddy?" and on his saying "Yes," he said he would surrender; and soon after he, at the doctor's desire, gave up his arms through the hole in the cave. The doctor threw down the precipice the stone which covered the mouth of it, which fell with a monstrous crash, on which Mr. and Mrs. Colclough came forth, dressed in the meanest habits of peasants for the purpose of disguising themselves. Then B. Harvey came out, saying, "My God, my God!" and so pale and weak from fatigue and anxiety of mind that the doctor was obliged to support him. He also had a chest of plate concealed, which he gave in charge to the doctor and his party.

They arrived in Wexford harbour about nine at night; but as the tide was out the prisoners could not be committed till next morning.[1]

The news of their arrival, we are told by Hay, "attracted a great number of people to the quay, curious to see them brought in, and amidst this concourse Mr. Harvey and Mr. Colclough and his lady were landed. These gentlemen were then led through the gazing multitude to the gaol, where they were confined in the condemned cells."

Dr. Waddy—the acquaintance of these unfortunate gentlemen, who so kindly "supported" one of them on coming out of the cave, and beheld poor Colclough torn from his wife and child on the quay, when he was hurried to his prison the day following—must have been highly grati-

[1] Sir Richard Musgrave's "Memoirs of the Different Rebellions." Quarto edition, p. 509.

fied with his successful practice in the new branch of his honourable vocation. His claims to notoriety will not be forgotten, even by his professional brethren, though his name may be scrawled on a list of a very different description from that on which a Hunter's, a Heberden's, or a Bailey's are recorded.

On the 26th, Harvey and Mr. Cornelius Grogan—who had returned to his seat at Johnstown, and had been arrested there—were brought to trial before a court-martial.

Barrington says, "The semblance of a trial was thought necessary by General Lake before he could execute gentlemen of so much importance and fortune;" accordingly General Craddock was appointed president of the court-martial. The proceedings were summarily and illegally conducted. "It was proved before parliament, when the attorney-general brought forward the bill of attainder of high treason against these gentlemen, that the members of the court had not been sworn; and even the number of members belonging to it was short of the complement legally required to form a court."

A court thus constituted had no obligation of a legal kind "to administer justice according to the evidence." There was the name of a court-martial, but the judicial forms were easily dispensed with, in this reign of terror, by one of the sternest advocates of its unmitigated rigour,

General Lake. The mockery of a trial lasted for eight hours; evidence was adduced of Harvey having acted as general-in-chief of the rebel army at Ross, and of having summoned the garrison to surrender. He produced witnesses in his defence to prove that in every instance of any part being taken by him in the affairs of the insurgents, he was constrained by the people to take on him the duties assigned to him. He had no counsel.

He pleaded his own cause, and in his address to the court he stated that "he had accepted the command to prevent much greater evils, which would accrue from its falling into other hands, and with the hope of surrendering the command sooner or later, and with greater advantage to the country." [1] As to his political principles, he said his only object was to reform the constitution; and with respect to the exercise of any influence he possessed over the people, he had no other object or desire than to restrain their violence and prevent the commission of sanguinary acts. There was abundant evidence of the truth of the most important of these statements; but such testimony was of no avail in the trials of 1798. Harvey was condemned, and executed the following day on the bridge of Wexford beside the venerable and innocent man, Cornelius Grogan, whose large estates—valued by Gordon

[1] Taylor's History of the Rebellion, &c., p. 200.

at £8,000 and by Cloney at £10,000 a-year—were the dangerous objects which attracted attention, and drew down the vengeance of the reckless men who were privileged in those days to suspect the loyalty of those whose political sentiments were known to be favourable to reform, and especially of those who were independent in property as well as in their principles. The expectation of profiting by the confiscation of the property of those who were known to be the friends of civil and religious liberty had no slight influence on these and similar proceedings. It was the custom to pillage the houses of those who were executed immediately after their execution; and the plunderers on such occasions were not the low rabble of military supplementaries, but the half-gentry, and even those of a higher rank. The rapacity of these persons was not confined to the property of persons suspected of disaffection—the houses of defenceless royalists were frequently plundered by them, as well as those of persons who were accounted rebels.

Sir Richard Musgrave, in reference to Harvey's interference on behalf of the prisoners, and of his grief on the occasion of the frightful massacre of Scullabogue, while he reviles his political sentiments, speaks of him as "a man of honour and humanity, filled with the greatest horror on hearing of the massacre at Scullabogue."

"It has been said," continues Sir Richard,

"that Bagenal Harvey was deposed (after the battle of Ross) because he showed a want of courage in this action; but this is scarcely credible, for he displayed very great firmness in various duels which he had fought in the course of his life."

His political tendencies he indeed denounces as of the most pernicious kind, and the grounds for this opinion are stated in the following terms: "He was a sanguine reformer of our constitution, the various excellencies of which he was as incapable of discerning as an insect is of the grandeur and elegance of a magnificent edifice."

A letter of Harvey's to Francis Glascott, Esq., while he was president of the rebel council of Wexford, throws much light on his character and position:

Dear Sir—I received your letter, but what to do for you I know not. I from my heart wish to protect all property—I can scarce protect myself; and indeed my situation is much to be pitied, and distressing to myself. I took my present situation in hopes of doing good and preventing mischief—my trust is in Providence. I acted always an honest, disinterested part; and had my advice been taken by those in power, the present mischief would never have arisen. If I can retire to a private station again, I will immediately. Mr. Tottenham's refusal to speak to the gentleman I sent to Ross, who was madly shot by the soldiers, was

very unfortunate; it has set the people mad with rage, and there is no restraining them. The person I sent in had private instructions to propose a reconciliation, but God knows where this business will end; but end how it will, the good men of both parties will be inevitably ruined.

I am, with respect, yours,

B. B. HARVEY.

Musgrave acknowledges that Harvey lost his influence over the insurgents, and ultimately was obliged to give up the command, on account of his constant interference on behalf of those who had fallen into their hands. In fact his whole anxiety appears to have been to preserve the lives and property of those who had fallen into the hands of the insurgents from violence and spoliation. Evidence to this effect was given on his trial, but such evidence in proof of humanity on the part of a rebel, or one suspected, or feigned to be suspected of being one, was calculated to be injurious rather than beneficial to him.

Mr. Bagenal Harvey (says Cloney), in 1795, was one of those who petitioned without effect for the continuance of the Fitzwilliam administration in Ireland, and therefore as obnoxious to the unclean vassals of Toryism in the county of Wexford as Mr. Grogan. On the 23rd of May, 1798, a notice was published in Wexford, signed by twenty-three magistrates (one of which was the lamented Mr. Grogan), requiring the

people "to appear before one or more of them, to take the oath of allegiance, and surrender their arms or other offensive weapons within fourteen days from the date of this instrument." In compliance with the tenor of this notice, Mr. Bagenal Harvey repaired to the houses of all his tenantry, as well as those of the neighbouring farmers and labourers, whose love and veneration for him was almost boundless, and prevailed on them to collect the arms of every description then in their possession, which being placed on a car, were conveyed by himself and his tenants to Wexford, and delivered to the proper authorities. He did not return to his own place of residence that night, but chose to remain in Wexford, when at a late hour, and after he had retired to rest, his lodgings were visited by Captain Boyd, who arrested him, and lodged him in the common gaol. Such was the inextinguishable rancour of the vicious ascendancy faction at that period, that almost every Irish gentleman who was beloved by the poor, and had sufficient influence to detach them from the society of the disaffected, and procure a surrender of their arms, fell a victim to his own loyalty and humanity, on the presumption that if he were not a rebel he could not have had so much influence with the people.

The most implacable enemies of Harvey, in Wexford, were the four terrorists, who had been mainly instrumental in driving the people of that town and its vicinity into rebellion by their cruelties.

When the great body of insurgents from the camp at the Three-rocks joined in calling on

Mr. Harvey to take the chief command—a call which he was obliged to answer in the affirmative at the immediate peril of his life—in a few days after he was appointed to the command, the insurgents required a proclamation to be forthwith issued against certain individuals whom they charged with being remarkably active in burning houses and torturing the peasantry of their respective neighbourhoods, and the following proclamation was in consequence published:

PROCLAMATION OF THE PEOPLE OF THE COUNTY OF WEXFORD

Whereas it stands manifestly notorious that James Boyd, Hautrey White, Hunter Gowan, and Archibald Hamilton Jacob, late magistrates of this county, have committed the most horrid acts of cruelty, violence, and oppression, against our peaceable and well-disposed countrymen—Now We, the People, associated and united for the purpose of procuring our just rights, and being determined to protect the persons and properties of those of all religious persuasions who have not oppressed us, and are willing to join heart and hand in our glorious cause, as well as to show our marked disapprobation and horror of the crimes of the above delinquents, do call on our countrymen to use every exertion in their power to apprehend the aforesaid James Boyd, Hautrey White, Hunter Gowan, and Archibald Hamilton Jacob, and to secure and convey them to the

gaol of Wexford, to be brought before the tribunal of the People.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

Done at Wexford this 9th day of June, 1798.

Some days previous to the posting of this proclamation (says Cloney), the object of the attack on the town of New Ross had failed, in consequence of the disorders produced by pillage and drunkenness, as well as the want of experience in the leaders; although General Johnston had been compelled to retreat into the county of Kilkenny. The day after the retreat of the insurgent army, under the command of General Harvey, from Ross to the camp at Carrigburn, he published a proclamation to his men in arms and to the people, exhorting them to abstain from every sort of outrage, and denouncing all "plunderers, house-burners, and murderers," as obnoxious to the penalty of death.

The signal failure of those plans which had been originally formed for the expulsion of the military from every strong position in the county was now manifested in the rapid disorganization of the insurgent armies; and it became evident to the better sort of people in Wexford that the town must be speedily re-occupied by the king's troops, and in consequence of this impression, and an anxiety to preserve the lives of the prisoners, a committee consisting of eight gentlemen was appointed by the inhabitants, and called "The Council appointed to manage the affairs of the People of the County Wexford." Of this council Mr. Harvey was appointed president, and on the 14th of the month they commissioned a military officer and a respectable gentleman

to proceed with a letter from Lord Kingsborough to the Lord Lieutenant, stating for his excellency's information that the loyalists then imprisoned in Wexford had been very well treated as prisoners of war, and that they hoped such of the insurgents as might be taken by the king's troops would be equally well treated; otherwise they apprehended that horrible reprisals would be made by the people. This letter unfortunately never reached the lord lieutenant, for there were then in Wexford so many persons averse to any conciliatory adjustment between the government and the people, that one of the most influential of those persons contrived to be in Enniscorthy before the two gentlemen who were charged with the despatch for his excellency, where he was so far successful in misrepresenting the object of their mission that the inhabitants would neither suffer the couriers to proceed nor the letter to be forwarded. While the leaders of the mob were planning and superintending the barbarities which were perpetrated in cold blood, Mr. Harvey was earnest and incessant in his epistolary expostulations with them—but to no purpose, for his power to do good or to avert evil was lessened in the same proportion that the cause of the insurgents became hopeless.

On the 22nd of June, General Lake and the king's troops were in possession of Wexford, and within twenty-four hours Harvey was a prisoner in the common gaol of that town.

On the 26th of June (says Cloney), Mr. Harvey was tried by an unsworn court-martial, found guilty of hav-

ing acted as a rebel general, ordered out to the bridge of Wexford on the following day for execution, and after his body had been suspended long enough to extinguish the vital spark, it was taken down, his head severed from the body, which was immediately stripped by the brutal mercenaries who surrounded the place of execution, and after being treated with the same gross and savage indignities which they had used to that of Mr. Grogan, they hoisted it into the river. Let my reader stop in this place, and recapitulate the state crimes which Mr. Harvey had been accused of from the commencement of the insurrection, and he will turn with horror and indignation from the enumeration of those atrocities which were then perpetrated in Ireland by a privileged class with the sanction of the Irish government, and in violation of every law which those sanguinary hypocrites themselves pretended to reverence. It is really a treat to the lovers of barbarous consistency to behold, in the fate of those two Irish Protestant gentlemen, a specimen of the same cruel and vindictive policy which has, from the very beginning, characterised the proceedings of the Anglo-Hibernian faction in this country. A brief retrospect of Mr. Harvey's errors and misfortunes may not in this place be unacceptable. He collects a quantity of arms in compliance with a magisterial proclamation, and conveys them to Wexford, for which he is imprisoned. He joins in a recognizance to an enormous amount, to assure the representatives of the Irish government in Wexford that he would appear to abide his trial, if anything could be alleged against him, at the ensuing assizes—yet he is still detained a prisoner. He writes

a letter to the insurgents, at the request of seven magistrates and two colonels of the king's troops, entreating them not to commit any outrage on the king's loyal subjects. He is forced by the people to become one of their military leaders. He publishes a proclamation enjoining the insurgents to abstain from crime, and threatening to put all such persons to death as should be detected in the fact of plundering, house-burning, or murdering their fellow-men. He is appointed president of the Wexford council, established for the preservation of life and property. He endeavours, at the peril of his life, to restrain the murderers in Wexford from persisting in their cruel excesses. He leaves Wexford, and retires to his family mansion, as soon as he could with safety to his person. He attempts to make his escape out of the country, when he perceives that malice and prejudice were likely to usurp the place of law and justice, and that his actions were to be scanned by military judges. This is a faithful retrospect of Bagenal Beauchamp Harvey's errors and his misfortunes during the insurrection of 1798, and what unbiassed man on earth will say that this gentleman merited the fate which was reserved for him by his unrelenting prosecutors?

It would be difficult to account for the spirit of vengeance which seemed to dictate every proceeding of the Irish magistracy at that period, were it not known that some of those wicked men, bankrupts alike in morality and fortune, hoped to retrieve their shattered finances by sharing in the pillage of those estates and chattels which were then expected to become the property of every piratical loyalist by summary confiscation.

That the possession of large estate by Messrs. Grogan and Harvey contributed to their downfall could be proved; the men could be named who were not ashamed to stipulate for the price of blood, by causing representations to be made to the Irish government of the services they had done the state, and of their expected remuneration in the transfer of these gentlemen's fortunes.

Cloney, in reference to the burning of the prisoners at Scullabogue, says:

While I would record the burning of Scullabogue barn as an eternal monument of the infamy and atrocity of the wicked perpetrators, I say that it would be most unjust to brand men with such a crime who were well known to have neither knowledge of nor participation in it. But if a parallel were to be exhibited in atrocious guilt to the crime of those miscreants who, forgetting every sacred obligation to their Creator and their fellow-man, consigned to promiscuous destruction men, women, and children, it could be found in the merciless features of such assemblies as those which tried the Messrs. Devereux at Cork. The wretches who burned Scullabogue barn did not at least profane the sacred name of justice by alleging that they were offering her a propitiatory sacrifice. The highly criminal and atrocious immolation of the victims at Scullabogue was by no means premeditated by the guard left in charge of the prisoners; it was excited and promoted by the cowardly ruffians who ran away from Ross battle, and conveyed the intelligence (which was too true) that several wounded men had been burned in a house in Ross

by the military. John Murphy, who commanded the guard, contended at the imminent risk of his life for the protection of the unfortunate victims, until he was completely overpowered. Mr. Harvey and every one of the leaders, and all persons who had any influence, used every possible exertion to discover the perpetrators of the horrid deed, which brought such disgrace on the country, but in vain. Proclamations were now issued for the apprehension of the perpetrators, and threatening death on any one who would henceforward commit murder or plunder of private property. . . .

It is not for the purpose of palliating this dreadful massacre, or the previous and subsequent murders perpetrated at Vinegar Hill and Scullabogue, that I feel bound to assert, in justice to the insurgents, that they never committed a single outrage on persons or property until they thought they had found a justification of their wickedness in the examples which had been furnished by the conduct of the magistrates, military, and yeomanry. If the unfortunates who lost their lives at the places before mentioned had been aware of the wanton cruelties and cold-blooded murders previously committed on the industrious classes, they would have raised their hands to God in their last moments, and invoked his judgments on those bad men, whose abominable barbarity was the principal cause of bringing them to a premature and melancholy fate. If, at a future period, some accomplished writer should consign to the page of history a record of those horrible atrocities, may he in a spirit of impartiality note that the insurgent depot of wounded men was burned in New Ross by the military; that the insurgent hospital of Enniscorthy was

burned by the yeomanry, with its sick and wounded inmates; and that the sick and wounded insurgents in the hospital of Wexford were murdered by the militia and yeomanry when they had re-possessed themselves of that town, under the command of General Lake. May those acts of infuriate vengeance, which were executed by the insurgents at that period, serve as a lesson to their betters never again to furnish them examples of deliberate cruelty.

In Harvey's vindication let it not be forgotten what his feelings were with respect to the Scullabogue atrocity. When Cloney saw Harvey, after the flight from New Ross, he found the latter and several of the leaders "lamenting over the smoking ruins of the barn and the ashes of the hapless victims of that barbarous atrocity."

Mr. George Taylor, whose views are those of the ascendancy party, states that Bagenal Harvey, the next morning, was in the greatest anguish of mind when he beheld Scullabogue barn: "He turned from the scene with horror, and wrung his hands, and said to those about him: 'Innocent people were burned there as ever were born; your conquests for liberty are at an end.' He said to a friend he fell in with, with respect to his own situation, 'I see now the folly of embarking in this business with these people: if they succeed, I shall be murdered by them; if they are defeated, I shall be

hanged.' "[1] They were defeated, and he was hanged.

His estates, after having been confiscated, were restored to his brother, James Harvey, who resided mostly in England. The latter willed the principal part of the lands to a Mr. Harvey, a grandson of the late John Harvey of Mount Pleasant. James Harvey died without issue. The attainder was reversed, but previously to its reversal he was permitted to farm the lands, and paid a rent to government until they were restored to him. The subsequent possessors of that landed property were the children and grandchildren of the late John Harvey.

B. B. Harvey was about thirty-six years of age; he left no children. A gentleman who was living in Wexford at this frightful period, and to whom I am indebted for much of the preceding information, concludes his account of Bagenal Beauchamp Harvey in these words: "He was much beloved by the people; he was a kind and generous landlord, and very liberal to his workmen, whom he visited in their sickness, and afforded them every kind of relief; for his means were ample—his fortune being about £3,000 per annum, from lands in the county Wexford and county Carlow."

Harvey met his fate with becoming fortitude. Even Sir Richard Musgrave acknowl-

[1] Taylor's History, &c., p. 105.

edges "he died in a very decent manner, having been attended by a Protestant clergyman, and having prayed most fervently." Hay, in his account of his execution, states that on the 27th, when he was brought out of his cell, "he met Mr. Grogan in the gaol-yard, and accosted him in a feeling and affectionate manner. While shaking hands with him, he said in the presence of an officer and some of the guards, and in the hearing of several prisoners who had crowded to the windows, 'Ah, poor Grogan! you die an innocent man, at all events.' They were then conducted to the bridge, where they were hanged, when the heads of Messrs. Grogan and Harvey were cut off and placed upon pikes on each side of that of Captain Keugh (who had been some days previously executed), while their bodies were stripped, and treated with the usual brutal indecencies before being cast over the bridge. Mr. Colclough was executed on the day following, but his body, at the intercession of his lady, was given up to her to be interred. Mr. John Kelly of Killan, whose courage and intrepidity had been so conspicuous at the battle of Ross, now lay ill in Wexford of a wound which he had received in that engagement; he was taken from his bed, tried, and condemned to die. His head was cut off, and his body, after the accustomed indignities, was thrown over the bridge. The head, however, was re-

served for another exhibition; it was first kicked along the Custom-house quay, and then brought up into the town and treated in the same manner opposite the house in which his sister lived," &c.[1]

The executioner of these unfortunate gentlemen was a sergeant of the King's County militia, of the name of Dunn—a monster in the human form, whose brutality and ferocious cruelty has never been exceeded in any country —not even in France, in the worst times of the French Revolution. The clothes of each sufferer he was accustomed to strip off the moment the body was cut down, in the presence of the victim next in turn for execution, then tied up the effects in a handkerchief with the greatest composure, and proceeded with another victim, and with a similar disposition of his perquisites. As the generality of those executed on the bridge of Wexford were persons of respectability in life, watches and other valuable effects were not unfrequently found on their persons, and these Sergeant Dunn was in the habit of selling to the yeomanry rabble and supplementaries, as rebel trophies, at the close of each day's business. The heads of the persons executed he used to carry to his own house after the execution, rolled up in the linen of each, and in the course of the evening he proceeded

[1] Hay's History of the Insurrection, &c., p. 252.

to the town-house, mounted the roof, and fixed the heads on pikes.

For a length of time, the bridge of Wexford was a fashionable lounge for "the bucks and blades" of the Wexfordian "ascendancy," and Sergeant Dunn was wont to gather his evening group around him, and regale his hearers with ludicrous anecdotes of his official labours.

This brutal man, like one of the ermined jesters of that day, enlivened the awful scenes in which he acted a foremost part by sallies of ribald humour, and gibes and jokes in reference to the appalling circumstances by which he was surrounded. Sir R. Musgrave gives a list of sixty-five rebel executions on the bridge of Wexford, subsequently to the re-occupation of this town by the king's troops, but these were chiefly men of some rank and station in society—at least above the class of the common people.